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LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS

Illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Service of India

MAJOR D'ARCY TODD—SIR HENRY LAWRENCE—GENERAL NEILL—GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE

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LIVES

OF

INDIAN OFFICERS.

MAJOR D'ARCY TODD.

[BORN 1808.—DIED 1845.]

ELLIOTT D'ARCY TODD was born on the 28th of January, 1808, in Bury-street, St James's. He was the third and youngest son of Mr Fryer Todd, a Yorkshire gentleman, of good family and fortune, who, seeking to increase his store by speculation, had the ill fortune to reduce it. The undertakings in which he embarked were wholly unsuccessful, and when little D'Arcy was three years old, his home was broken up and swept away by the tide of misfortune, and it devolved on others to provide for the education of Mr Todd's children. It happened fortunately, that there were those who were both willing and able to undertake the charge. Mr Todd had married Mary Evans—known in our literary history as the 'Mary' of Samuel Taylor Coleridge;* and her brother, Mr William

* Coleridge was acquainted with, and attached to, her from a

Evans, held an important office in the home service of the East India Company.* He was very much attached to little D'Arcy; and when he took upon himself the charge of the boy's education, he did so with the assured belief that the seed would fall upon good soil, and that there were in him the making of both a good and a great man.

very early period of his life—even from the days when he was a blue-coat boy at Christ's Hospital. Years afterwards, she sometimes visited him, with her children, at Highgate, where I often myself saw him when a child, and sat upon his knee. In a letter, which he wrote in 1822, I find this reference to his early love: 'Neither awake nor asleep have I any other feelings than what I had at Christ's Hospital. I distinctly remember that I felt a little flush of pride and consequence—just like what we used to feel at school when the boys came running to us: "Coleridge! here's your friends want you; they are quite *grand*;" or, "It is quite a *lady*"—when I first heard who you were and laughed at myself for it with that pleasurable sensation that, spite of my sufferings at that school, still accompanies any sudden reawakening of our schoolboy feelings and emotions. And oh, from sixteen to nineteen what hours of paradise and Allen and I in escorting the Miss Evanses home on a Saturday [illegible]; and we used to carry thither, of a summer morning, the pillage of [illegible] flower-gardens within six miles of town, with sonnet or love-rhyme wrapped round the nosegay. To be feminine, kind, and gentlemanly (what I should now call neatly) dressed, these were the only things to which my head, heart, or imagination had any polarity, and what I was then I still am.'—Compare also the following: 'About this time, he (Coleridge) became acquainted with a widow lady, whose son, said he, "I, as upper boy, had protected, and who therefore looked up to me, and taught me what it was to have a mother. She had three daughters, and of course I fell in love with the eldest. From this time to my nineteenth year, when I quitted school for Jesus, Cambridge, was the era of poetry and love."'—*Gilman's Life of Coleridge.*

* Mr Evans was 'Baggage Warehouse Keeper,' an office of some importance in the old commercial days of the Company.

Almost from his cradle, D'Arcy had evinced, in his childish actions, the kindling of that martial enthusiasm which afterwards so unmistakably developed itself. It is remembered that, when only two or three years old, he would march about the house drumming, and would convert all the chairs in the nursery into soldiers, or cannon, or other insignia of war. In due time, however, he was sent by his uncle to school—first, to a preparatory seminary, kept by Miss Dawes, at Turnham Green, and afterwards to an academy at Ware, in Hertfordshire, where, although he developed no great amount of precocious genius, he made good progress, and took a respectable place in the school. He was always, indeed, fond of reading, and the books in which he most delighted were books of adventure, illustrative of self-help and self-reliance, or those which were largely tinged with the glowing imagery of the East. 'I have been reading *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Tales of the Genii*,' he wrote to his brother Frederick, when he was ten years old. 'They have amused me very much. I hope that you love reading as I do, and also that you remember what you read.'

From the year 1818 to 1822, D'Arcy Todd resided with his uncle in London, and attended a school in Poland-street. In the latter year, Mr Evans, who had good interest with the Court of Directors, obtained an Addiscombe cadetship for his nephew, who joined the Company's Military Seminary when he had just completed his fourteenth year. He was at that time a very little fellow, and he was commonly called 'little Todd.' But, young as he was, he passed through Addiscombe with credit to himself, and obtained

a commission in the Artillery. He was much esteemed by the professors and masters of the college, and beloved by his fellow-students. The progress which he made had greatly delighted his uncle. 'D'Arcy continues to get on at Addiscombe,' wrote Mr Evans, in March, 1823, 'beyond anything I could have expected. He is now high in the second class—a very unusual progress at his age. He is an excellent draughtsman, and well skilled in mathematics. I expect great things of him when he arrives in India.'

He passed his final examination in December, 1823. A few weeks afterwards he sailed for India, on board the *Duchess of Athol.* In the fiery month of May, young D'Arcy Todd, then little more than sixteen years old, landed at Calcutta. It has been a happy circumstance in the lives of many young officers in the Bengal Artillery that their first glimpses of military life were caught at the great head-quarters station of Dum-Dum. There were then, and many years afterwards, stationed there an unbroken succession of Christian men, whose care it was to preserve from evil the inexperienced youngsters who joined the regiment.* Young D'Arcy Todd fell into their good and kindly hands; and we soon find him writing thus seriously to his brother: 'I hope you think sometimes about death, for it must come,

* Foremost amongst these was the late General Powney, of the Bengal Artillery—better known to his brother-officers, both at Dum-Dum and in Fort William, as 'Major Powney'—a man of much Christian piety and great kindliness of heart, hospitable and courteous, who, both by precept and example, led many young officers into the saving paths of truth.

and will seize you when you least expect it, if you are not prepared to meet that Saviour who died for you; for it will be too late on our death-bed to begin to repent. Do not call me a Methodist, my dear brother, for speaking thus to an elder brother, but I love you so much I cannot help speaking to you, as I have been spoken to whilst I have been here; for, when I arrived at Dum-Dum, I met an old friend of the name of Cookson, whom I formerly knew at Addiscombe. He asked me to his home, where I met a clergyman of the name of Craufurd, who taught me that the paths of sin are unhappiness and misery, and that the paths of righteousness are happiness. . . . . May God bless and sanctify with his presence our meeting, and, short as the time will necessarily be, let it remind us that short is the space between the present and that when we shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.' And again: 'You well know, my beloved brother, I would willingly, and with delight, pursue many a long and weary journey in hope of embracing you. My heart fails me when I think of our approaching meeting, my brother, the being nearest and dearest to me on earth, whose love I prize more than my lips or my pen could express. "And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved David as his own soul." This, dearest, expresses, I think, what we feel one towards the other. Oh, that the Lord may bless that love which exists between us, and perfect it in that blessed abode where partings shall be no more.'

At Dum-Dum, D'Arcy Todd remained until the rainy season of 1825, when, all his beloved friends having pre-

ceded him to the Upper Country, he was glad indeed to see his own name in orders for a march northward. He was posted to a company of Foot Artillery at Cawnpore; but he had served with it only a little while, when it was ordered to Bhurtpore to take part in the operations of that great siege which has made its name famous in history. There, for the first time, he stood face to face with the stern realities of actual warfare. On the 18th of January the great Jât fortress was carried by the British troops. 'I went round the ramparts directly after the storm,' wrote the young artilleryman to his brother, 'and to me, who had scarcely ever seen a dead body before, the sight was most horrible.' The work done, the battery to which he was attached was ordered back to Cawnpore; and there, for a time, young D'Arcy Todd found a home in the house of Major* and Mrs Whish, whose society was as pleasant as it was profitable to him.

In the course of this year (1826), Second-Lieutenant Todd was posted to the Horse Artillery; but on his promotion in November, 1827, to the rank of First-Lieutenant, he was attached to a battalion of Foot. These changes are always ruinous to the finances of a young officer, and D'Arcy Todd, who had been anxious to remit money to England for the use of his sisters, was sorely disquieted by the heavy expenditure which it was necessary to incur for the purchase of uniforms and equipments. He determined, therefore, to make an appeal to the Commander-in-Chief, in the hope of being re-posted to the mounted branch of the regiment. 'Thus far will I go, and no farther,' he

* Afterwards Sir Samson Whish, K.C.B., the captor of Mooltan.

wrote to his brother. 'If this attempt fails, I shall renew (I hope contentedly) my duties in the Foot, and leave the direction of my affairs to the hand of unerring wisdom, feeling assured that all things work together for good to those who fear the Lord.' And not very long afterwards he obtained what he sought, for he was appointed to a troop of Horse Artillery stationed at Muttra. 'From what I have observed of the different services,' he wrote, 'I now say that I would rather be in the Horse Artillery than any service in the world.' He was very happy at this time, for he was domiciled with friends who were both pious and intellectual, and in their society time passed pleasantly away. 'I have abundance to occupy both mind and body,' he wrote to a member of his family in 1828, 'from six in the morning to eleven at night. I divide the day regularly, and endeavour each hour to have a fixed employment. Adam, my favourite Christian author, says, "Have a work to do daily, with a will to do it, and a prayer on it, and let that work be God's." I meet the Lewins every morning at half-past eight, when we read and pray together. We then breakfast; after which we separate to our several studies until two P.M., when we read Russell's *Modern Europe* till four P.M. Then we dine; after which we separate till half-past six, when we read Milner's *History of the Church of Christ*—an admirable work. We separate at nine—having read and prayed together. In the hospital and school of the troop we have also a wide field for exertion, to the glory of God.'

In November, 1828, Lieutenant Todd went down to Calcutta to be present at the marriage of one of his sisters;

but though he moved with all possible despatch, he was too late for the ceremony. He was cheered, however, by the thought of meeting a beloved brother, from whom he had for some time been separated. The claims of his profession, at that busy period of the year, rendered the intercourse between the brothers only too brief. In January, 1829, D'Arcy Todd rejoined the Horse Artillery at Kurnaul; but, shortly after his arrival, ill health compelled him to proceed to the Hills. In this illness he derived the sweetest comfort from the ministrations of his friend, James Abbott, of the Artillery—one whose life has since been a career of romantic adventure, brightened by heroism of the true stamp. 'My dearest of friends, James Abbott,' wrote D'Arcy Todd to his brother, 'was unceasing in his brotherly attention. He never left my bedside. Oh! the goodness of God in giving me such a friend to smooth my pillow and to cheer me by his presence. He is the dearest friend of your brother. From the time we left Bhar—the foot of the Hills—he attended me on foot until we arrived here; and when he departed my heart was agonized.' No man ever made more or faster friends than D'Arcy Todd—a blessing for which he was profoundly thankful. In another letter, he wrote: 'Indeed, as to friends, I have been wonderfully blessed; for, when I look back upon the time spent in this country, it appears to me that every one I have met has become a kind friend, and when I look within to see such unworthiness, it is really wonderful.'

From this illness, by God's blessing, he recovered perfectly; and he returned with renewed zeal to his regimental duties. In his leisure hours he cultivated poetry and paint-

ing; but, after a while, he began to think that he might more profitably devote himself to the study of the native languages. 'Having been nearly eight years in the country,' he wrote in 1831, 'without being on speaking terms with the natives; I have at last determined to conquer the languages.' He had no very definite object in view; but he addressed himself most earnestly and assiduously to the work, and made considerable progress, especially in his study of Persian. And it was not long before his industry was amply rewarded. The weakness of Persia, and the manifest designs of more powerful (European) States, had suggested to the British Government the expediency of doing something to arrest what seemed to be the approaching downfall of her independence. So, in 1832-33, large supplies of arms and accoutrements were forwarded to the Shah for the use of his army; and, in the latter year, it was determined to send out a party of officers and non-commissioned officers to drill and discipline the Persian army. Among the officers selected for this duty was Lieutenant D'Arcy Todd, whose especial duty was said to be the instruction of the Persian gunners in the use and management of artillery, after the European fashion.

The appointment was gratifying to him in the extreme. 'I look upon it,' he wrote in April, 1833, 'as a grand opening for the development of whatever may be within me. Is it not strange that I should have been studying Persian for the last twelve months, without any definite object in view? If I receive five or six hundred rupees a month, I shall think the situation well worth the trouble of travelling so far for it; but it is not the cash I think most about, it is

a grand opening from the apathetic and dull routine of Indian life. There will probably be a good deal of fighting, and abundance of opportunity of displaying the stuff a man is made of. Oh! that Fred were to be my companion. Wonderful are the ways of Providence. In the morning we rise, and before evening our prospects, our hopes, our fears, receive new impulses and new features. What a scene is opening before me!'

A little while afterwards he wrote from Calcutta, saying: 'The excitement caused by the first communication regarding my appointment to Persia is fast wearing away, and I am now able to view all matters connected therewith in a quiet, sober light; the glare of romance, the lightning flash of novelty, the bright gleams of warm anticipation, have all passed away, or rather have been softened down and mellowed by the pencillings of truth; the picture still remains in all its breadth and colouring. Lord William Bentinck is indifferent to the concerns of Persia, and takes but little interest in anything connected with that country. Time will show whether this be wise policy or not. Lieutenant Burnes, the traveller, a very intelligent and pleasant man, is living with Trevelyan,* at whose house I am now staying. He has lately travelled through Persia, and kindly gives me every information in his power.'

During five years D'Arcy Todd dwelt in Persia, instructing the Persian artillerymen in the details of his profession, and instructing himself in the politics of the country and

* Now Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B

the adjacent territories. The letters which he wrote to his brother, during this period, give an animated picture of his life in Persia. 'The first news that greeted us on our arrival at Bushire,' he wrote in December, 1833, 'was the intelligence of Abbas Mirza's death. No official report has as yet been received here announcing this event, but it is everywhere believed, and is, I have no doubt, *true*—too true for us. There are three courses before us: We shall either retrace our steps to India (which people seem to think the most probable), or march to Tabreez *viâ* Shiraz and Ispahan, or re-embark for Bussora, and thence proceed by the way of Baghdad. . . . The country is in a dreadful state of disorder and insecurity, and we have, I think, but little prospect of prosecuting our journey through Persia without loss of property, if not of life. . . . Bushire is the most miserable-looking place that can possibly be conceived. From the harbour the view is almost pretty, but when you land, the marks of desolation, misery, and misrule, are visible on every spot. Plague and famine have depopulated the town: out of twenty thousand inhabitants, which it contained twelve months ago, there are not more than fifteen hundred remaining.' In February, 1834, still writing from Bushire, he said: 'At last we are on the eve of departure, and we hope to make our first march, of about a mile, this afternoon. . . . It is impossible to describe the annoyances of making a first march in Persia; it is bad enough in India, but here, where the servants are few and bad, and the people independent, obstacles are thrown in the way at every step. . . . The expenses of travelling are enormous; we have only been

able to procure mules at double the usual rate of hire. Every servant *must* be mounted, and the expense of feeding animals on the road is more than they are worth. I have five horses, only two of which are for my own riding; the others are for servants, who would not move an inch without being provided with a horse! No man, woman, or child walks in Persia. I have only one horse of any value, but he is a beautiful creature, Ilderim by name, a Nedjee Arab of the Kohilan tribe. I gave for him three hundred dollars, equal to about six hundred and fifty rupees. I can depend upon him in the hour of need, and I do not regret the purchase. . . . Unless I receive compensation, I shall be ruined, and there are but faint hopes of our receiving anything beyond our five hundred, which will cover about half of our expenses in this country.'

At the end of March he arrived at Teheran, and on the 24th of April he wrote: 'We left Bushire on the 14th of February, and arrived here on the 28th of last month: this is my first opportunity of sending a letter, or you should have heard from me before. Our journey was anything but a pleasant one; the mountains between Bushire and Shiraz were covered with snow, and the passes were difficult and dangerous; however, a few mules and horses were our only casualties. We were often fifteen hours on horseback, with no rest and little food; but the health and spirits of the detachment seemed to improve as we overcame our difficulties. . . . Since our arrival at Teheran we have had the honour of an audience with his Majesty the Shah-in-Shah, the centre of the Universe, &c. &c.—he appeared to be greatly pleased with the show we made, and

from his royal lips fell all manner of kind and gracious words.' A month afterwards he wrote: 'The old King has lately had several severe attacks of illness, and it is more than probable that he will die suddenly. Great commotion in every city and town of Persia will be the immediate consequence. Last Sunday it was reported here that he was no more. The price of everything rose in half an hour. Some shops were plundered, and many were closed. We are obliged to lay in a store for men and cattle, for if the King *were* to die, nothing would be procurable for days. . . . the tumult, the English would not be molested—at last this is the impression, but as the populace, in their ignorance, fancy that we have innumerable chests of gold in our possession, I do not think it unlikely that they will attack the Envoy's palace, round or in which most of us are residing; we are therefore prepared for the worst. . . . I have found *one* in Persia with whom I can hold sweet converse on the things that belong to our everlasting peace. Dr Riach has lately arrived from England with despatches, and he is to be attached to the Envoy in Persia. I find in him a delightful companion; his heart is deeply imbued with religion, and I trust that whilst we are together we may be the means of strengthening and comforting each other. I felt very lonely before his arrival. There is scarcely one in the country with whom I have a thought or feeling in common. Suddenly and unexpectedly one has appeared.' In August he again wrote: 'I consider the Persian appointment as sheer humbug; the climate is the only desirable thing in the country. The people, especially the people about Government, are a lying, deceit-

ful, procrastinating, faithless race, with whom to hold any communication can only be a source of disgust and disappointment. I would never have left Cawnpore had I known what I now know of the prospects of an officer in Persia.' He had begun to discover that he was officially in a strange and anomalous position. He did not know what it was his duty to do, and the Persian authorities seemed reluctant to define the functions and responsibilities of the British officers. This perplexed and annoyed Todd and his comrades; and was for some time a frequent source of complaint.*

But there was soon some stirring work to interest him The King of Persia, Shah Futteh Ali, died, and then ensued according to custom in those countries, all the troubles o

* The position of the English officers at the Persian head-quarters was always very embarrassing, as they were only recognized by the Persian Government in the quality of instructors, and were not allowed to interfere with the interior economy of the regiments to which they were attached, nor exercise any of the functions of command. In the provinces, however, the local governors, being independent of court influence, and caring little for the jealousies of the native commanders, sometimes conferred much more extensive powers on the British officers attached to their service; Major Farrant, for instance, having had full authority over the cavalry corps at Zenjan, and Major Rawlinson having been placed in military command of the province of Kermanshah. In former times, Abbas Mirza had always placed the British officers in real command of his troops, and Majors Christie, Hart, and Lindsay, had thus often led the Persians to battle against the Russians; and in the same way, in 1835, the latter officer, who had now become Major-General Sir Henry Bethune, was intrusted by the Shah with full authority over the expeditionary force sent to the south of Persia; but these were exceptions to the general rule.

succession. Todd's own account of the immediate effects of this event is of some historical interest. Writing on the 22nd of February, 1835, he said: 'On the 23rd of October old Futteh Ali Shah breathed his last in the palace of Huft-dust, at Ispahan; the event was unexpected, for, although the King had been for some years in an infirm state of health, his constitution seemed of late to rally in a wonderful manner, and it was thought that the taper, although flickering, would continue to shed its faint and feeble light for many a year. His favourite Queen, the Taj-ud-Dowlah (Crown of the State), was with him when he died; he had given audience in the morning to some nobles who were proceeding to Shiraz with a force, in order to oblige the Firman-Firma to pay up his arrears of revenue, and his last injunctions were that the money collected should be given to
[illegible] the claims of the soldiery. This unusual act of
[illegible]nd liberality was the last which Futteh Ali per-
[illegible]he retired to the ante-room and fell into a quiet
[illegible], from which he never awoke. He had for many
[illegible]st contemplated the approach of death, and had
[illegible]on the spot where his mortal remains should rest,
[illegible]he precincts of the shrine of "Fatimeh the Im-
[illegible]" (a sister of Imaum Reza, not Fatimeh, the
[illegible] of Mohammed), whose mausoleum at Koom,
[illegible]nat of her brother at Meshed, is considered the
[illegible] place in Persia, and is the resort of multitudes
[illegible]grims, who enrich with their offerings the sanctu-
[illegible]its attendant priests. Futteh Ali had, at the
[illegible]s death, the most valuable of his jewels with him;
[illegible] diamond, called from its splendour the "durya-i-

noor" (sea of light), placed in a casket at the foot of his bed, was the last object he beheld before his eyes closed in the sleep of death. The disorder which ensued when the frail thread which bound together the disorderly spirits about the royal camp was broken, may be imagined; the event was at first kept secret, but this could not last long, it was whispered in the palace, and in the course of a few hours the news of the King's death spread over the city. The disturbances which followed, and the events which occurred at this period in Ispahan, have been variously related.'

'When,' continued Todd, with more immediate reference to himself and his comrades, 'the intelligence of Futteh Ali Shah's death reached Tabreez, the British detachment were encamped at the town of Khoi, eighty-eight miles north-west of Tabreez, employed in drilling four regiments of infantry and some artillery. We h engaged in this duty for about a month, and had in instance formed a camp on the frontier of Turkey, r Turkish frontier town of Byazeed. Mahomed Abbas Mirza's eldest son, was immediately proclai Tabreez King of Persia, by the name of *Mahomed Sh* our small force marched without loss of time to that Amongst a progeny of several hundred Princes, ther of course many competitors for the throne; and it w that three, the Governor of Fars, the Governor of A deran, and the Governor of Teheran, had each proc himself King. We prepared for an immediate ad upon the capital, notwithstanding the near approa winter. Our Envoy had been authorized by Goverr

to assist Mahomed Shah by every possible and available means. The new King's treasury was empty, but Sir John Campbell came forward with the requisite sum; warlike preparations went on with amazing rapidity; troops were assembled from all quarters; and in the course of a very short time after the intelligence of Futteh Ali's death reached Tabreez, a respectable force (for this country) of six regiments and twenty-four guns was put in motion towards the capital. In the mean time we learnt with certainty that the Zil-i-Sultan, Prince Governor of Teheran, a man infamous for his vices and notorious for his weakness of mind, had declared himself King, and had placed the crown upon his head. The late King's treasury, said to be immense, and jewels, had fallen into his hands; and of the former he distributed large sums in military preparations to oppose the claims of his nephew. He did not, however, anticipate the active measures which had been taken in the north. We approached within five or six marches of Teheran without meeting with the slightest opposition: on the contrary, our numbers were augmented at every step. Mahomed Shah was everywhere acknowledged as King, and the chances of opposition seemed to diminish as we approached the capital. The Zil-i-Sultan was not, however, wholly inactive. A force of four or five thousand men with seven guns and fifty swivels, was despatched against us, under the command of Imaum Verdee Mirza, one of the Zil's half-brothers. This force advanced boldly until it came within one march of our camp, and then retreated before us, keeping at the same respectful distance. After trifling for a few days in this manner, whilst we were ad-

vancing at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles a day, Imaum Verdee Mirza deserted the cause of his brother, and came into our camp, his safety having been guaranteed by the Russian and English Envoys. His train of artillery, ammunition, swivels, &c., were given into our hands the next day; his cavalry swelled our numbers, and the rest of his followers dispersed! A second force, accompanied by a much larger train of artillery, advanced from the city, but gave themselves up without firing a shot. So much for Persian bravery! In the mean time, the Zil-i-Sultan was seized and confined to his palace by one of the nobles in Teheran, and the gates of the city were thrown open to receive Mahomed Shah. We did not, however, enter the palace for some days: the astrologers could not fix upon an auspicious hour for the royal entry, and we therefore pitched our camp near the garden palace of Negaristan, in which the King took up his temporary abode. Thus ended our first bloodless compaign! . . . . In former days this farce would have been succeeded by a tragedy—heads would have been lopped off by the hundred, and eyes would have been plucked out by the bushel—*vide* Aga Mahomet's conduct fifty years ago: but the young King has behaved on the present occasion admirably; his late opponents have been dealt with in the most lenient manner, and many of them have in consequence become his staunch friends and supporters.'

But there was still the old sore of which the English officer had so frequently complained. The Government of the Shah had assigned to him no well-defined position, and he did not clearly know the right character of his duties, or the

full extent of his responsibilities. In a letter to his friend, Mr Trevelyan, dated May 25, 1835, D'Arcy Todd clearly set forth all the difficulties he experienced. 'I am the only officer,' he wrote, 'left at head-quarters with the Colonel, but my situation with the Artillery is exceedingly ill defined, and the duty I perform is disagreeable to myself, and of no benefit to the Government. In order to give you some idea of the difficulties which are to be overcome in getting the situation of a British officer defined by the Persian Government, I will extract a few pages from my journal, written after an interview with the Kaim-Makam, by which you will see how business is carried on in this part of the world. The extract will be a long one, but as it contains a sketch of the man by whom the destinies of Persia are at present swayed, I cannot help believing that it will not be altogether uninteresting to you: "The Kaim-Makam has been for some time past promising to place me in a situation in which I might do something towards fulfilling the ends for which I came to this country. I have been detained at Teheran for the avowed purpose of being placed in command of the Artillery, but week after week, and month after month, has passed away, and I am at the present moment (March 18, 1835) precisely in the situation in which I found myself on my arrival at Teheran twelve months ago—*employed* in doing nothing. I went this morning with Colonel Pasmore and Dr Riach to visit the Kaim-Makam, in order that something might, if possible, be defined, and that I might know whether it was the wish or intention of the Persian Government to assign me any employment or not. Although the minister himself had

settled the time and place for our conference, we were by no means certain of finding him. The old fox has the greatest dislike to enter into any subject connected with business, and shuts himself up as carefully from the public gaze as the Grand Lama himself. Notwithstanding it is said that he is the best man of business in the country, when he gives his attention to the matter before him, there is perhaps no door in the world from which more disappointed suitors and deferred suits are turned away than the door of the Kaim-Makam. This minister is considered by the Persians as a man of first-rate ability and of sound judgment: he does not bear so high a character amongst those Europeans who, from intercourse with him, have had opportunities of forming a correct opinion of his merits; and it is said that in no public act of his life has he displayed the qualities which are ascribed to him by his countrymen. In balancing the two accounts, it is allowed that Mirza Abul Kasim possesses great natural ability, aided by an excellent memory, and that he is extensively acquainted with the literature of Persia; his cunning is that of the '*father of all foxes*,' and his long career as a minister in the old Court, and under the heir-apparent, has given him a readiness in the despatch of business, when it pleases him, which would render him, if it were not neutralized by his laziness, one of the most useful and efficient ministers that Persia could have. His moral character is on a level with that of his countrymen—the most degraded of all degraded people. After some delay, and after traversing sundry long, dark, winding passages, we gained admittance to the ministerial den. We found him sitting in a corner with one of

the Princes, apparently settling some business. His appearance was that of a man who had been drunk or asleep for a week, or stupified with excessive watching. As soon as the thickness of his vision permitted him to recognize us, and his scattered senses give him an inkling of our business, he made excuses to the Prince, and retired with us to another corner of his sanctum, half glad to escape the settlement of one affair, half sorry to be obliged to give his attention to another. The exterior of the Kaim-Makam is not prepossessing. He is a man of middling stature, very corpulent, with a countenance strongly indicative of his cunning—small eyes, ill-formed nose, and the lower part of his face expressive of sensuality, the whole physiognomy set off by a ragged, scanty beard, and an ill-trimmed moustache. We had no sooner seated ourselves, and were expecting to enter upon business, than we were interrupted by a man who brought a large bundle of papers for the minister's seal; one by one they were thrust into his hand, and he looked over —I will not say *perused*—each, somewhat in the manner of a person examining a piece of paper to see whether it was clean or not. The Kaim-Makam's mode of looking over papers is peculiar. He takes the letter in one hand, keeping it open with his forefinger and thumb, and places the middle of it, where he knows the *mutlub* to commence, close to his right eye, and then gradually draws it up until he comes to the end of it: this does not occupy more than a few seconds; the paper is then thrown down, and he snuffles out an opinion, or a decision, or generally a cause for delaying the settlement of the affair. Ever and anon he was interrupted in this occupation by some message, or by

some of his dependents whispering important intelligence in his ear: the interruption seemed to be a relief to him, and whilst one of his friends was thus communicating confidentially to him, he took the opportunity to wash himself. A small bottle, about the size of a vinegar-cruet, was brought filled with rose-water; a little of this was placed in the palm of his hand, and thence conveyed to his face and beard; the operation was repeated once or twice, and his morning ablutions were finished. In the mean time we were sitting, like Patience on a monument, watching for a favourable moment to thrust in a word or two on the subject of our own affairs; but whenever there appeared to be a chance of succeeding, some letter or message was brought, and we were thrown back into our first position. In the midst of this scene, a beautiful little child, about six years old, was introduced, bearing a note. This was a son of Ali Nuckee Mirza, late Governor of Karbeen. The child walked up to the Kaim-Makam with all the gravity of a grey-beard, and presented his note, which was to complain that he had been stopped at the gate of the city by a sentinel stationed there, and to request that he might be permitted to go out of the city for the purpose of taking the air with his nurse. The child, being of royal blood, was of course placed in the highest seat, and the little fellow, when seated, returned the compliments which were paid him with the utmost propriety and decorum. No bearded child could have behaved himself better. The old Kaim-Makam pretended the greatest affection towards him, kissing and slobbering him over like a bear licking its whelp. The K. M. was not a little glad of having this excuse for neglecting business

for a few minutes. Soon after the entrance of the child, a messenger arrived from the King, desiring the minister's immediate attendance upon his Majesty. Perhaps this was a manœuvre on the part of the K. M. himself in order to get rid of the visitors and petitioners who had collected around him. The King's commands were, of course, to be obeyed, and after some time he got up, and, bowing to the grown-up Prince, who had sat all the while in his solitary corner, left the room, having appointed us a meeting in the Shubistan (a part of the palace) after he had waited on the King. Thus ended the first scene of our fruitless drama! When we thought we had given the Kaim-Makam time to settle his business with the King, we repaired to the Shubistan in search of the old fox. There we found him seated at his breakfast, and it was evident that he had not been near the royal presence. He was surrounded, as usual, by a host of people, some of them the principal officers of the Court, others his attendants and sycophants. Before him were two or three bowls, containing stewed feet and other dainties on which he was gorging. For full half an hour did the Prime Minister of Persia descant on the merits of stewed feet, the courtiers submissively chiming in with their oracle, and praising the dainties before him. Once or twice he put questions to Dr R. on the important subject of stewed feet, inquiring whether they were wholesome, as he thrust them wholesale down his ungodly throat. He did not, however, gain much satisfactory information on the point, and continued to lick, and pick, and chew, until he felt, like the boa-constrictor with the horns of an antelope sticking out of his jaws, that he had eaten enough. We found that

there was no room for business in a mind stuffed with thoughts and recollections of stewed feet. Several times an attempt was made—after the breakfast was removed—to bring *our* subject on the *tapis*, but it invariably failed. The two Topshee-Bashees (commandants of artillery) had been sent for; one of them, Sohrab Khan, of the Irak Artillery, was present; the other, Hajee Iskunder Khan, of the Azerbijan Artillery, had come, but had slunk away again when we entered the room. 'That's Todd Sahib, is it?' snivelled out the Kaim-Makam. 'Todd Sahib, you must have charge of the Artillery, and you must drill them well. Sohrab Khan! you must attend to what Todd Sahib says to you; mind, you must be *very* particular. Todd Sahib! you must——' Here the oration was broken off by the entrance of somebody, or by some other subject presenting itself to the mind of the speaker; perhaps some fond recollection of stewed feet came across him at the moment. However, Todd Sahib and his concerns were consigned to oblivion. We trifled away about an hour in this manner. Every now and then there was a grunt about *Todd Sahib*, but it died away with a cough, or into a blow of the nose. At the end of an hour the K. M. appeared suddenly to remember that he had been called for by the King, and he accordingly rose to depart; but before leaving the room he came up to our party, and declared that everything should be settled. Todd Sahib was brought forward, and was asked what he wanted. I endeavoured to explain what degree of authority would enable me to carry on the duties of the Artillery, and disclaimed any wish to interfere with the peculiar authority of the two Topshee-Bashees in

matters unconnected with drill and discipline. 'Well, then,' said the Kaim-Makam, 'Sohrab Khan, you are to attend to what Todd Sahib says to you; mind you must be very particular.' I explained that, without a distinct and written order from the minister himself defining my situation, difficulties without number would present themselves at every step. 'Tell me, then,' said the K. M.—'tell me exactly what things are to be under you, and what under the Topshee-Bashees.' The question was an embarrassing one, for this is the very point which is of all the most knotty. I said a few words, and the conversation then turned upon the nature and extent of Colonel P.'s authority over the Persians; this was also an intricate subject, and ended, after ten minutes' talk, where it began. At last it was arranged that Colonel Pasmore should draw up an order defining my situation, and that this should be submitted for the Kaim-Makam's approval. This was the result of our day's labour. The minister walked off to the King, and we were left not one step advanced since the morning."'

Shortly after the accession of Mahomed Shah to the throne of Persia, the Prime Minister was seized by order of the King, and put to death. One of the many rumours assigned for this summary proceeding was that the Minister had been in correspondence with Russian Agents respecting a scheme for the overthrow of the Shah's Government. Groundless or not, his suspicions would not suffer his Majesty to feel secure on his throne. To strengthen his position, he banished from Teheran to Azerbijan all the sons and grandsons of Futteh Ali Shah, thus diminishing

the number of probable intriguers. The outbreak of cholera at the capital followed closely on these events, and the Court with the army were removed to a village on the slope of the mountains which separate Irak from Mazanderan. Here the Persian Commandant of Artillery died of the pestilence which was raging. 'When the King heard of his death,' wrote Todd in a letter to his brother, dated Teheran, 31st July, 1835, 'he sent me a *firman*, placing the control of all matters connected with the Artillery in my hands, until a Persian "fit for the situation" should be appointed. He will have to wait some time before he finds such a person. If a man like the late Commandant is appointed, I shall give up all hopes of making myself useful in my profession so long as I remain in the country.' On the general subject of the cholera, Todd had written a few days before: 'The cholera is a new disease in this country, and the alarm which it creates, from the fatal rapidity of its effects, is scarcely less than that which is felt on the approach of the plague. The people fled with one accord from the infected spot. Men with their wives and children and effects were seen scattered over the plain, hurrying away, like the family of the patriarch's nephew, from the doomed city. The King, with the officers of his Court, were amongst the first who fled. His example was followed by multitudes, and in the course of a few days the city was literally emptied of its inhabitants. But the disease followed in their track, and in every village and encampment in the vicinity of Teheran hundreds daily fell victims to its ravages. The King at first established his Court at a village about eight miles from the city, delight-

fully situated on the slope of the mountains which separate Irak from Mazanderan. He soon collected round him a host of people, civil and military, and his crowded encampment threatened to become as infected as the place from which he had fled. A number of fatal cases appeared in the circle of his immediate attendants, and he became alarmed for his own safety. I joined him with the Artillery on the 3rd of the present month; the next day he directed the troops to separate, and a few days afterwards went himself with only a few attendants to a small village, at some distance higher up in the mountains, where he has remained ever since. I selected what I deemed a healthy spot for the Artillery encampment, and I thank God that for the last two-and-twenty days we have not had a single case of cholera.'

But better prospects were now opening out before him. Mr Henry Ellis was appointed, for the third time, British Ambassador at the Court at Teheran. He soon perceived that D'Arcy Todd had capacities which required a wider sphere for their full development than the military routine work on which he was engaged; and he determined, therefore, to employ him in the diplomatic service, as soon as a fitting opportunity should arrive. On the 5th of January, 1836, Todd wrote to his brother, saying: 'Since the day of Mr Ellis's arrival he has kept our pens and brains constantly at work. I have written some quires of foolscap during the last three months, in the shape of memoranda, memoirs, plans, and public letters on the subject of the employment of the British detachment, and the improvement of the Persian army. My pen has done me good service, as you

will learn by the sequel. My tongue also has not been wanting. I shall now throw off all affectation of modesty, for I am writing to old Fred, and give you an idea of my standing in the opinion of Mr Ellis. I had from time to time received hints of the satisfaction which the Ambassador invariably expressed with my communications on the subject of Persia, both written and verbal. You will understand this when I tell you that the Acting Secretary of Legation, Dr Riach, is my very particular friend. A few days ago, his Excellency summoned me into the Palace Garden, and informed me that he had at length come to the conclusion that our connection with Persia was worse than useless, that Afghanistan was the field for our exertions, that we should connect ourselves closely with that country, that he had written a letter to Lord Auckland, his intimate friend, strongly pressing the necessity of sending a Political Agent to be stationed at Caubul, and recommending no greater or no less a personage than your little brother, Elliott D'Arcy, as an officer whose, &c. &c., eminently fitted him for that important situation! The announcement, as you may imagine, astounded me. I will pass over the flattering sensations which fluttered through the crimson piece of flesh under my left ribs. I looked the Ambassador full in the face, and when I found that he was not joking, I stammered out a few lame expressions of the gratification which I felt at finding that I had attained so high a place in his good opinion. What think you, Master Fred, of my being *Political Agent* in Caubul? I do not, of course, expect that the prospect which has been thus opened upon me will be realized. Better interest and higher talents will

be in the field against me, but I feel certain that Mr Ellis's recommendation will be of service to me, and that I shall not have to return to regimental duty on my leaving Persia. . . . . One of the papers which gave so much satisfaction to Mr Ellis was a lengthy article of fifty pages on Burnes's Military Memoir on the countries between the Caspian and the Indus, in which I took the liberty to handle somewhat roughly the opinions and reasoning of the intelligent and enterprising "traveller." A few evenings ago, Mr Ellis . . . . desired me to draw up a paper on the subject which he might send to England as a despatch. These golden opinions are worth something; but I am tired of writing about myself, my affairs, and my prospects.' But in the early part of the month of May, Mr Ellis returned to England, and for some few months after his departure Todd was re-employed on the not very congenial work of drilling the Persian Artillery.* Two months passed away, and the 8th of July he wrote to his brother, saying: 'I have heard nothing yet of the effect of Mr Ellis's letter in my favour to Lord Auckland. You remember the subject —Afghanistan! I am sick of Persia, and long to be re-

* In the following extract from a letter written some years afterwards by Todd to James Outram, one feature of artillery practice in Persia is amusingly represented: 'This reminds me of an answer given to me by Mahomed Shah's Wuzeer—one Meerza Mahomed, a great oaf. I had been superintending some artillery practice at Teheran. A jackass having been placed as the target, I remonstrated against the cruelty of putting up one of God's creatures as a mark, when wood or canvas would answer every purpose. The Wuzeer replied: "On my eyes be it! I will stick up a pony next time!" As if I had specially pleaded the case of jackasses!'

leased from the thraldom of my present situation. Should the Company agree to the pensions for length of service—£180 after twenty years—what say you to our joining pensions, and settling down as two old bachelors in some quiet part of England, or making a location in Van Diemen's Land or the Canadas? If God spares my life, I shall lay down my sword with the most heartfelt satisfaction at being able to leave a trade which I detest.'

In the autumn of this year, 1836, Todd was residing at Tabreez, in the capacity of Military Secretary to General Bethune, who then commanded the legions disciplined by the English officers. 'My last was dated Teheran, October 4th,' he wrote on the 24th of November, 'since which time I have transferred my body to the delightful capital of Azerbizan. . . . . We have a large society here for Persia. . . . . We have, besides others, Major-General Bethune, who has appointed me, as I think I have mentioned, his Military Secretary.' On Christmas-day he wrote again, saying: 'I have just been ordered by the Ambassador to undertake a difficult and somewhat dangerous journey into one of the wildest parts of Persia, on my way to Teheran. I hope to leave Tabreez the day after tomorrow, and shall not arrive at the capital in less than fifty days. My journey is an honourable one, and, if carried through, will bring me to the notice of Government. Mr M'Neill's choice of me for this journey is not a little flattering. . . . My route will be *viâ* Ardebeel, the shores of the Caspian, Ghilan, and Roodbar, to Kazveen, where I come into the main road. One of the dangers of the trip is the plague raging in the vicinity of Ardebeel, but I trust

that God will protect me.' In the third week of February he reached the capital, and wrote thence on the 3rd of March: 'I left Tabreez on the 27th of December, and proceeded through Karadagh and the fine district of Mishkeen to Ardebeel. This place is celebrated as being the cradle of the Suffavean dynasty, and the tomb of some of its monarchs. It was once a place of pilgrimage. The tombs of Sheikh Suffee-ud-Deen, of Sultan Hyder, and of Shah Ismael, were once contained in a magnificent shrine, at which thousands of pilgrims came to pay their devotions, and upon which millions were spent in honour of the departed saints and heroes, the glory of Persia, as they are now the reproach. Time, and neglect, and violence have done their worst upon the resting-place of the Suffees. Little remains of the dwelling of the dead save the earth in whose bosom they are sleeping. The buildings and courts must have been of immense extent, from the gateways, which, though reft of their beauty, have not yet mingled with the dust. One of these, at a considerable distance from the present entrance, still displays, in the style of its architecture and the colour of its ornaments, the taste and skill of its architect. A wretched court-yard, surrounded by ruins, and filled with hundreds of nameless tombs, leads to the sanctuary. Three domes of different size and shape cover what remains of the tombs of the Suffees. A large hall, which still retains evidence of the richness of its former decorations, is the vestibule of some small inner chambers which contain the ashes of Suffee, Hyder, and Ismael. They were once concealed by gold and silver screens, which have been borrowed by succeeding monarchs, or stolen by

unbelieving visitants. Everything about the place breathes of wretchedness and neglect. One of the domes covers what must once have been a magnificent apartment, round the walls of which were arranged the vessels of china used by the Suffavean monarchs, or presented as offerings to the shrine. A remnant, about a hundred, of these occupy the centre of the apartment, and bear the marks of antiquity, and of being the genuine manufacture of China. The library, once filled with the rarest and most valuable books, has shared the fate of the building. Few remain, and those few but of little value. The Russians, when they visited Ardebeel, took away a great number for the purpose of translation, under the promise of returning them, but the promise remains yet unfulfilled. The town of Ardebeel tells the usual Persian tale of decay, and dirt, and depopulation. The plague has raged there during the last two years: half of the inhabitants have been swept off, and the remainder look squalid and wretched. Ardebeel is, at present, the royal prison-house. Twelve of the sons and grandsons of Futteh Ali Shah are confined in the fortress, which was constructed some years ago, after the European system, by Colonel Monteith. Amongst the prisoners are the Zil-i-Sultan, who placed himself upon the throne at Teheran after the death of the late King, and Hussan Ali Mirza, the blinded brother of the late Firman-Firma of Shiraz. The prisoners are tolerably comfortable in their cages, so far as food and clothing are concerned, and they may thank their stars that they wear their heads upon their shoulders, for had any other Kajjar than Mahomed Shah been upon the throne, they would, long ere this, have gone

the way of all rebellious or ambitious Persian Princes. I stayed nearly a fortnight at Ardebeel, being detained by a constant succession of snow-storms, during which it was impossible to move. The weather was dreadfully cold, the thermometer falling at night below zero, but I did not, on the whole, pass an unpleasant fortnight. I was the guest of the Prince-Governor, a very nice little boy, brother to the King, and was treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality. From Ardebeel I proceeded to Adina Bazaar, near the plains of Mogan, skirting in my way the whole of the Russian frontier, and returned by nearly the same route to the village of Nameen (near Ardebeel), thence, after crossing the range of mountains to the eastward of Ardebeel, I followed the course of the Astara river to its embouchure. From Astara to Enzellee, my route for four days was on the shore of the Caspian, the waters of which wetted my horse's feet nearly the whole of the time. On my right were the fine forest-clad hills of Talish, which stretch down to the very edge of the sea. The scenery was most picturesque, as you may suppose, for mountains, and forests, and sea, will always, when united, form the picturesque. I had not time for sketching, save here and there when something remarkable presented itself. One of the finest objects on my route was the mountain of Sevalan, twenty miles to the west of Ardebeel. Its height is about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it stands upon a base which, at the distance of twenty miles, embraces a third of the circle. The body of a saint, who is supposed to have lived prior to the Mahomedan invasion, is to be seen on the summit of the mountain in a wonder-

ful state of preservation, and the spot is a place of pilgrimage. We have some fine mountains in Persia and its vicinity, but few to be compared with the hoary peak of Sevalan. The province of Ghilan is similar, in its climate and scenery, to Mazanderan, of which I gave you a description last year. I visited Ghilan in the most favourable season, and did not suffer from the effects of its climate, which in summer and autumn, is deadly, from the prevalence of marsh fevers. It deserves its name, which is a compound of Gil (mud), the whole country being one great marsh. There are no made roads, in consequence of the wise Persians fearing that constructing a highway would facilitate the advance of a Russian force. One was commenced between Resht and the sea-coast, but, before two miles had been completed, peremptory orders arrived from Teheran to stop the work. I never knew what mud was before my visit to Ghilan. The pathways which are intended to connect the villages run through mulberry-forests and rice-fields, the mud, which is the soil of the country, being two or three feet deep, and often fathomless. The ponies of the province are the only animals that can flounder effectually through this fifth element; all other quadrupeds fairly give in, and refuse to move after wading through a mile or two. Ghilan is the richest province comparatively in Persia, being one large silk garden, and it might be made to yield, without oppressing the people, an immense revenue; but a bad Government has well seconded the efforts of plague and cholera to destroy this really fine country, and Ghilan is in the same depopulated and disorganized state as the rest of Persia. Between Resht and Kazveen (where I came upon

the high road between Teheran and Tabreez), I passed over a range of mountains covered with snow from four to forty feet deep. You will set me down as a Munchausen, but really the snow was very deep, and I was eight hours in riding eight miles through it. I arrived at this place on the 18th of last month, and have ever since been fully employed in writing reports, mapping, &c. I have no plans for the future, and know not where I shall spend my summer.'

The year 1837 saw him still resident at Teheran, in his military capacity; but he was steadily preparing himself all the time for employment in the political branch of the service, and at last the opportunity came. The following extracts from the correspondence of this year carry on the story of his life: 'Teheran, September 3, 1837. By-the-by, you will have seen, ere this, that his Majesty has conferred the local brevet of major on the officers serving in Persia. We receive no increase of pay, but as formerly all the officers who were made local field-officers in Persia were paid as such, we are about to address a memorial upon the subject to the authorities in India. This local rank is not of much use, but there is something in a name, notwithstanding what the Bard of Avon has said regarding it. There is a possibility, although remote, that "I may be sent to England on duty." I shall do my best, you may be sure, to effect this, for although I could not remain at home more than a few months, I feel that it would be of great service to me in every respect, and the prospect of embracing you under such happy circumstances is indeed delightful. . . . . You will be glad to hear that I have

received a complimentary letter from Lord Palmerston, in consequence of my reports regarding the frontier. I have sent home lately some other maps and papers which may be of use to me.' 'Teheran, December 26. The Secretary of Legation, Colonel Sheil, has gone home with despatches, and will be absent probably nearly a year. You will be glad to hear that Mr M'Neill has appointed me to act for him, and has done so in a very flattering manner, as you will perceive in perusing the copy of his letter to me on the occasion, which I have sent to our beloved mother. The appointment will not give me anything in a pecuniary point of view; indeed, it is possible that I may lose my Persian allowances whilst employed with the Mission; but you must be aware that the honour of the thing is great, and that my being selected for such a situation *may* be of great use to me in my future prospects. My great ambition is to have *political* employment, either in India or in these countries, and I have now made the first step towards my aim and object.' This new appointment gave him abundant occupation. After some two or three months' experience of its duties, he wrote to his brother, saying: 'This Acting Secretaryship of Legation is no sinecure. The other day I wrote forty-eight pages, foolscap, of Persian translations, and had time for my ordinary reading, French and English. Now I call that a good day's work. What say you? I have now twenty long letters before me, and heaps of Persian papers for translation, and all this must be done within the next four days, and French lessons and walking exercise must not be discontinued. Read Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*,

and then grumble at want of time, if you dare. So you believed the story of the Epic poem! Fancy a Secretary of Legation writing an Epic! Why, I should be turned out before I could look round me. I must confess, in your private ear, that there are some loose scribbled sheets between the leaves of my blotting-book, but they look very little like poetry in their present state.'

The next year found the Persian Government and the Persian army busied with the siege of Herat, and on the 8th of March Todd wrote with reference to that event, and to the views held by the British Government, that the possession of Herat by Persia would make a dangerous opening for Russian intrigue in the direction of India: 'This is a strange country! A country inhabited or peopled by wandering tribes, who infuse their errant spirit into every living thing that sets the sole of its foot within the territories of the Great King. From this exordium you will conclude that I am flapping or pluming my wings for a flight, and thou art right, my most sapient Fred. The month of March being under the sign Pisces, the finny tribe, both great and small, are preparing for migration to hotter or colder climates, and I, being an odd fish, must follow in the track of my betters. I might here give you an appropriate sketch of the system pursued by the several tribes—Toorks, Turcomans, and Kuzzilbashes—of these parts, but you will be in a hurry to know where I am going. Perhaps to England, you will say to yourself; but you are out there. Guess again; but I see it's of no use. . . . . On the frontier between Persia and Afghanistan lieth the city of Herat, a place which for centuries past has been

a bone of contention between the two States. Mahomed Shah, immediately on coming to the throne, declared his intention of marching against the place, which he asserted belonged to Persia, and was now in rebellion against its lawful sovereign, his royal self. In 1836 he made a campaign to the eastward, but the cholera and the Turcomans obliged him to return to his capital, without having effected his object. Last year he collected a large army, and went on the same errand. The fortress of Ghorian was delivered into his hands after a ten days' siege, and on the 21st of November—I like to be particular—he sat down before Herat. The Heratees gave him a warm reception, making nightly sorties, in each of which the Persians lost six to a dozen men, and sending out large parties of horse to intercept supplies, carry off stragglers, &c. The walls proved tougher than his Majesty had anticipated, and after expending ten or twelve thousand shot and shells without producing the slightest effect, the siege was turned into an imperfect blockade, two of the five gates of the town being open, and the inhabitants holding free and uninterrupted communication with the surrounding country, whilst the Shah was shut up in his camp, round which a wall had been built. In this stage of the proceedings our Government suddenly discovers that the fall of Herat into the hands of the Persians would be injurious to our interests in the East, as affording an outpost to Russian intrigue in the direction of India. The wiseacres might have made the discovery ages ago, for the subject was pretty often dinned into their ears; but no, they go to sleep, and allow things to proceed to extremities until the eleventh hour. How-

ever, they have at last bestirred themselves, and Mr M'Neill is about to proceed to the scene of operations, to mediate between the contending powers, and to put a stop, if possible, to further hostilities. The whole of the orchestra will not accompany the leader of the band, but the acting second fiddle must, of course, be in attendance, and I am preparing to start from this in about four days, with Mr M'Neill and Major Farrant, who is acting as his private scratchitary. We take four sergeants and fifteen or twenty Persians, armed and mounted, in case we should meet with some of the roving bands of Turcomans who infest the road between Shahrood and Herat. As I have no hankering after a pastoral life, I hope that you will not next hear of me, or from me, tending the flocks and herds of the Turcomans. They sold Joseph Wolff for a greyhound pup and five rupees, but his teeth were the worse for wear, whereas mine are as sound as a four-year-old's, and I fear they would ask for me a heavier ransom. The journey ought not to occupy more than twenty-five days. The weather is delicious, and, barring the Turcomans, I look forward to a very pleasant and interesting trip. And now for a word in your ear. Should Mr M. wish to communicate with Lord Auckland, who is now in the north of India, it is possible that I may be sent across with despatches, and then—*then*. O Fred the magnanimous! what countries shall I not see? Look at the map again, and tell me whether you would not like to be with me; but first read, if you have not read them, Burnes's *Travels*, Arthur Conolly's *Journey Overland to India;* a dear friend of mine is that said Arthur Conolly, now a sincere Christian,

and one with whom I have had much sweet fellowship;* Elphinstone's *Caubul*, Forster's *Travels*, 1798. I should also, for many reasons which must be apparent to you, much like to see Lord Auckland, and I could not do so under better auspices than as the bearer of despatches, and I may say (though I say it myself), as the possessor of some information that would be useful to him. But all this may be a castle in the air; but I am, and ever have been, fond of constructing *châteaux en Espagne*. This move was only determined on yesterday, but I find that I should have had a journey at any rate, for Mr M'Neill tells me that he had intended sending me to Herat, to endeavour to bring the Shah to reason, but that the day before yesterday he received letters from India, which made him decide on going himself. Diplomacy is a strange trade, Fred, but, the more I see and understand of it, the more I like it, for the machinery is of sufficient interest to one behind the scenes, and our policy certainly tends to the amelioration of the state of uncivilized man, at least in this part of the world, although our object is certainly of a different stamp.'

'March 10th. We start this afternoon, and I am in the midst of preparations for the march. You have seen the first day of a march in India, and can fancy the present state of things around me. Packing and paying! Ducats and tomauns galloping off by hundreds. Pistols, swords, guns, ammunition-belts, &c., in beautiful confusion around me, with a fine background of half-packed boxes, duns, and omeedwars! I cannot—how can I?—collect my

* I cannot trace in the correspondence of either the place where they met. It was at some up-country station—probably Cawnpore.

senses for a rational letter, so you must just take what you can get, and be thankful. I must defer writing to our dear mother until I am on the journey, and we shall despatch messengers to Teheran constantly.'

Of the march to Herat, and of the first investment of that place, Todd's letters give an animated description. He tells the story from without the walls, as Eldred Pottinger tells it from within; and it is curious to note that two officers of the Indian Artillery—one from Bengal and the other from Bombay—were at the same time in the camps of the two contending forces: 'We arrived without let or hindrance on the 6th,' wrote Todd on the 11th of April, 'having accomplished the journey—seven hundred miles—in twenty-six days. You have some idea of the country we passed through, and being well acquainted with the rate of marching in India, will, I think, give us credit for our expedition. We had sixty laden mules with us throughout the journey, and for the last four or five marches were accompanied by a train of five or six hundred camels, bringing provisions to camp. We only made one halt, and that was chiefly in consequence of the indisposition of the Elchee. Our last march into camp from Ghorian was forty miles, and we had several other tough ones of thirty-two, thirty-six, forty, and fifty; but our cattle behaved well, and, with the exception of a few horses left on the road, dead or dead lame, we effected our advance without loss. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the journey; the weather was delightful, and the country was new to me, in some parts unexplored by Europeans. I have mapped the whole route carefully, and shall send the result of my labours through

Mr M'Neill to the Foreign Office, having received encouragement from that quarter as an inducement to my exertions in improving the geography of this part of the world. I believe I have mentioned to you that my sketches of Mazanderan, Ghilan, and the Russian frontier, were approved of by Lord Palmerston, and lithographed at the Quartermaster-General's office. We did not come by the way of Meshed, but striking off the high road at Mezenoon, one march beyond Abbassabad, passed through the hills of Gomeesh to Toorsheez, and thence, leaving Toorbut Hyderee to the north, to Khaff, or rather Rovee, there being no such town as Khaff, which is the name of a district. From Rovee to Ghorian, a distance of ninety miles, there is no habitation, and water (brackish) only in one or two places. I have been astounded by the fertility and capability of some of the tracts of country we have passed over. Nothing can be finer than the plains and valleys between Toorsheez and Khaff; and the valley of the Herirood, between Ghorian and Herat, is one of the richest in the world. Innumerable villages, now indeed ruined, but still attesting the fertility of the soil, are seen as far as the eye can reach, scattered over a plain of vast extent, every foot of which bears the mark of cultivation." "Well, here we are,' continued Todd, 'encamped within two thousand two hundred yards of Herat. Nothing that I had previously heard gave me the slightest idea of the strength of the place, which, if defended by artillery, I should pronounce impregnable to a Persian army. It has now held out for five months, and the Shah does not appear to have advanced one step towards gaining possession of the place. His batteries have knocked off some of the

upper defences, but no attempt has been made to effect a breach, which, indeed, it would be difficult to do with brass twelves and sixes; and although an assault by escalade is talked of, there seems to be no chance of the place falling, unless a famine should oblige the besieged to surrender, and this is not very likely, as the Heratees have laid in provisions for two years! The place is invested at last; but until within the last month three out of the five gates were open, and the inhabitants enjoyed free and uninterrupted communication with the surrounding country. Our visit to the scene of operations gave great offence to the Shah, who did all in his power, but without effect, to prevent our reaching camp, knowing that Mr M'Neill's only object could be to induce him, by promises or threats, to raise the siege. Our reception in camp was cold in the extreme, all the usual compliments and civilities were omitted, and a hint was given that any Persian who visited the English would be a marked man. We, consequently, found ourselves in quarantine! A day or two after our arrival, however, Mr M'Neill demanded an audience, to present a letter from Queen Victoria. This could not be refused, and we were ushered into the presence in style. On this occasion Mr M'Neill's talents and wonderful knowledge of the Persians carried the day; the Shah was relieved from his fears for the moment, as the topic of Herat was not introduced, and when we took our leave he had been talked into good humour. Thus the ice has been partly broken; and although our Persian friends still keep aloof, from fear of the Shah's displeasure, the road to friendly communication has been opened. I have no hopes that the Shah will be induced to

raise the siege by fair words on our part, but it is yet to be seen whether he will risk the chance of going to war with us, by obstinately persisting in his present plans of Eastern conquest. I am more than ever satisfied of the importance of keeping him within his present boundary, and of preventing his taking possession of Herat. Russia is already at work in Afghanistan. Our Government has been for many years fast asleep, and unless we now take some decided steps to arrest the advance of Russian intrigue towards the Indus, we shall awake, when too late, to find the paw of the Northern bear upon our shoulder. Having seen Herat, and the country in its vicinity, I can understand its being called the "key of India." The Shah's camp is a filthy nest of all possible abominations, so we have pitched our tents at some little distance from it, on a rising ground in the vicinity, from whence we have a fine view of the fortress. There is no fear of our being molested by the Afghans, who are here called the enemy; but I am not so sure of the rabble surbaz, who are in a wretched state from want of provisions, and are maddened by the opposition they have met with. There is little firing from either side, but the trenches are occasionally attacked, and the Persians are always the sufferers; the average daily loss on the part of the besiegers may not be more than five or six men. You must excuse my writing more in detail at present; some of my reasons must be apparent to you, when I mention that my letter may fall into the hands of the Philistines before reaching you.'

In the Memoir of Eldred Pottinger all the circumstances of the siege of Herat have been so fully set forth, that I need

not again recite them. During a part of the time occupied by the investment of the place, Todd was in the Persian camp; and he was employed by the English Minister, Mr M'Neill, to negotiate with the Heratees. He was the first English officer who had ever been seen by them in full regimentals, and it is recorded of him that when he entered the city 'a vast crowd went out to gaze at him. The tight-fitting coat, the glittering epaulettes, and the cocked-hat, all excited unbounded admiration. The narrow streets were crowded, and the house-tops were swarming with curious spectators. The bearer as he was of a message from Mahomed Shah, announcing that the Persian sovereign was willing to accept the mediation of the British Government, he was received with becoming courtesy by Shah Kamran, who, after the interview, took the cloak from his own shoulders, and sent it by the Wuzeer to Major Todd, as a mark of the highest distinction he could confer upon him.' 'I was sent into the town,' wrote Todd himself, 'by Mr M'Neill, with the permission of the Shah, to endeavour to open negotiations. I found the Herat Government willing to listen to anything that the British Minister might propose, and to him they gave full authority to act as mediator; but the Persians have been playing their usual dirty game, shuffling and shirking, and eating their own words, so that at present there seems to be but little probability of matters being satisfactorily arranged.' Curious reports have been afloat of armies marching from the eastward to the assistance of the Heratees, and in consequence of these reports the Persians have from time to time seemed anxious to put an end to the business by entering into an equitable treaty; but no

dependence can be placed on their words, and the Shah still lingers here, in the hope of starving out the besieged. I believe he has given up all expectation of taking it by storm; his batteries have failed to effect a practicable breach, and his soldiers have lost even the little heart they had at the commencement of the siege. I could not have believed it possible for him to subsist an army of at least thirty-five thousand men for six months before this place; but he has done so somehow or other, and he may be able to procure provisions for some time longer. Even the amazing fertility of this country does not explain the mystery of how and whence these provisions are procured. In the mean time, our Government appears to have folded its arms over its breast in quiet or stupid indifference to the fate of the key of India.'

The attempted negotiation failed; and the siege was continued. Soon afterwards, D'Arcy Todd was sent by Mr M'Neill to convey despatches to the Governor-General of India, and to inform him more fully than written documents could what was the actual condition of affairs. 'I am now under sailing orders,' he wrote on the 8th of May, 'and I shall weigh anchor in the course of a few days, charged with despatches for Lord Auckland. I hope to find his Lordship at Simlah, which will shorten the Indian part of my trip considerably. The route which I now contemplate is that which leads through Candahar, Caubul, Peshawur, Attock, and thence through the Punjab to Loodianah, whence Simlah is distant only a night's or a couple of

nights' dâk (tappâl). I shall travel as an Englishman, but in the dress of an Afghan, without luggage or other encumbrances, save a pair of saddle-bags on the horse I ride. This mode I believe to be the best in every respect. All the difficulties that Europeans have encountered in these countries have arisen from their foolishly endeavouring to personate natives. The success they have met with in this has generally been about as great as Chinamen would meet with in attempting to personate Englishmen on the strength of a tight pair of breeches! We are now pretty well known in Afghanistan. Burnes is at Caubul, Leech (an Engineer officer) at Candahar, and Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, has been in Herat for the last eight months. With Runjeet our relations are becoming every day more intimate, and in his country an European is hailed as a friend. I do not, of course, expect to accomplish the journey before me without encountering difficulties, and perhaps some dangers; but these are to be met with in all the various paths of life, and are only to be overcome by a judicious use of the means which may be placed within our reach by the Sovereign disposer of events. The only question to be considered in danger or difficulty is, are we in the path of duty? If this can be answered satisfactorily, we can have no ground for apprehension. I have often described Simlah to you. A thousand associations are connected with it in my mind, and I look forward with varied feelings to revisiting scenes in which I have spent some of the happiest moments of my life. The circumstances under which I shall revisit these scenes will be somewhat altered, for I feel that I have almost lived a life

during the last eight years, and that the days of youth are numbered with the past. This is, perhaps, a melancholy reflection, but it is a wholesome one; but I will not now follow it out in all its bearings. I have had a good deal of fagging work at this place, both mental and bodily, and my health has not been so good as usual. A disagreeable attack of dysentery kept me very low for some days, but I have now nearly regained my former strength; indeed, I am better than ever. I have reason to thank God that this attack occurred when medical assistance was within reach. I am, however, myself half a doctor, having been thrown of late years so much on my own resources. In Persia a man is most helpless unless he has some knowledge of the use of medicines, and I have been obliged to take my degree. I am afraid to enter into the subject of Herat and its affairs, or I shall have to write a folio, and you may not feel interested one straw in the matter. Suffice it to say that the Heratees still hold out most gallantly, making sorties nearly every night, and never failing in their object. On these occasions the Persians are invariably the sufferers, and it is believed that several of their guns have been carried off from their batteries and upset into the ditch, the Afghans not being able to drag them into the town. I mentioned in my last that I thought the place a strong one, but I had no idea of its real strength until I had an opportunity of examining the defences.'

The Governor-General and his Secretaries, at this time, were at Simlah. There Todd met Lord Auckland, who saw at once that in the approaching struggle in Afghanistan, the young Artillery officer was a man whose services might be turned to good account. 'I left the Persian camp

before Herat on the 22nd of May,' he wrote to his brother, from the hill-station, in July, 'and after a very interesting journey of about sixty days, *viâ* Candahar, Caubul, Peshawur, and the Punjab, I arrived without accident at this place on Friday last, the 20th. People tell me that I have made a very rapid journey—a fact with which I am pretty well acquainted, knowing, as I do, the difficulties and detentions and dangers which a traveller must meet with in the countries which I have lately traversed. I find that I have arrived here in the very nick of time. The attention of all men in India has been directed to the state of affairs in the countries between the Indus and the Caspian, and I have been able to lay before Government my stock of information. A rupture with Persia seems to be unavoidable, and we are, at last, about to establish our influence in Afghanistan on a solid, and what will, I believe, be a lasting basis. Shah Soojah, the ex-King of Caubul, who has for many years past been our pensioner at Loodianah, is to be reinstated in the kingdom by us, and as the measure is considered of great importance to our interests, we are "to go the whole hog," and insure its complete success by every means in our power. I cannot now enter into particulars. . . . . Lord Auckland has asked me to enlist, and as I do not see any prospect of returning to Persia under existing circumstances, I have accepted the offer, but I know not in what capacity I shall be employed. I am not even aware whether civil or military duties will be allotted to me. I trust the former, as I am heartily sick of drilling recruits.' In August, he wrote again on the same subject, saying: 'You will be anxious to know what are my plans for the

future. I have given up all idea of returning to Persia; indeed, it seems probable that our mission and detachment have left that country ere this, for by the letters received to-day, I learn that Mr M'Neill had left the Persian camp before Herat, and was at Meshed on the 26th of June, on his way to Teheran. A rupture had taken place with the Persian Government, and our Envoy withdrew from camp with the intention of quitting the country. I might have had the command of Shah Soojah's Artillery (1000 rupees per mensem), or the Brigade Majorship of our own Artillery (two troops and three companies) going with the expedition; but military glory has lost its charms for me, and I have adhered to the intention, expressed in my last to you, of obtaining, if possible, an appointment in the Political Department. I believe that Mr Macnaghten will go as the chief political character, with several assistants, of whom Burnes will be the first, and your humble servant the second. This is all I know about it. My allowances will, I fancy, be about 1000 rupees per mensem, perhaps something less, but this I care little about; the department is a good one—indeed, the best in India—and if a man exerts himself he must get up the tree.'

So when the famous Simlah Manifesto of October 1, 1838, published to the world a declaration of war against the *de facto* rulers of Afghanistan, and the official arrangements for the conduct of the Caubul Mission were completed, Captain D'Arcy Todd was gazetted as Political Assistant and Military Secretary to the Envoy and Minister at the Court of Shah Soojah, the restored King of Caubul.

His letters, written on the march with Shah Soojah's camp, and after his arrival at the frontier city, afford a lively idea of the feelings with which he regarded the opportunity before him. 'Larkhana, Upper Sindh, March 11, 1839. You can have no conception of the state of worry, annoyance, and fatigue in which I was kept during our march of five hundred miles to Shikarpore, which place we reached on the 22nd of January, and after our arrival there, until Mr Macnaghten joined the mission and assumed charge. I feel sick at the remembrance of that period of my life. There were about twenty-two thousand persons in our camp, including the force and followers of his Majesty, and of this crowd I had political charge, without a single assistant. From daylight to midnight I was employed in listening to complaints, settling disputes, answering chits, attending to applications, and suffering annoyances of every conceivable description. All this time I was exceedingly unwell, and living upon tea and physic. I determined not to give in so long as I had strength to speak or to hold a pen; so I struggled against pain and weariness and weakness, and fought the battle of mind against matter to the last. Another week would, I think, have killed me. I remember one day being fairly floored, and, "albeit unused to the melting mood," when no human eye was upon me, I sat down and wept both long and bitterly. You may fancy from this the state of my nerves. . . . . I arrived here a few days ago, and am now a member of the Commander-in-Chief's family party. As yet I have found my situation a very pleasant one. Sir John* is a fine,

* Sir John Keane.

soldier-like, gentlemanly man, and I get on very well with him. We march to-morrow for Candahar.'

The Army of the Indus reached Candahar in April, and Shah Soojah was proclaimed King of Caubul. So far there had been little beyond a grand military promenade. The Barukzye Sirdars had determined to make their stand at a point nearer to the capital. The road between Candahar and Caubul was known to Todd, who laid down the route for the information of Sir John Keane. It has been said that he supplied inaccurate topographical intelligence; that the route which he furnished misled that commander in one most important respect. Todd is said to have spoken of Ghuzni as a place of no great strength; and to have conveyed an impression, if he did not actually state, that it might easily be carried without the aid of a siege train. The route was published some years afterwards in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.* It is there open to all the world. A similar report was given by Lieutenant Leech, of the Bombay Engineers. Perhaps neither the Artillery nor the Engineer officer calculated on such an advantage being given to the enemy as the halt at Candahar; but even after the capture of Ghuzni, Sir John Keane pronounced it a 'shell of a place.' Tradition declares that he used another word, more significant, if more coarse.

In the preceding Memoir the story of Herat has been brought down to the commencement of the year 1839. Yar Mahomed was then holding fast in his hand the sword of a two-edged policy, and warily watching the turn of events for his opportunity to strike. It was his game to receive from the English all that he could extract from

them; but at the very time when the Government and people of Herat were being saved from ruin and starvation by our subsidies, the Minister was quietly making overtures both to the Barukzye Sirdars and the Persian Court to unite with them in a combined effort for the expulsion of Shah Soojah and the Feringhees. But when the British Army appeared at Candahar, and there was small hope of a national resistance, Yar Mahomed was among the first to congratulate the restored monarch. The time, therefore, was held to be propitious for the despatch of a special Mission to Herat. The first design had been to intrust the embassy to Sir Alexander Burnes, but seeing clearly that it was far more likely to result in failure than in success, he was reluctant to undertake an office so laden with perplexities and embarrassments. Eldred Pottinger had been appointed, permanently, Political Agent at Herat; but this was intended as an extraordinary mission, and not in supersession of his powers; and now Todd was invited to accept the office, and he did accept it, saying that he had small hope of success, but that he would do his best for the Government which he served.

So in June Major Todd started for Herat, accompanied by Captain Sanders, an Engineer officer of high repute, who was afterwards killed in the battle of Maharajpore; and by Lieutenant James Abbott, of the Artillery, who, above all others, perhaps, was the friend to whom the soul of D'Arcy Todd clave with the greatest fondness.* It was

* Lieutenant (now Major-General) C. F. North and Assistant-Surgeon Login, afterwards Sir John Login, also formed part of the mission.

his duty to contract engagements of friendship with Shah Kamran, offensive and defensive, and, with the aid of Sanders and Abbott, to strengthen the defences of the place at the expense of the British Government. For the first few months everything appeared to proceed prosperously, and Todd had no reason to complain of the manner in which the mission was received either by the King or the Wuzeer. He had become personally acquainted with both during the siege, and had written to his brother, saying: 'I was much pleased with what I saw of the Afghans during my visit to the town. The Wuzeer, Yar Mahomed Khan, who is the *de facto* governor, is a shrewd, intelligent man, cruel and rapacious, it is said, as a governor, but possessing an abundance of that cool courage which is the first requisite in a commandant of a besieged fortress. Kamran is said to have stupified his intellect by the habitual use of intoxicating drugs, but he was certainly wide awake during my conference with him, and he struck me as being a remarkably sharp old fellow—he must now be upwards of seventy; however, he has got a very bad character, and perhaps deserves it.' And now, on his second visit to Herat, he wrote to the same correspondent in a cheerful, though not in an over-confident strain: 'Herat, October 10, 1839. I wrote to you from Candahar, I think, that I was about to proceed as Envoy from the Governor-General to Herat. . . . . I received my present appointment under very flattering circumstances, such indeed as to make a youth (don't laugh; you can't see any grey hairs) like myself very vain. As yet I have succeeded in the object of my mission, which was to report on the state of affairs here,

and to conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance with Shah Kamran; but the maze of politics here is very intricate, and our relations, notwithstanding my treaty, are not on a very solid basis.' 'Herat, November 20, 1839. I have received a most kind and flattering letter from the Envoy and Minister at Caubul, who tells me that the Governor-General intends to appoint me permanently to Herat, and that some other situation is to be found for Pottinger. Amongst other things, Mr Macnaghten writes: "I should say that you will receive a salary of at least 2000 rupees per mensem, and as the office is certainly a most distinguished one, and forms a connecting link between European and Asiatic politics, I should hope that you will, upon the whole, like the arrangement." I should think so! You will, dearest Fred, agree with me that I am a very fortunate fellow.'

He had not been many months at Herat, when he received the distressing intelligence of his father's death. With what sentiments it inspired him, may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to his brother on the 23rd of February, 1840. 'My public associations,' he said, 'leave me but little time to brood over, or even to think of, my private sorrows. I live in a whirl of constant employment and interruption, and my public duties, as they are highly responsible, occupy my thoughts night and day, to the exclusion, I fear, of much that is of still higher importance. Such is the effect of "things that are seen" on the mind and feelings, unless our spiritual eyes are enlightened by the grace of God. I have placed myself in a false position by grasping at "the high places" of the world—a world which

in my better hours I know to be worthless and transitory. Fred, pray for me! There are some awful passages of Scripture against those who are in my condition. I have preached to others, and have prayed for others, and yet I feel myself a castaway. Do not imagine that these thoughts often pass through my mind. If they did so, I should awake from my slumber of death. My life is one of neglect of spiritual things, and hardness of heart. Having eyes, I see not. Having ears, I hear not. All this, dearest Fred, will, I know, give you exquisite pain, and I perhaps should not write it, but I cannot help myself. These reflections—but they are not reflections, they are only expressions—should send me to my knees, but I cannot pray. There were days when I could have given advice to one similarly situated, but those days are gone, never, I fear, to return. All is dark before me. The world and the world's love have swallowed up the past and the present. The ear of corn has been closed by thorns, and its future—— But I cannot go on with this subject, and yet to turn to any other seems to be profanation of mind and spirits. May God bless you, dearest of brothers, in the narrow path, and so shall your life and your death be blessed. . . . . Do not believe one word of what you may see in the newspapers about our little party at Herat. Our situation is pleasant, and we are quite as safe as people who walk down Oxford-street in a thunder-storm.'

At this time, the difficulties which were to assail him had not developed themselves. 'All is quiet here,' he wrote on the 1st of April, 1840. 'We are on the best possible terms with the authorities of the place, and I believe that

Yar Mahomed Khan, who is the *de facto* ruler of the country, is beginning to understand that honesty is the best policy; but I have had no easy task of it to keep my ground, and to prevent the Wuzeer committing some very foolish and ruinous act. My views on a point of the utmost importance differed essentially from those of the Envoy and Minister at Caubul, and I felt certain of going to the wall, but the Governor-General has taken my view of the case, and my task is now comparatively a light one. This is strictly between ourselves. . . . . Some time ago I deputed James Abbott on a friendly mission to the Khan or King of Khiva. An opening was offered me, so I took advantage of it on my own responsibility, and I am happy to say that the Governor-General has approved of the measure. James Abbott was well received by the Khan, and has been employed as a mediator between Khiva and Russia, the troops of the latter being on their march towards the Khan's capital. James Abbott will probably have to proceed to St Petersburg! I cannot guess what the powers that be will think of this bold step, but I have done my best to defend it.' But this letter had not travelled many miles towards its destination, before the writer had good cause to discard altogether the belief expressed in it that Yar Mahomed had begun to understand that honesty is the best policy. The proofs of the Wuzeer's treachery were now patent at Herat. He had written in the name of Shah Kamran a letter to the King of Persia, saying that, although the English gentlemen were tolerated for the sake of the money which they were freely spending, all the hopes and wishes of his master centred in the asylum of Islam, or, in other words, that he was the

vassal of Persia. This letter was given in March by the Persian Government to our representative; and before April was many days old a copy of it was in Todd's hands.*

It had now become only too manifest that the office which D'Arcy Todd held was one which demanded not only high courage and resolution in the representative of the British Government at that semi-barbarous Court, but also consummate tact, and a temper cool, patient, and forbearing. It was, indeed, a post in which success was so difficult of attainment, that Burnes, as before said, ambitious as he was, and little fearful of responsibility, declined it. The nominal ruler of the place, Shah Kamran, was a puppet in the hands of an unscrupulous Minister. Perhaps

* 'In the month of January, 1840, up to which time the advances to the Herat Government and people exceeded the amount of ten lakhs of rupees, and when king, chiefs, and people were equally saved from starvation by British aid, a letter was addressed by Shah Kamran to Mahomed Shah of Persia, declaring himself to be the faithful servant of the Shah-in-Shah (Persian King), *that he merely tolerated the presence of the English Envoy from expediency, although, to give him his due, he was by no means niggardly in the expenditure of money, jewels*, &c., and that his (Shah Kamran's) hopes were in the asylum of Islam. This letter was, in March, 1840, sent by the Persian Minister to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheill, H.B.M. Chargé d'Affaires at Erzeroom, in reply to the demand by the British Government for the restoration of Ghorian to Herat. Letters were, at the same time, addressed by the Wuzeer, or his brother, to the Russian Ambassador at Teheran, requesting that a Russian agent should be immediately sent to Herat.'—*Memorandum by the late Sir John Login.* This was by no means the first act of treachery of which Yar Mahomed had been guilty. He had commenced his intrigues with Persia almost, as Todd said, before the ink was dry in which our treaty with Shah Kamran had been written.

there was not in all Asia a worse man than Yar Mahomed, or one with whom it was more difficult for an honourable high-minded Christian officer to contend. It must be admitted that, after his own fashion, the Wuzeer conducted his negotiations on behalf both of Herat and of himself with remarkable ability. His one object was to turn to profitable financial account the presence of the British Mission at Herat. He was treacherous and avaricious to an excess even beyond the ordinary limits of Afghan treachery and avarice. All this was now apparent to Major Todd. But he knew that it was the desire of the Government which he served not to precipitate a rupture with the Heratee Government. Our Government had, indeed, condoned the offences of the unscrupulous Minister, hoping almost against hope that he might some day see the wisdom of honesty, and recognize the English as his best friends. Yar Mahomed knew that he had been found out; so he redoubled his exertions to simulate friendship, ever obtaining for each specious proof of good service some substantial recognition from the Treasury of the men he hated. There was a perennial drain upon our resources to strengthen the defences of Herat, perhaps for the use of our enemies; and ever and anon some exceptional circumstances arose to afford a pretext for new exactions from the wily Heratee Minister.*

* Take, for example, the following from Login's Memorandum, which has afforded matter for a previous note: 'On being made acquainted with the lenient consideration with which he had been treated by the Government of India, Yar Mahomed professed an extreme desire to give some convincing proof of his devotion to the

From bad to worse; from worse to worst; so passed the conduct of the unscrupulous Minister; until, in November, 1840, the patience of the British Agent was well-nigh exhausted. 'During the past month,' he wrote to Sir W. Macnaghten, in November, 'the most aggravated and absurd reports of the advantages gained by Dost Mahomed Khan, the Kohistanees, and Beloochees, over our troops, and of the weakness of our position in Afghanistan, had acquired ready credence in Herat. Urgent and repeated demands for extra assistance in money have been made by the Wuzeer and others, but without effect.* The oppor-

British Government, and proposed an immediate attack upon the fortress of Ghorian, then in the hands of the Persians. Trusting to his sincerity in this instance, he was, some time afterwards, permitted to make the attempt, and upwards of two lakhs of Company's rupees were advanced by the British Envoy to enable the Wuzeer to equip a force for the purpose. After every preparation had been made for surprising Ghorian, Yar Mahomed, on the most frivolous pretext, evaded doing so, and although no direct proof against him was obtained, the strongest circumstantial evidence supports the general belief that he at the time wrote to the Governor of Ghorian that the English urged him (the Wuzeer) to attack Ghorian, but that he (the Governor) need be under no apprehension! This occurred in the months of June and July, 1840, after advances to the amount of at least nineteen lakhs of rupees had been made for the benefit of the Herat Government.'

* By this time orders had been issued by the Supreme Government of India not to expend any more money on Herat. See the following extract from a Government letter to Sir W. H. Macnaghten, dated September 21, 1840: 'You are aware that his Lordship in Council does not, on the events which have recently occurred at Herat, see any immediate necessity for the British Government to break off its relations with the Government of Shah Kamran, nor, were the measure fully warranted by those events, would his Lordship

tunity has been thought favourable for attempting to work on our fears; and a foray on Candahar was seriously discussed, and I believe ultimately decided upon, by the Minister and his advisers, letters having been received by him from the city dwelling on the weakness of its garrison, and inviting him to make the attempt. The extravagance of the Wuzeer about this time involved him in debt to a considerable amount; and finding that I was not disposed to advance more money than had been sanctioned by Government, he endeavoured to obtain my consent to his chappowing the Persian territory. Failing in this, he pro-

in Council think it desirable that such a rupture should occur at the present time; but while his Lordship in Council has resolved to act upon the view here stated, upon which he hopes to have an early opportunity of communicating with you more at length, he at the same time does not consider it to be requisite or expedient to incur further expense, under existing circumstances, in adding to the strength of the Herat fortress. In placing Herat in a better state of defence than that in which it stood before the commencement of the siege in 1837, and in the very liberal aid which has been afforded to the Herat authorities and people, we have assuredly abundantly satisfied every claim upon our national gratitude and honour. His Lordship in Council would very decidedly prefer to lay out whatever funds he might otherwise have felt himself authorized in employing in strengthening Herat, on the construction of a tenable and compact fortress in the immediate neighbourhood of Candahar, upon the plan sketched by Major Thomson and Lieutenant Durand, which has been officially communicated to you. He is anxiously awaiting a further professional report on the advantage, practicability, and cost of acting upon those suggestions, and it occurs to him that the services of Captain Sanders, who is understood to have proceeded to Caubul (unless those of any other officer can be used more conveniently), may be made very usefully available towards procuring the necessary information on this point.'

posed to foray some of the districts nominally subject to his own authority; and at length, discovering the futility of attempting to obtain money from me on these pretences, he thought that by giving publicity to his intention of attacking Candahar, he might intimidate me into purchasing his forbearance. The enterprise was, I believe, resolved on; and though the timely surrender of Dost Mahomed Khan caused this project to be laid aside for the time, it was not fully abandoned.' In truth, Yar Mahomed was only waiting for another opportunity to renew his efforts at extortion, and an opportunity soon came. There were symptoms of a state of feverish unrest in Western Afghanistan. The Douranee tribes were breaking into rebellion. It then became Yar Mahomed's game to foment the popular discontent.* He sent emissaries among the disaffected tribes, urging them to open resistance of the foreign yoke; and at the same time he continued his intrigues with the Persian

* 'In January, 1841, when the disaffected Douranees in Zemandawar had laid that district under contribution, and had sent exaggerated reports of their power and prowess to Yar Mahomed Khan, he again opened communication with the Persians, sent a large deputation, under a confidential agent, to the Persian Ansef at Meshed, and urged him to assist in an attack on Candahar while snow prevented communication between that city and Caubul. As the opportunity appeared favourable to mark his opinion of this glaring breach of treaty, the presence of a large force in Upper Sindh enabling him to do so with greater effect, Major Todd determined to suspend the monthly allowances (twenty-five thousand Company's rupees) to the Herat authorities until the pleasure of Government were known, and he accordingly, on the 1st of February, notified this intention to the Wuzeer.'—*Sir John Login's Memorandum.*

authorities at Meshed, inviting them to combine with him in an attack on Candahar whilst the communications with Caubul were cut off by the snow.

All this was soon known to Todd. He saw plainly the objects at which the astute Wuzeer was aiming, and he was determined to thwart the machinations of his unscrupulous opponent. Often have our political officers, at the remote Courts of semi-barbarous potentates, found themselves surrounded by a surging sea of difficulty and danger, without any succour at hand but that to be derived from their own cool heads and their own brave hearts. But never, perhaps, was an English officer surrounded by so many difficulties as now surrounded the British agent at the Court of Shah Kamran of Herat. Yar Mahomed hated D'Arcy Todd, because he was a humane, high-minded English gentleman, who set his face steadfastly against that abominable system of man-stealing and trading in human flesh, which was so rife in all parts of Central Asia, and from which Yar Mahomed himself derived a large profit.——And here I must pause for a little space, to speak of the great work which Todd accomplished, on his own responsibility, in rescuing the Russian prisoners from the hands of the Khan of Khiva. It was one of the compensations of the earlier part of his residence at Herat, that his beloved friend James Abbot was stationed there also; and that they took sweet counsel together. Abbot was an enthusiast for good, running over with ardent humanity, and there was no possible service on which he could have been employed so grateful to his feelings, as one which promised to enable him to liberate

from cruel bondage the 'prisoner and the captive' of a Christian nation.* How it fared with him he has himself told, in a book which it is difficult to read without delight and admiration. 'When the Russians were advancing upon Khiva,' wrote Todd, some time afterwards, 'I despatched on my own responsibility, first, Captain James Abbott, and afterwards Sir Richmond (then Lieutenant) Shakespear, to gain information regarding a most interesting country never before visited by an Englishman, and to endeavour, by persuading the Khan Huzrut to release the Russian captives in his dominions, to take away the only just ground of offence against Khiva on the part of Russia. I am not aware,' he added, and in the truthfulness of the words there was bitter significance, 'of any other object of unmixed good which has resulted from the ill-fated expedition (into Afghanistan), and I claim the credit of this, as having originated it on my own responsibility, and without reference to higher authority.'

As the new year dawned, the difficulties and perplexities which so long had environed Todd as the responsible chief of the Caubul Mission, were obviously thickening around him. Yar Mahomed was continually pressing for more money. He had first one scheme, then another, for which he required a subsidy. Every scheme was, of course, as represented by the Wuzeer, to be wonderfully advantageous, in its fulfilment, to the British Government. But Todd saw clearly that the coin thus disbursed from our Treasury was far more likely to be expended on some pro-

* A previous reference is made to this in one of Todd's letters, *ante*, page 57.

jects hostile to our people. In fact, the crafty and cupidinous Minister had from the very first been cheating and defrauding us. He knew that this had on more than one occasion been detected and exposed, but subsequently condoned; and he believed that there were no possible lengths of forgiveness and conciliation to which we would not go rather than that the connection between England and Herat should be severed. It was not strange, therefore, that he should have proceeded to new heights of audacious intrigue. The opportunity was favourable to him, for our communications were interrupted by the snow; so he sent a mission to the Persian authorities at Meshed, proposing to them to unite with the Heratees in an attack on the English at Candahar. But whilst he was playing this game, he was flattering and cajoling the English officers, and endeavouring to persuade them that he was their fast friend and faithful ally. He wanted at this time a large sum of money, and he had a scheme on hand whereby he thought he might obtain it. There had been, from the commencement of our relations with Shah Kamran, some talk of introducing into Herat a contingent of troops under British officers—a project which Todd had favoured—and now Yar Mahomed declared his willingness to admit a British brigade into the valley of Herat on the immediate payment of two lakhs of rupees and a large increase of our monthly contribution. Todd called for a substantial proof of the Wuzeer's sincerity,*

* 'As a test of his sincerity in this instance, Major Todd required that the Wuzeer's son, Sirdar Syud Mahomed Khan, should proceed, in the first place, to Ghiresk, there to await the orders of our Government, and to escort the troops to Herat should the arrangement be

but Yar Mahomed refused compliance with the demand. It was obvious that there was no intention on his part to perform the engagement; that the money, if obtained, would be expended in hostilities against us, for his intrigues both with the Persians and with the rebellious tribes in Afghanistan were known to the officers of the British Mission; so Todd refused to advance the required money, and stopped the monthly allowance. On this Yar Mahomed declared that he must have the money, or that the British Mission must depart from Herat.

Shah Kamran had long been seriously alarmed for the lives of the English gentlemen. He had told an officer of the Mission that but for his intervention they would all have been murdered and their property pillaged.* That this might any day happen was still only too probable. What, then, was it best in such circumstances to do? If the officers of the British Mission were murdered at Herat, it would be

approved of, and that from the date of his arrival there the advance of money should be paid, and the increased allowance commenced.' —*Sir John Login's Memorandum.*

* This was Dr Login, who, in the Memorandum before quoted, says: 'On one occasion, in August, 1840, so general was the belief of our intended seizure, that, in conversation with Shah Kamran, his Majesty took an opportunity to mention it, and desired that we, *Sahiban Inglish*, should be under no apprehension, as he was our friend, but that, had he not protected us, not a Feringhee would have been left alive. His Majesty was pleased to conclude by asking whether he did not deserve credit for behaving differently to us from what the Ameer of Bokhara had to Stoddart Sahib? In reply, I thanked his Majesty for his kindness, but said that we were under no apprehension; that we were conscious of having done only good to Herat, and that we feared no ill that could befall us.'

necessary to despatch a British force thither to chastise the murderers, and most embarrassing political complications would have arisen. It appeared, therefore, to D'Arcy Todd that, in the interests of his Government, his best and wisest course was to withdraw the Mission. So, on the 9th of February he departed; and a few days afterwards he had reached the confines of the Afghan territory.

In an official letter to Macnaghten, after speaking of the friendly mission to Persia, Todd summed up the last complications which had clustered about him, by saying: 'There was but one opinion in Herat of the real object of Fyz Mahomed Khan's mission to Meshed; indeed, the Wuzeer himself tacitly admitted that he had been led to renew his intrigues with the Persians by the fears which he entertained of our ultimate intentions; and although this was not true, as I know almost to a certainty that the measure was a mere . . . to extort money, I could not but regard it as a manifest breach of treaty. I believe that my superiors would view it in the same light; and having been warned "not to fall back into unprofitable profuseness," I did not feel myself authorized to make the large advances required by the Wuzeer, without the promise of an adequate return. An immediate payment was required, and on my refusing to accede to this demand, unless convinced that the money thus advanced would not be employed against us, I was told that I could not be allowed to remain longer at Herat. Previous to the discussion mentioned in the third and fourth paragraphs of my letter dated the 22nd ultimo, I had ascertained that the Topshee-Bashee and his associates had been instructed to intimate this to me in the event of my refusing

to comply with the demands of the Wuzeer, who, at the time, was ignorant of my intention to propose the admission of British troops into the citadel or territory of Herat. Even this proposition would have been agreed to, had I consented immediately to pay the Wuzeer's debts, and to furnish him with the means of undertaking a campaign against the Tymunnees, the Seistanees, or the Oosbegs of Maimoonah; but a pledge, such as the presence of the Wuzeer's son at Ghiresk, was required for its fulfilment, and this was refused on a frivolous pretext. At the time of the rupture which was thus forced upon me, I had no possible reason to believe or even to hope, that our differences with Persia were nearer adjustment than they had been for the last two years. On the 7th of December, the date of my latest letter from Trebizonde, our relations with Persia still remained in an unsettled state; and up to the 19th of that month nothing had been heard at Tabreez of the probability of the return of our Mission. Even from Lord Palmerston's letter to Hajee Mirza Aghassee, of November 21st, it is by no means certain that the Persian Government was inclined to fulfil the principal condition, namely, the evacuation of Ghorian, on which a reopening of friendly intercourse between the Governments of Great Britain and Persia was to depend. My departure from Herat may appear to you unnecessarily precipitate, and it is possible that I might have remained for a few days longer, but had I done so I should have exposed the officers of the Mission to certain insult and danger, and thus have prevented the possibility of a future amicable adjustment of our differences with the Herat Government. The Wuzeer had latterly been constantly in a state of in-

toxication, and the project of seizing us and plundering our property was seriously discussed, by himself and his drunken associates, as the readiest mode of replenishing his coffers.'

To a private friend he wrote about the same time, describing his departure from Herat: 'We left Herat on the 9th instant, made our first regular march on the 13th, and arrived safely at Ghiresk on the 21st, with the greatest part of our property. We have had a dangerous and most fatiguing journey. . . . Lieutenant North, of the Bombay Engineers, and Dr Login, are with me, all well.' A few days afterwards he wrote to his brother: 'We have, indeed, had a most providential escape from the hands of Yar Mahomed, who was urged by his confidential advisers to seize and plunder us; and our journey to this place, with nearly the whole of our property, was almost miraculous. There were certainly not five persons in Herat who believed that we should reach our destination in safety.' But it was not Yar Mahomed's game at this time to excite the further anger of the English, but rather to allay that which he had already roused. He thought that by unlimited lying he might persuade us that it was all a mistake; that the English gentlemen had misunderstood him, and had causelessly taken offence. Our English money was too useful to him to be readily foregone, so he addressed to Todd a long letter of feigned friendship, beginning with these words: '"Thou departedst, and my assembly was broken up! My assembly and my heart were alike broken up by thee!" O brother of my soul! my heart is torn in pieces by separation from you. I had formerly believed that the bonds of brotherhood between us could never be dissolved. What has happened

that you have thus quickly given up my brotherhood, and destroyed the fruit of your own toil? I had not pictured this in my dreams or in my imagination.' And then, after an elaborate attempt at self-justification, he concluded by saying, with that unblushing mendacity for which he was so infamously distinguished: 'So long as I live I am your brother and your servant, and I care not if my life is sacrificed to you in the path of friendship. Let your mind be perfectly at ease on this account. Point out to me whatever service you may deem me worthy of, that I may strive with my life to perform it. At this time the confidential Mirza Bazvory is sent to the presence of his Excellency the Envoy and Minister, in order to explain from first to last all that has taken place. If I deserve punishment, chastise me; and if I am worthy of kindness, let it be displayed towards me. In brotherhood, however, I have one complaint to make against you. O my brother and friend, why was this departure and this haste? I can never forget it unless you yourself write to me the reason of this precipitancy in your departure. You might, at least, have spoken, and have weighed the *pros* and *cons* of the matter, and then have gone. Now, wherever you may be, God is with you.'

If it happened that Yar Mahomed, beneath whose every word of friendship the bitterest enmity was then festering, ever learnt in what manner the sudden departure of his antagonist was visited, he must have felt that he was more than revenged. Todd knew that he had done what he believed to be best for the honour and the interests of his country, and calm reflection did not cause him to mistrust

the soundness of the judgment he had exercised. If he had any misgivings, it was on the score of the patience and forbearance he had exercised under insults and provocations of the worst kind. So little, indeed, at this time did Todd apprehend that he could be blamed for what he had done, that bethinking himself as to whether the treatment of the British Mission might not necessitate some armed intervention at Herat, he came to the conclusion that it would devolve upon him to superintend the operations of the army so employed. 'Should an expedition against Herat,' he wrote, 'be determined on, it is possible that I may be sent as Political Agent with the force. Indeed, unless Sir William goes in person, I should hardly think that any one else would be sent.'

But after the lapse of a few weeks the truth became apparent to him. Lord Auckland was exasperated by Todd's withdrawal from Herat. He wrote that he was 'writhing,' under his vexation; and though ordinarily a calm, unexcitable man, it was plain that he had lost his temper, and cast aside his habitual moderation. 'Lord Auckland,' wrote D'Arcy Todd, in April, 1841, 'on receiving intelligence of my quitting Herat, without waiting for my account of the circumstances which led to that event —without one word from me in explanation or defence of the measure—directed a letter to be written to Sir W. Macnaghten, condemning in the most unqualified and unmeasured terms the whole of my proceedings connected with the rupture—removing me from the Political Department, and ordering me to proceed to India immediately and join my own branch of the service.' In other words,

Todd was summarily dismissed from political employment, and thus outwardly disgraced in the eyes of his countrymen.*

The decision of the Governor-General wounded him deeply. As he passed through Afghanistan, on his way to Caubul, his mind was rent by distracting thoughts of the degradation to which he had been subjected by Lord Auckland and his Council. But there was at least one drop of sweetness in the bitter cup of his affliction; for his official chief, Sir William Macnaghten, wrote to him that his 'conduct had been as admirable as that of Yar Mahomed had been flagitious. And so,' he added, 'I told the Governor-General.' In the second week of June, Todd was at Caubul; and he wrote thence to his brother, saying: 'This

* 'I am writhing in anger and in bitterness,' he wrote to Sir William Macnaghten, 'at Major Todd's conduct at Herat, and have seen no course open to me in regard to it, but that of discarding and disavowing him, and we have directed his dismissal to the provinces. What we have wanted in Afghanistan has been repose under an exhibition of strength, and he has wantonly and against all orders done that which is most likely to produce general disquiet, and which may make our strength inadequate to the calls upon it.' The meaning of this is not very clear. The repose which had before been sought was not under 'an exhibition of strength,' but under an exhibition of weakness—the weakness that submits to insults and yields to exactions; and strength or weakness, it was becoming 'inadequate to the calls upon it;' for 'that blister Herat,' as Sir Jasper Nicholls called it, was drawing out our treasure to such an extent that it was necessary to arrest the drain upon our resources. Nothing could have been more indicative of weakness than the manner in which we had so long consented to reward with lavish gifts of money the often-exposed treacheries of the most unscrupulous Government in the world.

affliction—for it is an affliction to be held up to the scorn of men as a demented coward—was doubtless intended for wise and merciful purposes, and I will endeavour to look upon it as a message of love. I have set up many idols and have worshipped them with mad devotion, but they have been thrown down before my face by an invisible hand; and I have been taught that God will not brook a rival in the heart of man. . . . . The final decision of Lord Auckland arrived about ten days ago. His Lordship is not to be moved, and I see clearly it would not be of the slightest use attempting any further explanation or deprecation. Both have been already offered in a manner and to an extent that would have moved a heart of stone.'

But before I leave this subject of British relations with Herat, of which so much has been written in this and in the preceding Memoir, I must give one more extract from Todd's correspondence, in which are succinctly set forth the benefits which the principality derived from our connection, the return which we met with for our humane endeavours, and the extreme provocations which Todd had suffered long before he threw up the game. 'In the course of six months from the raising of the siege,' he wrote in a long, confidential letter to James Outram, 'Herat, if left to itself, would have been either in possession of the Persians or the abode of jackals. At this crisis our gallant countryman, Eldred Pottinger, came forward and saved the country from the fate which seemed inevitably to await it. By advancing money to the Government, he had a fair plea for interfering in a matter on which the very existence of the State depended, and he exerted himself strenuously

and nobly to put an end to the horrible traffic; and by lending sums to the trades-people and cultivators, the few people that remained were kept together, and the work of restoration was commenced. Since our arrival here we have gone on with this work, and although a great deal of money has necessarily been expended, the result has certainly been satisfactory. During the last eight months the population has been more than trebled. Thousands of families, who had fled across the frontier to Meshed, Mymoona, and other places, have returned to their homes. A third, if not a half, of the culturable land of the valley is under tillage, and the harvest promises to be a most abundant one. Trade and commerce are gradually reviving. Taxes and duties of all kinds, save on foreign goods, have been remitted. The people are beginning to feel confidence in the present tranquil state of things. The fortifications are undergoing extensive repair and improvement under the superintendence of Captain Sanders. Nearly all the destitute of the city are employed. In fact, there is a reasonable hope that in the course of a very few years Herat will attain a degree of prosperity which it has not known since the days of Hajee Fervoz. Notwithstanding these measures of friendly assistance on our part, the position which we have held, and indeed still hold at Herat, is highly precarious and embarrassing. Our very liberality has been suspected to cover some sinister design, and our intentions, because they are honest, have been misunderstood and misrepresented by a people whose policy is always crooked, and who judge of others by themselves. Yar Mahomed Khan, the *de facto* ruler of the country, is

an able man, but he is surrounded by a set of creatures who delight to play upon his fears and his fancy by lies and exaggerations, and who have driven him more than once into a foolish and dangerous line of policy, from which I have had considerable difficulty to persuade him to retrace his steps. The seizure of the Douranee chiefs at Caubul was certainly justifiable, perhaps politic, and even imperative, but the distorted accounts of it which reached this place led the Wuzeer to believe that he should meet with the same fate, to doubt the sincerity of our professions towards himself, and to make overtures to the deadly enemy from whom we had but lately saved him. Having in my possession the most convincing proofs of his treachery, I thought that Government would deem the opportunity a favourable one for annexing Herat to the dominions of Shah Soojah, and I strongly advocated the measure. This was in October last. On, however, attentively reconsidering the question in all its bearings, and there appearing to be symptoms of an attempt to organize a religious combination against us in these countries, I saw reason, a few days after the first blush of the affair, to change my opinion, and I came to the conclusion that we should not break with the Government of Herat on the ground of the Wuzeer's late treachery, but that we should rather endeavour to allay the suspicions which he had been led to entertain of our ultimate designs, and to give him, if he needed it, some convincing proof of our honest and friendly intentions. I cannot here enter into the details of what passed immediately subsequent to my discovery of Yar Mahomed Khan's faithlessness. The Mission seemed

more than once on the eve of removing or of being removed from Herat, but we continued to hold on until the final decision of his Lordship was received regarding the policy to be pursued towards this State. This, which reached us about a month ago, is decidedly pacific, and I am now, therefore, doing all in my power to give confidence to the Minister, and to prevent his entering into schemes which would be ruinous to himself and hurtful to us. This, indeed, I have been doing for the last five months, but being uncertain of the view which his Lordship would take of the case, I felt that I *might* be acting at variance with the wishes of Government. This caused me much painful anxiety and apprehension. My position was rendered still more embarrassing by the prevalence of reports, which reached us almost daily, of an intended advance against Herat from Candahar in the spring. I could not deny the possibility of such a hostile movement being made, for the Envoy and Minister had strongly disapproved of my "second thoughts," and had warmly advocated the annexment of Herat to Caubul. I could only state my ignorance of the intentions of Government. However, we kept our ground, and now that I am in possession of the views of Lord Auckland my task is comparatively easy.' But it has been shown that it was not easy both to sustain the honour of the nation and to please Lord Auckland. Todd chose the former alternative, and officially perished.

At this time, it was his intention to proceed to England

by the Bombay route; but he afterwards changed his mind, and went down to Calcutta, which he reached early in November. There he had the unspeakable pleasure of meeting his dear friend James Abbott. He had prepared a memorial to the Court of Directors, to be transmitted to them through the Governor-General, and he hoped by a personal interview to move the heart of Lord Auckland—but he did not succeed. 'I have been admitted to an audience with the Governor-General,' he wrote on the 13th of November, 'and have seen most of the people in authority. His Lordship received me with kindness, and expressed regret at what had occurred, but did not give me an opportunity of explaining fully the motives under which I had acted at the period of my leaving. I have been assured, and I believe the assurance, that every possible facility will be afforded me of speedily adjusting my accounts. The officials, high and low, have been exceedingly civil to me.'

The New Year dawned, and ever affectionately mindful of absent friends, D'Arcy Todd wrote to his brother and sister: 'Although this is the 2nd of the month (January), my New Year's greeting is not less sincere or heartfelt than if it had been penned on the 1st day of the New Year. May every blessing attend you and yours, my dearest Jane, throughout this and every succeeding year of your earthly pilgrimage. A poet has said:

'"As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances."

I will not, however, express so extravagant a wish, though I love you well enough to desire that your cup of joy may be ever full to overflowing, and that your lot may be always cast in pleasant places. But I know that such is not, and cannot be, the experience of one looking to a "better land," and I pray that your joy may be the joy of one who feels that brighter and more enduring things are in store for her, and that your sorrows (light as they may be) may be the sorrows of one who knows that it is but for a moment. I shall ever look back to the few days we were together as the happiest and brightest of my life.'

A month afterwards he wrote to the same beloved correspondent that he had received no answer to his memorial. But a great trouble had fallen upon the nation; and in the contemplation of the national calamities he soon forgot his own. 'No answer,' he wrote on the 2nd of February, 'has as yet been sent to my memorial, but the receipt, by the authorities at home, has been acknowledged. I expect the whole matter has been referred to the new Governor-General (Lord Ellenborough); but how petty, how insignificant does the subject of my individual wrongs appear, when we think of the terrible scenes that have lately taken place in Afghanistan, or attempt to peer into the future. I cannot write calmly on this subject; I find it impossible, as yet, to think calmly of it; it is difficult to believe that this awful calamity has really fallen upon us, or to realize what we know, with but too painful a certainty, has happened. Of course I have given up all thought of going home; every soldier must now be at his post. I

should wish to be as near the North-West Frontier as possible.'

On the 28th of February the new Governor-General arrived; and D'Arcy Todd began to hope that he might meet with justice from one who brought a fresh eye and an unprejudiced understanding to the consideration of his case. But the times were unpropitious for the investigation of individual wrongs; and Lord Ellenborough, with his strong military sympathies, had small love for the political service. So, little light gleamed from this quarter; and in the middle of March, D'Arcy Todd was compelled to acknowledge that all hope was at an end. 'I have seen Lord Ellenborough,' he wrote. 'At the first public levee his Lordship addressed me, and said that he was acquainted with my case, but that he had not leisure at present to enter into it. At a formal audience on Thursday last, although he received me kindly and cordially, he told me he could give me no hope of immediate re-employment in the political department, and advised me, as a friend, to rejoin my regiment. I am therefore going out to Dum-Dum in a day or two. All will doubtless be ordered for the best, and I would cheerfully and thankfully acknowledge the hand of God in all that befalls me. To show how much Lord Ellenborough knew of my affairs, I may mention that he asked me, amongst other things, whether I had been much amongst Mahomedans, and whether I had ever been to Persia; how I had got to Herat, and whether I *remained* there after the retreat of the Persians in 1838!*

* I well remember the amused look on Todd's face when, coming straight to me from Government House, he told me that

On my answering these strange questions, I was told to give a statement of my services to the private secretary. I represented that every particular would be found stated in my memorial, and asked whether his Lordship had received that document; the answer was, *No!* So much for his Lordship's being well acquainted with my case. I have taken his Lordship's advice, and have joined my company at Dum-Dum. Now that I *know* the worst, it may prove the *best*. Now that all hope of being re-employed in the Political Department, or any other department, save my own, has vanished, I feel happy and contented. Doubtless, all has been ordered for my good, and I would recognize the hand of a merciful God, of an all-wise friend, in all that has befallen or may befall me.'

So he joined the battalion, to which he stood posted, at the head-quarters of the Artillery at Dum-Dum, and subsided into the quietude of regimental life. No man ever descended more gracefully than he did. He took command of a company of artillerymen, and entered into all its professional details with a minute conscientiousness, which showed that he thought nothing beneath him that lay in the path of military duty. He was perfectly resigned, and, except to one or two chosen friends, he never spoke of the injustice that had been done to him—never repined or mur-

the Governor-General said he knew all about his case, and asked him if he had had much intercourse with Mahomedans, 'as if he thought that the Persians and Afghans were Christians.' Of course Lord Ellenborough had no such thought, but Governors-General are obliged sometimes to say that they know all about that of which they know nothing.

mured at his lot. He was very modest and unassuming in his demeanour; and it would have been hard, indeed, for any one who had been admitted to the privilege of familiar intercourse with him, not to regard him with affectionate admiration. He was right when he said that all was for the best; for abundant solace soon came to him from an unexpected quarter; and he was happier than he ever was before. Some years previously, a blight had fallen on his life, as it fell upon the lives of Henry Martyn and Arthur Conolly; and he now, therefore, wrote to his sister, in answer to a suggestion that he might be happier if married: 'No, dearest Jane, there never will be any one whom I may call mine, beyond those who are already so. I am, to all intents and purposes, a childless widower. Let this be our last allusion to the subject. I thought Frederick might have told you the story, with the heads of which he is acquainted. The wound is an old one, but is still tender to the touch.'

But, by the beginning of August, he had discovered that all this was a mere delusion. His heart now belied the words that he had written, and he was eager to recant: 'Dearest sister, what will be your surprise, after what I have said to you on the subject of love and marriage, to hear that I, your brother D'Arcy, *am* about to be married? Many considerations have kept me silent on the subject for some time past; these shall be explained to you when we meet, and they may form a chapter in the romance of life. Marian Sandham, the eldest daughter of the surgeon of H.M.'s 16th Lancers, and grand-daughter of dear old Mr Fisher, our Senior Presidency Chaplain, is the dear girl who

yesterday promised to be mine. I have long known her, and yesterday she confessed—but I will not now tell you how or what she confessed. We are to be married in about a fortnight! She—how shall I describe her, or with what shall I commence? You will find in her a worthy sister. She is a child of God, and one of the sweetest of God's children. Her age is little more than twenty — a few months. She came to this country about six months ago; but I cannot go on.' And again, on the 15th of August, he wrote: 'I told you in my last that I had long known Marian. During the last six months I have had constant opportunity of seeing her; the matter, therefore, has not been lightly, or hastily, undertaken, and I believe that the blessing of God will be with us. . . . Although it was only ten days ago that she consented to be mine, we have agreed that it would be unwise to delay the ceremony longer than is absolutely necessary. Her father is about to leave Calcutta, and we are, of course, anxious that he should be present. Monday, the 22nd of this month, has therefore been fixed upon as the happy day. I cannot hope that you will be present, but I know, however, that you will be present in the best sense of the word; we shall have your prayers and your sweet congratulations.'

On the 22nd he wrote again, saying: 'Dearest Jane, this is my wedding-day! At six o'clock this afternoon the ceremony will be performed which makes Marian mine, and gives you another sister. I am sure you will look upon one another and love each other as sisters; you are worthy the one of the other, and I cannot pay you a higher compliment; but this is not a time for paying compliments; the

word sounds harshly.' And then, a week after the marriage he wrote to the same sister: 'I did expect, by God's blessing, to be happy; but I am a thousand times happier than I expected to be.'

There is not the least doubt that this was the very happiest time of his life. I have seen it recorded of him that his remaining years were embittered by a sense of the injustice that had been done to him; but as I was at this time in almost daily communication with him, I may say, with the force of more than conjecture or hearsay authority, that not a feeling of bitterness was left in his mind. It is but little to say that he was resigned. He was the most serene, the most contented, the most cheerful of men, in a society which numbered at that time several married families, having within them the best elements of happiness, which were in constant intercourse with each other of the most friendly and pleasurable kind. There are, besides myself, some still living who look back with the most affectionate recollections to those years at Dum-Dum, when D'Arcy Todd and his Marian were winning all hearts by their gentle and endearing ways. In the enjoyment of such home pleasures as were then beneficently vouchsafed to him, he felt that he could live down official injustice and neglect. Assuredly it did not much matter, for he enjoyed, in full and overflowing abundance, the respect, the admiration, and the affection of his brother-officers; and the verdict of the Public had been pronounced in his favour.

As he had now abundant leisure at his disposal, and he had always strongly developed literary tastes, D'Arcy Todd thought that he might turn his experience to account in the

preparation of a book containing a description of the countries he had visited, and a narrative of the events in which he had been concerned. He was moved not only by his literary aspirations to address himself to the work of authorship, for such a work would indirectly have been a vindication of his fair fame. But this could not have been done by a Government servant without the consent of Government, so he wrote to Lord Ellenborough's Private Secretary,* saying: 'I have contemplated for some time past publishing a work on Persia and Afghanistan, where I have, as you know, spent eight or nine years of my life. As, however, my means of obtaining information on subjects of public interest have been chiefly derived from sources connected with the official situations held by me in those countries, I am doubtful as to how far I may give publicity to the facts with which I am acquainted, and the reflections to which they have naturally given rise in my own mind. I hope that as the events of the late campaign beyond the Indus have now become matter of history, I may be permitted to give to the world all I know on the subject, having been, as it were, behind the scenes from the time when the expedition was first projected, an actor in some of the principal events in Afghanistan up to the period of the outbreak at Caubul, and not an inattentive observer of what has since occurred. I am the more anxious to publish a work of this kind, as the views which induced me to

* Captain H. M. Durand, of the Bengal Engineers, now Colonel Durand, a member of the Supreme Council of India. He had served with distinction in Afghanistan, and was on intimate terms with Todd.

withdraw the British Mission from Herat in February, 1841, were shamefully misrepresented by one of the leading Indian journals, to the detriment of my character in the eyes of all to whom I was unknown. The Government of India allowed these falsehoods to remain uncontradicted—indeed, gave the weight of its authority to them by removing me from political employment for acting on my own responsibility in a matter wherein I had, to use the words of Lord Auckland when speaking to me upon the subject, done all to the best of my judgment, and for what I believed to be the interests of Government. I was, at the time, of course obliged to remain silent; but up to the period of Lord Auckland's departure, I was led to believe that I should be re-employed, and I therefore heeded little what had been said or written on the subject of my removal from office, which I was given to understand would be but temporary. These hopes were, however, disappointed, and since the present Governor-General has been at the head of affairs, his Lordship's time has been too much occupied to intrude my claims or services upon his notice. But it seems to me that the time has now arrived when I may with benefit to myself make use of the information I have collected, and I shall feel much obliged by your ascertaining how far I may be permitted to do so.'

In December, 1843, he was appointed to the command of a company in the Upper Provinces, and was compelled, with sore regret, to turn his back upon Dum-Dum. 'I was quietly sowing my last peas and beans,' he wrote, 'when the intelligence reached me. In leaving Dum-Dum,

we almost felt as if we were leaving home. I had never been before so much attached to a place. Indeed, in former years I had looked upon my dwelling-place merely as the ground on which my tent was pitched. The change is easily accounted for, and I need not enlarge upon the subject.' In the course of the following March he was appointed to a Horse Field Battery at Delhi, and he proceeded with his beloved wife to the imperial city. But he was now disquieted by thoughts of Marian's failing health, and as the hot weather came on he was compelled to make arrangements for her residence in the hills. He obtained a month's leave and accompanied her thither, observing that he might have obtained 'sick certificate' for himself, but that he wished to be able to rejoin his post at a day's notice, for stirring times were at hand.

Again the peace of India was to be broken. The Sikh legions, no longer restrained by the strong hand of Runjit Singh, for some time dominated the State, and at last they rose to such a height of lawlessness that they threatened to invade the British frontier, and to stream down in a heavy flood of conquest and rapine to the sack of Delhi and the pillage of Calcutta. Averse to war and bloodshed, and resolute not to kindle into activity, by any signs of intended aggression from the British side of the frontier, the ill-suppressed hostility of our dangerous neighbours, Sir Henry Hardinge, who had succeeded Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General of India, was quietly massing his troops in the neighbourhood of the Sutlej, but outwardly only for peaceful exercise. At this time the high military character of D'Arcy Todd was recognized by the bestowal upon him

of that great object of regimental ambition, a troop of Horse Artillery. It was the troop, too, with which he had served as a subaltern; so the appointment would have gratified him greatly, if any earthly solace at such a time could have touched his heart. But he was grieving then for his beloved wife, whose mortal ailments made his life one of painful anxiety; and he was not to be cheered by any professional success.

On the morning of the 9th of December all hope had passed away, and at noon Marian Todd was with the angels. 'The hand of God is heavy upon me,' he wrote on that day to his brother; 'but I believe that such an affliction cannot spring from the dust. Pray, pray fervently for your deeply afflicted brother. She fell asleep a few minutes after noon.' But it was not permitted to him to fall into a stupor of grief. The Sikhs crossed the Sutlej. His troop was called into action; and he went, as he touchingly said, 'from the open grave,' not wishing ever to return to it, into the midst of that bloody warfare. The battle of Moodkhee was fought, and D'Arcy Todd passed, alive and uninjured, through all the perils of that murderous conflict. He has told the story himself in the following letter—the last which he ever wrote—to his beloved brother:

'Camp, Moodkhee, December 20, 1845.

'MY DEARLY LOVED FRED,—I little thought when I last wrote that my next would be about such subjects as at present occupy my time and thoughts.

'The day after I committed all that was mortal of my

beloved one to the earth, the whole of the Umballah troops were ordered, at a few hours' notice, to march towards Ferozepore. We marched on the 11th, and reached this place (one hundred and forty-six miles from Umballah, and about twenty from Ferozepore) at two o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th, by forced marches of twenty and thirty miles a day. As we approached Moodkhee we received intelligence of a large body of Sikhs being in our front, and we therefore marched across the country in battle-array. The enemy, however, kept out of sight, and we reached our ground without a shot being fired. In about an hour after our arrival the alarm was given, and the whole line turned out in an incredibly short space of time. We immediately advanced in the direction of the enemy, towards the west; and when we had gone about two miles they opened a heavy fire of artillery upon us. We came into action, and returned it with interest, the distance being about a thousand yards. They very soon slackened their fire, and we again advanced. They had taken up a very strong position in a low but thick jungle (thirty or forty guns, and twenty-five thousand cavalry and infantry). After some heavy firing from our artillery, our cavalry and infantry went at them, our artillery still advancing, and firing when opportunity offered. The scene was fearful. We got up close to the enemy, whose fire, round shot, shells, grape, jingalls, and musketry, can only be likened to a pelting storm. I cannot conceive anything so hot. Our officers and men were falling every moment; but at last, by the blessing of God, and British courage and perseverance, the victory was ours. It was quite dark before the battle was over, and of course there was great confusion.

Our loss has been great. Of the Artillery alone we have lost upwards of forty killed, and I know not how many wounded. Captain Jasper Trower, killed; Lieutenant Pollock, dead, after amputation of the left leg; Captain Dashwood, dangerously wounded in arm and leg;* Lieutenant Wheelwright, one of my two subalterns, shot through the arm, but doing well; Lieutenant Bowie, slightly wounded; several officers' chargers killed under them. I lost four men killed, and three wounded native horses killed, three wounded. By the wonderful mercy of God I and my other subaltern (Mackinnon) escaped untouched, when thousands of balls were flying about our heads. No fire could possibly have been hotter. The Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief were both in the thickest of the fight, and lost some aides-de-camp. I cannot tell you who have been killed or wounded in the cavalry and infantry, but I think that sixty or seventy officers are amongst the casualties. The bodies are now being brought in and buried. We have taken and brought into camp twenty of the enemy's guns, and the slaughter on their side must have been very great. We did not return to camp till past midnight.

'It would be impossible to describe the coolness of our men. They were literally steadier than when on parade. The Governor-General said, yesterday, that much as he had heard of the Bengal Artillery, their conduct surpassed his expectations, and that he had seen nothing finer in the Peninsula. I should think not! No despatch or order has yet appeared, but we and you will learn all soon. Our force consisted of five troops of Horse Artillery, two Horse

* The wounds were mortal. He died soon afterwards.

Field Batteries, 3rd Light Dragoons, Body Guard, 4th and 5th Regiments Light Cavalry, 9th Irregular Horse (Christie's), 9th, 31st, and 50th Queen's Infantry, and about five regiments of Native Infantry.

'To-morrow we are to march on Ferozepore, and may expect another battle, as the Sikhs are said to be in great force in our front. General Littler's Ferozepore force is, however, in their rear, and the enemy will then be hemmed in, and, by the blessing of God, another victory appears certain. But these scenes are dreadful, and my soul sickens at what I have seen. The 29th Queen's and our 1st European Regiment have just joined us.

'I have been hurried away from even the recollection of my crushing affliction, and can only at times creep into solitude, and think, and weep. In a few hours after I stood at her open grave, I was called upon to exert myself to the utmost in making preparations for the march of my troop on service! God has spared me, who am not worthy to live, and she, my beloved one, in health, and youth, and spirits, has been stricken down, leaving the world to me as a vast grave. "Be ye also ready," sounds in my ears, and I only wish to live that the grace of God and the love of Christ may prepare me to leave a world in which there can now be no joy for me. I am desolate and bereaved. Oh, my brother and friend, pray for me! I cannot write more. Dearest Jane, accept my best love. May the God of love be with you both.

'Ever, my dearly loved brother,

'Your most affectionate and attached

'D'ARCY.

'You had better still direct to Umballah or Ferozepore. The whole of yesterday we were drawn up in battle-array, about five hundred yards in front of our camp. The enemy was supposed to have come back again, but they did not make their appearance.'

But it little mattered whither his brother's letters were sent. The following day was one of the most memorable in the annals of our Indian Empire, for then was commenced the great battle of Ferozshuhur; then the military strength of the English reeled and staggered beneath the tremendous fire which the Sikhs poured in upon us from their entrenched position. The story has been often told before, and there is no need that I should repeat it. Those Sikh batteries brought desolation to many homes; but Todd was himself desolate, and life had become only a burden to him, and there was not on that ensanguined battle-ground one for whom Death had fewer terrors. It was about the time of sunset on the 21st of December that his troop was ordered to move forward. He placed himself in front of his battery, and was in the act of giving orders for the advance, when a nine-pounder round-shot from one of the enemy's guns struck him full in the face, and carried his head completely off his shoulders, with such crushing effect that nothing more of D'Arcy Todd than the headless trunk was ever recognized. So in 'a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' death came; and 'among the many who fell on that mournful day there was not a braver soldier or a better man.'

It is not known with accuracy where he was buried. One statement before me, written by a brother-officer, a companion in arms during this dreadful conflict, sets forth that the remains of D'Arcy Todd were wrapped in his cloak and buried on the field of battle. Another comrade, in the same regiment, writes that the body was removed to the cantonment of Ferozepore, and that it was buried in consecrated ground. When we consider the tremendous excitement and confusion of those two days—days bridged over by a night without a parallel in the remembrance of those who live to recall it—we cannot wonder that there should be some uncertainty as to the place of any soldier's grave. And, after all, it little matters. D'Arcy Todd's monument is in the hearts of many loving friends. In the glorious regiment, whose harness he wore when he died, there have been men who have lived to earn greater distinction; but I believe that, had his career not been thus prematurely cut short, he would have distinguished himself on other great fields of enterprise, and taken a high place among his contemporaries in the annals of our Anglo-Indian Empire. And he lived long enough to be honourably regarded by all who knew the history of his life, and to be most affectionately remembered by all who ever came within the influence of his living presence. He was a gentle, loving, God-fearing man, but endowed with courage and constancy of the highest order, and resolute to do anything that came within the scope of his duty as a Christian soldier.

At the close of these four Memoirs of Officers who dis-

tinguished themselves so greatly in the countries beyond the Indus, I cannot abstain from recording a few sentences regarding the services which they have conjointly rendered to the world as contributors to our geographical knowledge of those interesting and increasingly important countries. But I need not do this in my own words, for a much higher authority, whilst this sheet has been passing through the press, has enabled me to do it far better, by the citation of the following pregnant passage from a paper in the *Quarterly Review*, written by one to whom Oriental science, in many departments, is infinitely indebted:

'It would really seem as if a fatality had attended us, so few —so very few—of the English officers who advanced the cause of geography in Central Asia having lived to wear the laurels which they had earned. Stoddart, who was the first to cross the mountains from Herat to Bokhara, and Arthur Conolly, who travelled by an entirely new route from Cabul direct to Merv and so on to Khiva, Kokand, and ultimately to Bokhara, both perished miserably at the latter place in 1841. D'Arcy Todd, a traveller of some note himself, and to whom we are indebted for the adventurous journeys of James Abbott and Richmond Shakespeare from Herat to Khiva and Orenberg, was killed at the battle of Firoz-shahar. Edward Conolly, the first explorer of Seistan, was shot from the walls of an obscure fort in the Kohistan of Cabul; and Dr Lord, the companion of Wood in the valley of the Oxus, was killed in the same district and nearly at the same time. Dr Forbes, a most promising young traveller, was also murdered in Seistan, in 1841; and Lieut. Pattinson, the only officer who ever explored the valley of the Helmend from Zamín-Dawer to the vicinity of the Lake, was butchered by the mutinous *Jan-baz* at Candahar, soon after the outbreak at Cabul. Col. Sanders, of the Bengal Engineers, who compiled from his own observations an excellent map of the country between Candahar and the Hazareh Mountains to the

north-west, also fell a few years later at Maharajpoor; Eldred Pottinger, who on two occasions crossed the mountains direct between Cabul and Herat, survived the Cabul massacre and the dangers of an Afghan captivity, merely to die of fever at Hong-kong; and the list may be closed by a name—still more illustrious in the annals of geographical science—that of Alexander Burnes himself, who, as it is well known, was the first victim of the Cabul insurrection. Through the labours of these men and of their worthy coadjutors—the officers of the Quartermaster-General's Department—Afghanistan Proper may be said to have been very extensively, if not thoroughly, explored between the years 1838 and 1843.'

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

[BORN 1806.—DIED 1857.]

'ABOUT half-past one o'clock in the afternoon (of the 4th of May, 1799), General Baird, having completed his arrangements, stepped out of the trench, drew his sword, and in the most heroic and animating manner said to his men, "Come, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!" In an instant both columns rushed from the trenches and entered the bed of the river, under cover of the fire of the batteries. Being immediately discovered by the enemy, they were assailed by rockets and musketry. The forlorn hope of each attack consisted of a sergeant and twelve Europeans, who were followed by two subalterns' parties; that of the right column was commanded by Lieutenant Hill, of the 74th; and the other of the left column by Lieutenant Lawrence, of the 77th.'—Thus wrote, in the first year of the present century, Colonel Alexander Beatson, historian of the war with Tippoo Sultan, and of the famous siege of Seringapatam. Of these two lion-hearted subalterns, who had thus volunteered for the forlorn hope, the first-named went to his death. The second came out of the breach badly

wounded, but alive. God had bountifully preserved him to become the father of heroes.

He had gone out to India, some years before, as a volunteer, hoping soon to receive a commission through General Floyd, an officer who had served with distinction in the first war with Tippoo. In this, however, he had been disappointed, for the military authorities in England cancelled the commission which was given to young Lawrence in India; and eventually he was compelled to purchase into the 77th Foot. With this regiment he served in different parts of India, until his gallantry at Seringapatam was rewarded by the gift of a company in the 19th.

Having recovered from his wounds, Alexander William Lawrence* took to himself a wife—the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in the north of Ireland, named Knox. Their union was a fruitful one. The first-born of the family was a daughter, who in womanhood became all that an elder sister could be to her brothers, and whose good influence upon them was ever gratefully acknowledged. Then there were two sons, christened Alexander and George St Patrick, who came in time to do good service to their country; and next, on the 20th of June, 1806, was born,

* It is a curious circumstance that some doubt has been thrown even upon the name of the father of the Lawrences. I learn from the Adjutant-General's Office that Lieutenant Lawrence, of the 77th, is entered in the books of the Horse Guards as John Lawrence, and that as John Lawrence he was promoted to a company in the 19th Foot. In the Annual Army List of 1808 his name appears as Alexander Lawrence. There is no doubt, however, of the identity of 'Alexander' and 'John,' or of the correctness of the former designation.

at Maturah, in the island of Ceylon, where Major Lawrence was garrisoned, another son, who was named Henry Montgomery, of whom I am about to write. His mother used, in playful reference to the well-known gems of that place, to call him her 'Maturah diamond.' *

In 1808, Major Lawrence returned to England and was appointed, as Lieutenant-Colonel, to a garrison battalion, then posted in the island of Guernsey.† From this place, in 1815, the three elder boys, Alexander, George, and Henry, were sent to the Londonderry diocesan school, the head-master of which was their mother's brother, the Rev. James Knox. It is a substantial inornate building, with a bald grey frontage looking across the high road towards the river, from which it has derived its name of Foyle College. There is something grim and forbidding about it, suggestive of stern discipline and hard training; and there the young Lawrences, and other boys of high promise, including Robert Montgomery, who was afterwards so honourably associated with Henry and John in the Punjab, worked and played and fought, and grew into sturdy robust youths, learned at least in great lessons of self-help. There they heard the grand historical traditions of the famous city by which they dwelt, and went forth into the world with the old watchword of Derry, 'No SURRENDER,' engraven on their hearts.

* Henry Lawrence was the fourth son—another brother, not mentioned in the text, died in his infancy. Sir John Lawrence, the present Viceroy of India, was born in Yorkshire on the 4th of March, 1811.

† Colonel Lawrence was appointed Governor of Upnor Castle in 1816 or 1817, and died in that capacity on the 7th of May, 1833.

Two or three years afterwards, Colonel Lawrence bethought himself that the time had come for him to consider the means of providing for his boys; and he wisely determined to find, if he could, standing-room for them on the great continent of India, where every man had a fair chance, without reference to birth or fortune, of making his way to the front. Fortunately he had some 'interest at the India House.' A connection of Mrs Lawrence's family—Mr Huddlestone—was one of the Directors of the East India Company. A cadetship was obtained for Alexander, who, in 1818, went over from Ireland and entered the Company's military seminary at Addiscombe. A year or two afterwards George made a similar migration. Neither brother, however, pursued his academical career to the end. The Cavalry was held to be a finer service than the Artillery, and 'India House interest' availed to procure for each brother in succession a commission in the more favoured branch.

In 1820, another Addiscombe appointment was obtained for Colonel Lawrence's third surviving son; and in the August of that year Henry Lawrence entered the cadet college. Like his brothers, he was soon afterwards offered a Cavalry appointment; but he said that he would rather go through his terms at Addiscombe and take his chance, than that it should be said the Lawrences could not pass an examination for the scientific branches of the service, and were therefore sent out in an arm that demanded no examination at all. So he remained at Addiscombe, doing well there, not brilliantly; and taking at the end of his time a good place among the cadets selected for the Artillery.

It was a merciful dispensation that he ever lived to go up for examination at all; for it happened that one day, as he was bathing in the canal, the cramp or some other ailment seized him, and he would almost certainly have perished, but for the presence of mind of one of his comrades. A cry was raised that 'Pat Lawrence' was drowning, and instantly a brother-cadet, Robert Macgregor,* dashed into the water, and succeeded in bringing the sinking youth safely to land. This is the one noticeable incident of Henry Lawrence's early life. At Addiscombe he was held in high esteem by his fellow-students, as a brave, honourable, and generous youth, with good intelligence, not very highly cultivated; but I do not know that any of his contemporaries predicted that he would live to outstrip them all.

In 1822, Henry Lawrence, having been appointed to the Bengal Artillery, arrived at Calcutta, and joined the head-quarters of his regiment at Dum-Dum. There he set himself diligently to work to study his profession, and—in this respect differing not at all from his young brother-

* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of naming the young hero who did this good thing, though the modesty of his nature may protest against the publicity. The Robert Macgregor of the text is Major Robert Guthrie Macgregor, formerly of the Bengal Artillery, a man distinguished in many honourable capacities, and not least in that of a scholar and a poet. His admirable volume of translations from the Greek Anthology, recently published, is one of those ever pleasant and acceptable instances of the successful cultivation of literature by men of active business habits and eminently useful lives.

officers—longed ardently for active service. The opportunity was soon presented to him. The war with Burmah commenced, when he was a subaltern of two or three years' standing; and Lieutenant Lawrence formed part of a detachment of artillery that was sent under Colonel Lindsay to join General Morrison's division, whose business it was to drive the Burmese out of Arracan, and to join the main army at Prome. A long and harassing march, across one of the most unhealthy tracts of country in the world, brought the young soldier nearly to his grave. He recovered, however, sufficiently to be conveyed to Penang—then a favourite sanitarium; and from that place he went to China, towards the end of 1826, where he found great solace in the Factory Library at Canton. But these partial changes were not sufficient for one smitten with the deadly curse of the Arracan fever; and so eventually he returned to England, for the recovery of his health.

But he was not one to be idle, because 'on leave.' A friend who met him for the first time at Canton, thinks that in the library there he devoted himself much to the study of works on Surveying. It is certain that during his residence in England he joined the Irish Survey, and acquired much knowledge and experience, that afterwards were extremely serviceable to him. This visit to Ireland had also another very happy influence on his after life, for he there formed an attachment to one who afterwards became the beloved and honoured companion of his life. When he returned to India, greatly improved and strengthened in every way, he rejoined his regiment, firstly at Kurnaul, where his brother George was stationed, and with whom he lived, and after-

wards at Cawnpore, where, in 1832, he passed an examination in the native languages, and thus qualified himself for employment on the Staff. Nor was it long before—mainly, I believe, through the instrumentality of George Lawrence, who represented to Lord William Bentinck that his brother had served with the Irish Survey—Henry was appointed as an Assistant to the great Revenue Survey of India, which was instituted in 1833. His head-quarters were at Goruckpoor. There, under happy auspices, he renewed and cemented his friendship with Mr Reade, of the Bengal Civil Service, whom he first met at Canton and afterwards at Cawnpore—a friendship which was broken only by death.

'At Goruckpoor,' this gentleman tells me, 'his house and mine were in adjacent compounds. A plank bridge led from the one to the other, and my kitchen was midway between the two domiciles. Lawrence, who in those days seemed to live upon air, and was apt, in the full tide of his work, to forget every-day minor matters, used frequently to find that he had no dinner provided, though he had asked people to dine with him; and we used to rectify the omission by diverting the procession of dishes from the kitchen to his house instead of to mine. My inestimable major-domo had wonderful resources, and an especial regard for Lawrence. The gravity of manner with which he asked in whose house dinner was to be laid, was a frequent source of amusement. We had other matters beside a kitchen and buttery in common. He had taken by the hand a young man, who had been in the ranks, by name Pemberton, who afterwards rose in the Survey Department. At the same time I had charge of a young fellow whose dis-

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charge from a regiment had been recently purchased by his friends. Interested in a young Scotch student who had found his way to India by enlisting in the Company's Artillery, Lord Auckland had recently emancipated him, and sent him up the country, to be master of the English school at Goruckpoor. To that school, Lawrence, who was greatly interested in it, and who supported it with personal aid and liberal pecuniary contributions, gathered all the boys of poor Christian parents to be found in the cantonment and station, and thence transplanted them, with some of the more intelligent lads of the city, to the Survey Office. Some of the former were little fellows—so little, indeed, that Mr Bird used to call them his "Lawrence's offsets;" but his care of them was as kind as his teaching was successful. He had a tattoo (pony) for each of them, and relieved the labours of the desk by hurry-skurrying them over the country. I note these particulars,' continues my informant, 'because in comparing the experiences we elicited of inner barrack life from the young men above mentioned, as we often did, in the teaching and manipulation of the said offsets, and the satisfactory result, I think we may trace the germ in Lawrence's mind of the noble design of the great establishments imperishably associated with his name.'

And, doubtless, among the honourable incentives to exertion which were ever urging Henry Lawrence forward in the right road, the thought of the good that he might thus accomplish was not the least powerful. But the attainment of this great object was yet remote, though his foot was firmly planted on the ladder of promotion; for

there was one nearer and dearer to him, who needed his help, and his first care was to provide for her. The death of his father had greatly reduced his mother's income; and the Lawrences—not Henry only, but he and all his brethren in India—were contributing from their pay, not at that time in any case very large, more than enough to make her declining years, in all outward circumstances, easy and prosperous. In this good work Henry was very active, and one who, at the time of which I am now writing, helped him in the matter of remittances, and took counsel with him as to the best means of providing additional comforts for the widowed lady, says that he had then, in this holy work, 'the fervour of an apostle and the simplicity of a child.'

Much might be written about this period of his career —about the days when Lieutenant Lawrence threw all his energies into the survey-work intrusted to him, and was so prompt, it may be said so explosive, in his operations, that Mr James Thomason, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, referring partly to his profession and partly to his bursts of activity, which carried everything before them, nicknamed Henry Lawrence 'Gunpowder.' Those were happy days with him, for they were the early days of his married life. Never was there in the world a fitter helpmate than Henry Lawrence found in his cousin, Honoria Marshall. The highest and holiest Christian virtues were combined in her with great natural intelligence, improved by successful culture. Her energies were scarcely inferior to her husband's; and, perhaps, he mainly owed it to her that literature, in after years, became

the recreation, and was one of the greatest solaces, of his life. There was too much active work for him at this time to leave much space for the study of books; but there were little snatches, if not of actual leisure, of less absorbing work, which might be turned to good literary account. For such students did not need the environments and accompaniments of well-stocked and well-furnished libraries, but could gather knowledge from a single travel-stained volume under a tree or on the banks of a nullah.

Of Lawrence's daily life at this time, one of his most familiar and cherished friends, who worked with him then and afterwards, to his own honour and to the profit of the State, has furnished me with an account so life-like and so interesting in its details, that I give it here in the words of the writer: 'My first acquaintance with Henry Lawrence, which grew up into a full friendship, commenced at Goruckpoor in 1836, when I was appointed his Assistant in the Revenue Survey, which he conducted in that lovely district. Well do I remember the welcome he gave me in his tent, pitched in a magnificent mango grove; the trees, towering above-head and entwining their branches, afforded a shady canopy covering an area of many acres. Such groves I have never seen in any other part of India. The tent was of the ordinary size prescribed for a subaltern with a marching regiment, about twelve feet square; but it is not so easy to describe the interior. A charpoy in one corner, an iron stove in another, a couple of tables and three or four chairs, but every superficial inch of each was taken up with papers, plans, or maps; even the floor was covered with papers, carefully placed on certain patterns of

the carpet, to aid his memory in certain corrections which each required, but which frequently accumulated to such extent that the object of placing them there was sometimes forgotten. It was undoubtedly unsystematic, or was rather a system peculiarly his own, which, with his wonderful memory, he worked to surprising effect, but it created a great litter, and to the eyes of his new Assistant looked very like Chaos. I was soon set to work to learn my new duties, for I found that the knowledge I had obtained of surveying at Addiscombe was only as the A B C to the science of the Revenue Survey of India, and in teaching me he never spared himself, but having taught me, he never did anything that I could do for him. This was a wise maxim, on which he piqued himself, for it gave him time to confine his attention to supervision and to literature, to which he devoted every moment he could spare from his professional duties. His great strength lay in ubiquity. Our survey covered a large area. Natives were extensively employed both in the scientific survey, which laid down minutely the boundary of each village, its topographical features, area, &c., on scientific calculations and observations, and the field survey, whereby each field was measured and mapped, its produce, soil, and capabilities recorded, and its total area compared with that of the scientific survey. To all who know anything of the native character, it will be evident that a wide field for abuse and peculation lay open. His object and delight was to come down upon these men, however distant, at unexpected times, and bad luck to the man who was caught cheating! On one occasion he found a native surveyor had been taking bribes to

record the soil of an inferior description to befriend the farmer and defraud Government. He seated him in a tree over his tent for some hours, to be held up to contempt, and as an example to others. On another occasion, he found that the surveyor had taken the bribe; but the complaint was from the landed proprietor, that, having paid the man for entering his soil as of the worst, he had recorded it of the best quality. On another, he found that his theodolite surveyor had extorted money from landed proprietors by pretending that the needle attached to it would not act until it felt the influence of silver; on which the deluded Zemindar, having placed a rupee or two on the instrument, by a sly touch the needle was made to fly round to its pole. Lawrence had always some novel punishment for such offenders. He could not afford the time to have them punished criminally, and indeed it would have been difficult in a court of justice to have brought home the charges to conviction.

'He gave himself,' continues the narrator, 'little rest even at night. I was called up at all hours to take a meridian altitude of Sirius or some other star for the latitude, or an elongation of Polaris to test our meridian line, and not unfrequently more for fun than utility, for a lunar observation, which we called "humbugging the stars;" for we could seldom come within twenty miles of our exact longitude, and used to wonder how such very uncertain observations, with their intricate calculations, could be turned to account at sea. . . . . The natives employed upon the survey evinced great aptitude in learning the use and great delicacy in the manipulation of the theodolite, but he would

not employ them when there was any danger to be apprehended. Thus, on one occasion after his marriage, we had to enclose a large tract of the Dhoon, at a season of the year when Europeans had never ventured to expose themselves, so he took one side of the area himself and gave me the other side, and we were to meet. It was a dense jungle at the foot of the Nepaul hills, intersected with belts of forest trees—a famous tiger tract. The dews were so heavy, that my bed under a small tent was wet through. Fires were kept constantly lighted to keep off the tigers and wild elephants, which gave unmistakable indication of their proximity, and it was not till eleven or twelve o'clock that the fog cleared sufficiently to permit of our laying a theodolite. It was in such a tract that, after three or four days, we connected our survey, and when we met, to my surprise I found Mrs Lawrence with him. She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her feet overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. In such roughings this admirable wife (a fitting helpmate for such a man) delighted to share, while at other times, seldom under circumstances of what other people call comfort, she would lighten his labours by reading works he wished to consult, and by making notes and extracts to which he wished to refer in his literary compositions. She was one in a thousand; a woman highly gifted in mind, and of a most cheerful disposition, and fell into his ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality with no attempt at external appearance of luxury or refinement. She would share with him the wretched accommodation of

the "Castles"—little better than cowsheds—of the Khytul district, and be the happiest of the happy. Or we would find her sharing a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bed-room and dressing-room from the hospitable breakfast-table; and then both were in their glory. No man ever devoted himself more entirely to what he considered his duty to the State, but it did not prevent his devotion to the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-creatures, whether European or Native, and no man in either duty ever had a better helpmate than he had in his wife. It was one day, when on leave for the benefit of his health, that these two, in happy commune, were reclining on the side of the Sonawar mountain opposite Kussowlee, when the thought occurred to one, was responded to by the other, and taken up by both, that they would erect a sanatorium for children of European soldiers on that very spot. The result is well known, and the noble institution, now under the direction of Government, bears his honoured name.'

These were the famous Lawrence Asylums of which it is now time to speak. Almost ever since he had entered the service, the 'cry of the children' had been continually sounding in his ears. A voice had come to him from the Barrack Square, appealing for help; and it had become the darling wish of his heart to respond to it in a befitting manner. The state of the children of the European soldiery was, indeed, such as to move the compassion of all who had eyes to see and faculties to comprehend. Even in the happiest circumstances, with all the appliances which wealth can furnish for the mitigation of the exhausting effects of

the climate, European children in India are at best sickly exotics. They pine and languish, with pale faces, weakly frames, and fretful tempers. Not easily preserved were the lives of these little ones, though tenderly nurtured and jealously protected against all adverse influences; amidst the draggings-up of the barracks it was a mercy and a miracle if any were preserved at all. The mortality among the children of the European soldiery was, statistically, 'frightful;' but more frightful, perhaps, the life of the few who were rescued from death. The moral atmosphere of the Barrack Square was not less enervating and destroying than the physical; for the children saw and heard there what should not have been revealed to their young senses; and the freshness and beauty of innocence were utterly unknown among them. Seeing this, and thinking over it, very wisely and compassionately, Henry Lawrence, whilst yet a young man, conceived the idea of rescuing these poor children, body and soul, from the polluting atmosphere of the barracks, and he ardently longed for the time when, out of the abundance of his own store, he might provide healthy and happy homes for these poor neglected little ones. To transport them from the plains to the hills, to place them under proper guardianship, to give them suitable instruction, and ample means of innocent recreation—these were his cherished projects. He saw how easily it could be done—how great a blessing it would be when done; and he determined that, should God ever grant to him worldly wealth, he would consecrate a portion of it to the rescue of the children.

A new field was now stretching out before him. Whilst he was still in the Survey, in 1838, the 'Army of the Indus' was organized for the invasion of Afghanistan. Eager for active service, Henry Lawrence joined Alexander's troop of Horse Artillery, which formed part of the original force. But it was afterwards ordered to stand fast, and though for awhile he was disappointed, the disappointment paved the way to better things. It was at this time that Henry Lawrence attracted the attention of Mr (now Sir George) Clerk, who for many years ably represented British interests on the North-West Frontier of India, and secured to himself, as few have done, the unbounded confidence both of the white and black races. He saw in the Artillery subaltern the stuff of which the best political officers are made, and obtained his appointment as an Assistant to the Frontier Agency.

The war in Afghanistan was a grand success. The war in Afghanistan was a gigantic failure. George Lawrence, who was then the Military Secretary of the ill-fated Minister, Sir William Macnaghten, was endeavouring, with every prospect of a favourable result, to obtain employment for his brother in the Anglo-Douranee Empire, when the prodigious bubble burst, and the whole country was deluged with blood. An army of retribution was then organized, and with the force under General Pollock was to march a Contingent of Sikh troops. With this Contingent it was necessary to send a British officer, nominally to be the medium of intercommunication between the British and the Sikh commander; in reality to hold the latter to his allegiance, and virtually to command the force. To this post

Captain Henry Lawrence was appointed. It was one, the duties of which required the exercise of as much tact and forbearance as of constancy and courage. The Sikhs were very doubtful allies, because the tide of adversity had set in upon us; and their first manifestations were of a most discouraging character. Whether they were more cowardly or more treacherous it is hard to say, but our first attempt to utilize them between Peshawur and Ali Musjid, was a dead failure. They evinced only an aptitude to turn their back upon the enemy and to get in among our baggage and to plunder it. It is not improbable that if any serious disaster had overtaken our forces, they would have turned against us, if only for the sake of the pillage. All this was very patent to Henry Lawrence, whose energies were for some time expended in vain attempts to make them do their duty as allies. Nor were these the only vexations which disquieted him during that sojourn at Peshawur in the spring of 1842. There was a bad feeling among the Sepoys, and I am afraid also a bad feeling among some of the Sepoy officers; and Henry Lawrence wrote, with ineffable disgust, of the things which were openly said and done in the British camp. He made no attempt to disguise his feelings, but wrote and spoke so strongly on the subject, that his utterances reached the ears of the Commander-in-Chief, who took official notice of the subject. Never at any time was Henry Lawrence more eager and energetic than during this halt at Peshawur. He was ready for any kind of work, and little cared whether it fell within the range of his own recognized duties, so long as he could be of service to the State.

When the retributory army advanced, and it became plain that the fortune of the Company was only for a while obscured, and that Pollock was pushing his way on to victory, the Sikhs, who thought that there might be some 'loot' obtainable at Caubul, began to put on a bolder front, and to manifest symptoms of increased fidelity and good conduct. Henry Lawrence, whose brother George was one of the captives in the hands of Akbar Khan, was naturally anxious to advance to the Afghan capital; and the General, though somewhat apprehensive that his Sikh friends might be a source rather of weakness than of strength to him, consented that, whilst some detachments were left to hold posts in our rear, a compact force should go forward to Caubul. That they really did good service is mainly to be attributed to Lawrence's admirable management of the Contingent. The magnitude of later services somewhat dwarfed what he did in Afghanistan; but the good stuff of which he was made was very apparent at this time, and it was plain that there was a great future before him.

After the return of the armies to the British provinces, there was a brief interval, during which it appeared that the good services which Lawrence had rendered to his country were not likely to meet with adequate reward. He fell back upon his Political Assistantship on the Frontier, and at one time, suffering from ill health, was anxious to return to England. 'I am very busy,' he wrote in August, 'having two districts, Khytul and Umballah, and being employed in the Revenue settlement of the former. Like many others, I was disappointed at the distribution of honours; in fact, it would seem to have been supposed I

was a kind of Assistant in the Commissariat Department to Mackeson. However, the least said the soonest mended, so I have tried to hold my tongue, and should be now packing up my traps for England but for my Peshawur accounts, not an item of which has yet been passed. So I suppose I must fag away here for another year on the same pay as when I went to Peshawur, being less than if I were with the regiment.'

Better days, however, were now about to dawn upon him. After a while, Lord Ellenborough selected him to fill the important and well-salaried office of Resident at the Court of Nepaul. There was not much active work to be done at Katamandoo. It was the duty of the Resident, at that time, rather to wait and watch, than to interfere overmuch in the affairs of the Nepaul Durbar. So Henry Lawrence, at this period of his career, had more time professionally unoccupied than at any other. That he would turn it to good account in one way or another was certain. The way was soon determined by an accident. It had occurred to me, then residing in Calcutta, to establish a review, similar in form and character to the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Westminster* Reviews, but devoted entirely to Indian subjects and questions. It was a bold and seemingly a hopeless experiment, and I expected that it would last out a few numbers and then die, leaving me perhaps a poorer man than before. Its success astonished no one more than myself. That it did succeed is, in no small measure, attributable to the strenuous support of Henry Lawrence. It was precisely the organ for which he had long been wishing as a vehicle for the expression of his

thoughts; and perhaps his kindly heart was moved to take a stronger interest in it by the fact that it was the project and under the peculiar care of one who had once been a brother-officer in the same distinguished corps, though at that time we had never met.* As soon as he heard of my intention to start the *Calcutta Review*, he promised to contribute to every number. The first number was too far advanced for me to avail myself of his aid. To this number Dr Duff contributed one article; Captain Marsh, of the Bengal Cavalry, an earnest-minded and singularly-gifted man, contributed another; and the editor wrote all the rest. To the second number Henry Lawrence contributed a long and very interesting chapter of Punjabee history; the other contributors, besides the editor, being Mr Marshman, of the *Friend of India*, now so honourably known to European literature by his *History of the Serampore Mission*, and his excellent *Life of Havelock*; Dr Duff, and his colleague, the Rev. Thomas Smith. After this, Lawrence's contributions became more numerous. He generally furnished two or three papers to each number of the Review. His fertility, indeed, was marvellous. I have a letter before me, in which he undertook to supply to one number four articles, comprising a hundred and ten pages. His contributions were gravid with matter of the best kind

* Henry Lawrence had before this time contributed to some of the up-country journals, especially to the *Delhi Gazette*, in which he published a series of most interesting papers under the title of the 'Adventurer in the Punjab,' in which truth was blended with fiction. They were afterwards published by Mr Colburn, with the author's name on the title-page.

—important facts accompanied by weighty opinions and wise suggestions. But he was always deploring, and not without reason, his want of literary skill. This want would have been a sore trial to an editor, if it had not been accompanied by the self-knowledge of which I have spoken. There was, indeed, a charming candour and modesty about him as a writer: an utter absence of vanity, opinionativeness, and sensitive egotism about small things. He was eager in his exhortations to the editor to 'cut and prune.' He tried hard to improve his style, and wrote that with this object he had been reading Macaulay's Essays and studying Lindley Murray. On one occasion, but one only, he was vexed by the manner in which the editorial authority had been exercised. In an article on the 'Military Defence of our Indian Empire,' which, seen by the light of subsequent events, has quite a flush of prophecy upon it, he had insisted, more strongly than the editor liked at the time, on the duty of a Government being at all times prepared for war. Certain events, then painfully fresh in the public mind, had given the editor somewhat ultra-pacific tendencies, and in the course of the correspondence he must have expressed his opinions over-strongly, by applying the epithet 'abominable' to certain doctrines which Lawrence held more in favour. 'When you know me better,' he wrote in reply, 'you will not think that I can advocate anything abominable.' And nothing was more true. The contributor was right, and the editor was wrong. But although Lawrence was properly tenacious of his principles, he was, as I have said, very modest in his estimate of his style, and as his handwriting was not the most

legible in the world, and as the copyists whom he tried only made matters worse, there was sometimes ludicrous confusion in his sentences as they came from the hands of the native printer. But, full of solid information as they ever were, the articles more than repaid any amount of editorial trouble, and when they appeared, were generally the most popular contributions to each number of the Review. He continued to the end of his life to contribute at intervals to this publication, and was, when the rebellion of 1857 broke out, employed on a review of the 'Life of Sir John Malcolm,' which he never lived to complete.

In his literary labours at this time Henry Lawrence was greatly assisted by his admirable wife, who not only aided him in the collection and arrangement of such of his facts as he culled from books, and often helped him to put his sentences in order, but sometimes wrote articles of her own, distinguished by no little literary ability, but still more valuable for the good womanly feeling that imbued them. Ever earnest in her desire to promote the welfare of others, she strove to incite her countrywomen in India to higher aims, and to stimulate them to larger activities. In her writings, indeed, she generally appealed to her own sex, with a winning tenderness and charity, as one knowing well the besetting weaknesses of humanity and the especial temptations to indolence and self-indulgence in such a country as India. And so, when not interrupted by ill health, as sometimes happened, these two worked on happily together in their Nepaul home; and seldom or never did a week pass without bringing me, as I laboured on in Calcutta, a bulky packet of manuscript from one or other—or both.

And I do not dwell upon this because there is to me a pleasure—though now, as both have passed away, a mournful pleasure—in such retrospects, but because the literary activity thus strongly developed was, in truth, a very important circumstance in Henry Lawrence's career. It happened that at this time the Punjab was in a state of extraordinary commotion. There had been a succession of sanguinary revolutions. One ruler after another had been swept away by the hand of the assassin, and as the Government had grown weaker and weaker, the army had waxed stronger and more insolent, until at last the military power thoroughly overbore the State. That in this condition of affairs the lawless prætorian bands, who had long been vapouring about marching down to the sack of Delhi and the pillage of Calcutta, would some day cross the Sutlej and attempt to carry their threats into execution, had now become almost a certainty. The British and the Sikh powers were about to come into collision, and it behoved our rulers, therefore, to think well of the work before them, and to learn all that could be learnt regarding the country and the people with whom, whether in peace or war, for good or for evil, we were now about to be nearly connected. The best and the freshest information on the subject was to be found in Lawrence's articles in the *Calcutta Review*. The Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, read them with great interest and attention, and saw at once that the writer possessed that practical knowledge of men and things that, in the conjuncture then approaching, would render him an invaluable auxiliary, and he longed for an opportunity to call Lawrence to his presence. In this he differed, honourably,

as I think, from many others in the same high station, whose prejudices have set in strongly against men known or suspected of being 'connected with the Press.' He did not see that a public officer, who, brimful of knowledge, desired not to confine the exposition of it wholly to official documents, was less likely to prove a trustworthy servant of the State. So, as I have said, having learnt from Lawrence's articles how much he knew about the Punjab, Hardinge was anxious to employ him in that part of the country.

The opportunity was not long wanting. From his pleasant retirement, from his library, his review-writing, from the dear companionship of his wife, Henry Lawrence was summoned, as the new year dawned, to the north-western frontier. The Punjab was in a blaze; the Sikh army, after much vapouring and vaunting, had crossed the Sutlej; and the Commander-in-Chief, with the Governor-General as his second in command, had fought two bloody battles, crowned by no more than dubious victories. On those hard-fought fields the two chief political officers of the British Government, Broadfoot and Nicolson, had been killed; and the choice of the Governor-General had fallen upon Henry Lawrence, as the man who seemed to be best fitted to take the direction of the diplomacies of the frontier.*

* The choice lay between Major Mackeson and Major Lawrence. It is worthy of remark that Mackeson—a gallant, noble fellow, who was afterwards assassinated on the Punjabee frontier—had, as he wrote to me once, an 'extreme dislike to be supposed to communicate with any public writer.' He thought it would be injurious to his

This was indeed a spirit-stirring summons, and one which was responded to with an alacrity which overcame all obstacles; and ere the Sikh and British armies again came into hostile collision, Henry Lawrence was in the camp of the Governor-General. He saw the great battle of Sobraon fought—that battle upon which turned the fortune of the empire of Runjit Singh. It was a battle not only hotly contested, but fairly fought. It was said afterwards that some of the leading Sikh chiefs had betrayed their countrymen, and sold the battle to the English. I know how this unworthy imputation grieved the spirit of Lord Hardinge, for he was a man of a noble nature, and incapable of conniving at an act of baseness. That the charge was untrue, History may now, after the lapse of twenty years, solemnly declare. If any man had a right to speak on such a subject, it was Henry Lawrence; for the negotiations must have been carried on through him, as our chief diplomatic agent. His denial of this treachery was ever most emphatic. 'Let me,' he wrote to the author of this Memoir some years afterwards, 'in opposition to Cunninghame, Smyth, and the whole Indian press, distinctly state that Ferozshuhur, Sobraon, and the road to Lahore, were not bought; that at least there was no treachery that I ever heard of; that though I was with the army as political agent twenty days before the battle of Sobraon, I had no communication whatever with Tej Singh until we reached Lahore; and that although Lal Singh had an agent with me, he (Lal Singh) sent me no

prospects. But I know that the choice went in favour of Lawrence because he had communicated with public writers.

message, and did nothing that could distinguish him from any other leader of the enemy.' *

The battle of Sobraon having been fought and won, there were those in the camp of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief who believed that the war was only then commenced, and that it would be necessary to march into the Punjab with a large army and a train of two hundred guns for the siege and capture of Lahore and Umritsur —the one the temporal, the other the spiritual, capital of the Sikh Empire. But Henry Lawrence told the Governor-General that the war was over; that there would not be another shot fired.† The portfolio was now to be opened,

* I may add here, that Lord Hardinge most emphatically and indignantly denied this assertion, as he narrated to me, in minute detail, some years afterwards at South Park, all the circumstances of this memorable war. If it was done, it was strange, indeed, that neither Lord Hardinge nor Sir Henry Lawrence knew anything about it. Both were men of the highest honour; and I cannot believe that either told me an untruth.

† See the following, from a letter to the author: 'Sir Charles Napier and many others thought it was most dangerous to hold the city of Lahore with ten thousand men. I was one of the few about Lord Hardinge that told him the war was over; that there would not be another shot fired in working out the policy intended. Irvine, Frederick Abbott, and Benson said we ought not to cross the Sutlej with less than two hundred heavy guns for the siege of Lahore and Umritsur. I said I did not expect that either would stand a siege, and that I was sure both would not. Sir Charles Napier's fancy campaign, as given in the book on the Sindh Administration, would have had no effect on the war. Had Sobraon been lost, any success of his would have been useless, and he himself in the Punjab would have been unsafe, while Delhi would have been exposed. Annexation *has* been peaceably effected, but we have no right to suppose that it

and our policy worked out in peace. And he was right. The policy was a policy of moderation and forbearance, not wanting either in worldly wisdom. The seizure of the Punjab and its incorporation with the British dominions, at that time, though insisted upon by many, then and afterwards, as a thing that ought to have been done, would not have been just if it had been practicable, and would not have been practicable if it had been just. It was, in fact, neither the one nor the other; so Henry Lawrence counselled not the annexation of the Punjab, but the reconstruction of the Sikh Government, fenced in and fortified by British bayonets.

But the materials from which the edifice was to have been built were utterly rotten, and the experiment was a failure. All through the year 1846 it was gradually, but certainly, going to pieces. During that year Henry Lawrence held the post of 'Resident' at Lahore; but he was not one to sit idly at the capital, when there was active work to be done in which his personal influence might be turned to good account. He spent three months at Lahore, keeping, by the exercise of that rare union of gentleness and vigour which distinguished his character, the turbulent elements of its varied population in control, and on one occasion at least being in danger of losing his life,* at the hands

could have been so in 1846, especially if Gholab Singh had been opposed to us.'

* This was an outburst of indignant Brahminism occasioned by the killing of kine for the use of the British troops. But for the extreme forbearance of Colonel Lawrence, who would not suffer his escort to fire a shot, there would probably have been a massacre.

of a fanatical and excited population. This was in April, 1846. In the following month he was journeying in advance of a British force towards the almost inaccessible heights of Kote-Kangra. 'Kangra,' he wrote to me, 'is a Gibraltar. It is five miles round, and has one accessible point, which is defended by thirteen gates, one within the other.' This fortress stood within the line of a tract of country which the Sikh Government had undertaken by treaty to surrender to the British; but the Sikh commandant, moved by the fine old nationality of the Khalsa, declared that he would hold out to the last, unless Runjit Singh himself appeared, to demand from him the keys of the place. But there was no point which the Bengal Artillery could not reach; and before the end of the month of May, aided by the appliances of elephant draught, our heavy guns had toiled up the formidable ascent of that precipitate rock, and the fortress was surrendered without a siege.

Another memorable incident of this period of Lawrence's career was his visit to Cashmere—the country of Gholab Singh—a country which he had before much studied and written about, and had long desired to see with his fleshly eye as he had comprehended it with the eye of his imagin-

Writing to the biographer, some time afterwards, Lawrence said: 'I look upon it that what did much to insure the peace of the town of Lahore in 1846 was my hanging the Brahmin ringleader of the Cow Row in April, 1846, when the shops of the city were shut, and Macgregor, Edwardes, and I were brick-batted. I doubt if the first day at Caubul presented a worse aspect than Lahore did that day, when the streets swarmed with armed men attempting to kill us.'

ation. Briefly stated, the story of Cashmere is this: At the close of the first Sikh war, whilst still there was a hope of sustaining the empire founded by Runjit Singh, it was decreed in common course by the victors that the expenses of the war should be paid by the vanquished. In India such payments are more frequently made in land than in money; so it was agreed that the province of Cashmere should be made over to the British Government in full settlement of the war-charges. But for the English to hold Cashmere whilst the Punjab was still an independent state, was clearly impossible; so as they had accepted it, in place of a million of money, it was made over to Gholab Singh, the great Jummoo chief, who held much of the country contiguous to Cashmere, on his payment of that sum. But the Sikh governor of Cashmere was by no means willing to be thus summarily expelled, and he hoisted, therefore, the colours of what we are wont to call rebellion. Henry Lawrence was a man of large and liberal sympathies; and perhaps he may have seen something like nationality in the resistance. But the crisis was one not to be trifled with; he saw clearly how much depended on vigorous and successful action. A body of Sikh troops—the very men who had so recently been in deadly conflict with the British—was to be sent into Cashmere to coerce the recusant governor, and to make over the country to Gholab Singh. With this force Henry Lawrence determined to go himself, that he might throw all the moral weight of the Government which he represented into the scales on the side of the new ruler. There was danger in front of him as he went, and he left danger behind him at Lahore; for it was certain that the Minister,

Lal Singh, sympathized with the rebels, if he had not actually instigated the rebellion. It was no improbable contingency that, with all this treachery in high places, the hazardous service which Henry Lawrence had undertaken would cost him his life. But he caused it to be quietly made known to the Minister that, if any injury should befall him, his brother John, who was left in charge of British interests at the Sikh capital, would cause Lal Singh to be seized and imprisoned. The hint was not without the anticipated effect. Colonel Lawrence, having done his work, returned in safety to Lahore. He had turned his hazardous journey to the best possible account; for not only had its declared political objects been accomplished, but he obtained, for the best purposes of humanity, a moral influence over Gholab Singh, the good effects of which were of an abiding character. It is altogether one of the most remarkable incidents on record of the moral power which such a man as Lawrence may exercise over the Princes of India. He induced the great Jummoo chief to abolish Suttee, female infanticide, and slavery, throughout his dominions. And he so interested the Rajah in his great project of the Asylum on the hills for the children of the European soldiery, that the Hindoo chief eagerly offered to contribute largely to the scheme, and by his munificence helped to bring it to perfection.

When Colonel Lawrence returned to Lahore, there was stirring work before him at the Sikh capital. The treachery of Lal Singh had been placed beyond all doubt; and Lord Hardinge, having determined that his conduct should be subjected to formal investigation, deputed his

Political Secretary, Mr Currie,* to Lahore, to bring the matter to its legitimate conclusion. All the principal chiefs expressed themselves anxious that the investigation should be conducted by British officers. So a court was constituted, composed of Mr Currie, as President, with Henry and John Lawrence, General Littler, and Colonel Goldie as members. Sixty-five chiefs were present during the investigation. The guilt of the Wuzeer was clearly established; and he was taken out of the court a prisoner by Sikh soldiers, who a few hours before had been members of his own body-guard. A new form of government was now to be established. A Council of Regency was instituted, composed of eight leading Sikh chiefs, 'acting under the control and guidance of the British Resident.' The power of the Resident was 'to extend over every department and to any extent.' He was to have 'unlimited authority in all matters of internal administration and external relations, during the minority of the Maharajah.' In other words, the British Resident was to be virtually the ruler of the Punjab. It was little less than the mantle of kingly power that was now to descend upon Henry Lawrence.

And truly was the sway that he exercised, in all respects, most benevolent in intention, and, in many, most beneficent in effect. If Lawrence, and those who worked under him at this time, ever promoting great schemes for the improvement of the administration of the country, were guilty of any error, it was this—that they were over-active in their humanity, and too sudden in their reforms. So

* Now (1866) Sir Frederick Currie, Bart., member of the Council of India.

Lawrence himself thought at a later date. Writing to me on the subject a few years afterwards, he said: 'Looking back on our Regency career, my chief regrets are that we did so much. I and my assistants laboured zealously for the good of the country and the good of the people of all ranks, but we were ill supported by a venal and selfish Durbar, and were therefore gradually obliged to come forward more than I wished, and to act directly where I desired to do so only by advice, as honestly anxious to prepare the Durbar to manage the country themselves. The basis of our arrangements, however, was: first, the reduction of the army to the lowest number required to defend the frontier and preserve internal peace, and to pay that army punctually; second, to strike off the most obnoxious taxes, and, as far as possible, to equalize and moderate the assessment of the country, and insure what was collected reaching the public treasury; thirdly, to have a *very* simple code of laws, founded on the Sikh customs, reduced to writing, and administered by the most respectable men from their own ranks. For this purpose I had for some months at Lahore fifty Sikh heads of villages, greybeards assembled under Sirdar Lena Singh's eye, and they did prepare the code just before I left Lahore for England. . . . . I must have employed the chiefs, or imprisoned or banished them, and as they had behaved well to me, I was in justice obliged to do the first. Gradually I could have weeded the ranks. At Peshawur I had got an old officer, faithful to the utmost; in a year or two I might have got similar men at other points. My brother George and old General Gholab Singh did wonders at Peshawur, and for six months kept

matters straight there. I fear if the same game were to be played over again, and we took six months to recover Mooltan from a disaffected chief or officer in this year 1852, that our own troops at Peshawur, in the absence of European force, could hardly be restrained from acting as the Sikh army did. No, we cannot afford in India to shilly-shally, and talk of weather and seasons. If we are not ready to take the field at all seasons, we have no business here. I was very fortunate in my assistants, *all of whom were my friends*, and almost every one of whom were introduced into the Punjab through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbott, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pollock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melvill, are men such as you will seldom find anywhere, but when collected under one administration were worth double and treble the number taken at hap-hazard. Each was a good man; the most were excellent officers. My chief help, however, was in my brother John, without whom I should have had difficulty in carrying on. On three different occasions during my temporary absence he took charge for me; the first being the ticklish occasion when I took the Sikh army to Cashmere, and when I was obliged to tell Lal Singh's Wakeel that if anything happened to me, John Lawrence was told to put the Rajah (Lal Singh) in confinement. The fact was, I knew he was acting treacherously, but trusted to carrying the thing through by expedition, and by the conviction that the British army, which I had got General Littler to take into the field, was in our rear to support or avenge us. In various ways John Lawrence was most useful, and gave me always such help as only a brother could.'

In this necessarily brief record of a good man's career, there is some fear lest, as I advance, the history of Henry Lawrence's charities should be overborne by the more stirring incidents of his active life. It may, therefore, be set down here that the long-cherished design of establishing at a healthy hill station an asylum for the children of our European soldiery was fully realized, and that from this time he began to see the good fruits of his beneficence fairly before him. How many healthy and happy children, now grown or growing into useful members of society, have had reason to bless the name of the man who shared his prosperity with them! He had now abundant means of doing good, and he gave unstintingly from his worldly store, exciting others, by his great example, to do likewise. So the Lawrence Asylum flourished—a great fact—and grew in usefulness as its founder grew in years; until, when his work was done, the Government did honour to his memory by adopting it as their own, and providing for it at the public expense.

So all through the year 1847 Henry Lawrence worked on as Chief of the Council of Regency. There was then what appeared to be a lull; the Punjab was outwardly quiet; and so, as his health had been much shattered by the work of the last few years, he was counselled to resort to the only effectual remedy—a visit to his fatherland. His wife, who had been driven home some time before, was turning her opportunities to good account in making arrangements for the superintendence of the Lawrence Asylum;

and he was most anxious to join her. Moreover, the Governor-General, now Lord Hardinge, was turning his face homewards, and had asked Lawrence to accompany him. There was no man in all India whom that fine old soldier more admired or more trusted; no one beyond his own family circle whom he more dearly loved. The affection was reciprocal. If inducement had been wanting, the invitation thus given to Lawrence to become the travelling companion of his honoured chief, would have rendered the measure of his temptations irresistible. As it was, his sense of duty, his strong conjugal affection, and his devotion to the best of leaders, all lured him away for a time from the destroying climate of the East. The great year of revolutions had dawned upon Europe when Hardinge and Lawrence traversed the Continent and confronted the first gatherings of the storm. But without accident or interruption they reached England—to the younger man almost a new, and quite a strange world, for he had not seen it since his boyhood, and he was then in his forty-second year.

There were those who, then seeing him for the first time, were struck by the remarkable simplicity and unworldliness of his character. No man ever cared less for external appearances. There was no impatience, no defiance of the small conventionalities of life, no studied eccentricity of any kind, but his active mind, ever intent upon great realities, overleapt the social surroundings of the moment. I well remember how, on the day after his arrival in London, as we walked up Regent-street together, and met the usual afternoon tide of well-dressed people, he

turned upon me an amused and puzzled look, and saying, with a humorous smile, that all those fine people must look upon him as 'a great guy,' asked if there was any place near, at which he could purchase an overcoat or cloak to hide the imperfections of his attire. It had dawned upon him that in his antiquated frock-coat, and the old grey shepherd's plaid crossed over his chest, he was very much unlike other people; and as a few paces onward brought us in front of Nicol's great shop, he had soon exchanged his plaid for a fashionable paletot, and asked me 'if that was something more like the thing?' I do not think that he cared much more for titles than he cared for dress. When, shortly after his return to England, the Queen, on the recommendation of Lord Hardinge, appointed him a Knight Commander of the Bath, though he rejoiced, as a loyal and devoted subject, in his sovereign's recognition of the work he had done, he appeared to be in no hurry to adopt the new prefix to his name, but rather to cling to his old designation of 'Colonel Lawrence.' For general society he had no taste, and he was glad, therefore, to escape from the bustle and excitement of the capital, and to seek restored health in the country, and happiness in the companionship of the nearest and dearest of his friends.

But it was permitted to him to enjoy only a brief season of repose. Before the trees were bare in that memorable year 1848, news had arrived from India which stirred the very depths of his nature, and prompted him again to be up and doing. The Punjab was again in a blaze. The forbearance of the British Government had been exercised in vain. The experiment of a Council of Regency had

failed, and once again there was an appeal to the stern arbitrament of the sword. When the first intelligence of the rebellion of Moolraj and of the murder of Vans-Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan reached London, Lawrence came to me greatly excited, to ask what papers and letters I had received. I shall never forget the expression of his face and the eagerness of his manner as, now and then breaking into brief emphatic comments, he read the details which I was enabled to place before him. 'I should have sent Arthur Cocks,' he said; 'a steady, cool-headed fellow, but full of courage. John and I had settled it between us before I left.' 'I wish I had been there,' he added, 'I would have gone to Mooltan after the outbreak myself.' He said that the place could not hold out against British Artillery—in which the event proved that he was wrong; and, judging only by the limited intelligence then before us, he thought that the rebellion would be put down by the Sikhs themselves, without the help of our British troops.* But it soon became apparent that we had not to contend with the rebellion of a provincial governor but with a rising of the whole nation.

Then Henry Lawrence felt that his proper place was

* He wrote this also to me, on, I think, the afternoon of the same day: 'I don't believe that a British soldier will leave Lahore, and I am sure they ought not to do so. The Sikhs and Politicals ought to have it all to themselves. . . . The fort, however strong against Runjit Singh, would not stand three days against us even with nine-pounders. No intelligence has been received at the India House, as I gather from a note of this morning from Lord Hardinge.'

where the war was raging.* He had not yet regained his health. Loving friends and wise physicians alike counselled him that there was danger in a precipitate return to India; but he knew that there would have been greater danger in a protracted sojourn in England, for inactive at such a time, he would have chafed himself to death—beaten his very life out against the bars of his cage. Still it was a hazardous experiment upon the physical capacities of his shattered frame; and when I bade him farewell on the platform of the Southampton Railway, I felt that there was nothing, under Providence, to carry him through the work before him but the invigorating and sustaining power of the work

* Lawrence himself has told the official history of this—how he was 'permitted to return to his duty' by the Court of Directors. 'On the breaking out of the second Sikh war,' he wrote in the *Calcutta Review*, 1854, 'the President of the Board of Control, desiring that I should see the Duke of Wellington, procured me an audience. It ended in his Grace's saying that I ought to return to the Punjab. I expressed my readiness, and wrote to the Court offering to go at once. They replied, politely ignoring me, and leaving me to act on my own judgment, as I was on medical certificate. I was disappointed, but perceived no hostility in the Court's act.' This may be compared with the famous answer given to Sir Charles Metcalfe, on which I have commented at page 158, vol. ii. The Court were no 'respecters of persons.' A very distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, who had been selected for high office under the Crown, told me of the disappointment which he experienced when, on tendering his resignation to the Court, he received in reply a letter baldly announcing that his resignation was accepted. There was neither a word of regret nor a word of praise in the communication. Knowing the general character of the Court's communications, I should have been greatly surprised if there had been. The Company was a good master, but very chary of gracious words.

itself, the strong mind repairing the waste of the feeble body. And so it was. Before the end of the year he was at Mooltan, whence he pushed on to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and arrived to see the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah fought by the British and Sikh armies.* He held no recognized position there, civil or military, but he rendered by his presence an important service to the State; for a few words spoken by him at the right time saved the military commander from committing a stupendous error. After the battle, which both sides claimed to have won, Lord Gough proposed to withdraw his army some five or six miles from the scene of action, for the sake of obtaining better fodder for his cattle. Against this Henry Lawrence warmly protested, saying that if the British fell back at such a time, even a single mile, the Sikhs would accept the fact as an evidence of our defeat, and take new heart and courage from our retrograde movements. Nay, more; it might be said from one end of India to the other, that the English had retired beaten from the contest in confusion and dismay. These arguments prevailed; the British army remained on its old encamping-ground, and at worst it could only be said that there was a drawn battle.

It need not be told in this place how the errors and disasters of Chillianwallah were retrieved by the crowning

* Writing to me from the Governor-General's camp on the 22nd of January, he said: 'I left Mooltan on the 9th of the month. Fancy the wretched state of the dawks, when I say that I brought the news of the capture of the town to Lord Dalhousie. . . . . I am to take charge on the 1st of February, and in the interim I am doing what I can. I hope I was useful both at Mooltan and with the Commander-in-Chief.'

action of Goojerat, which placed the Punjab at the feet of the English conqueror. Sir Henry Lawrence had by this time resumed his post as Resident at Lahore, and plainly now there was great work before him. But what was to be the immediate result of conquest? As the decision rested with the Governor-General of India, and Lord Dalhousie was that Governor-General, there could be little doubt of the answer to be given to the question. Indeed, ever since the Sikh Sirdars had drawn the sword against us, and thus proclaimed the failure of our half-measures, good and wise as they were, it seemed that there could be but one issue of the war. Few men could see any other possible solution of the difficulty than the annexation of the Punjab; but among those few was Henry Lawrence. 'I am sorry,' he wrote to me from the Governor-General's camp, 'that you have taken up the annexation cry. It may now, after all that has happened, be in strictness just; but it certainly is not expedient, and it is only lately that I have been able to bring myself to see its justice.' But the Punjab was annexed; the empire of Runjit Singh became British territory; and from that time the name of Lawrence was indissolubly associated with the government of our great new province.

The affairs of the Punjab were now to be administered under the superintendence of a Board, of which Sir Henry Lawrence was to be President. Associated with him were his brother, Mr John Lawrence, then a rising civilian on the Bengal Establishment, and Mr Mansel, of the same

service. Under the controlling authority of these able and experienced men were a number of younger officers of mark and likelihood, many of whom have since risen to distinction. Never was a difficult task more successfully accomplished. All the turbulent elements of Punjabee society were now to be reduced to quietude and serenity; out of chaos was to be evolved order; out of anarchy and ruin, peace and prosperity. Since the death of Runjit Singh, there had been no government in the Punjab with the strong hand by which alone all classes could be kept in due subordination to each other; and the soldiery had therefore been dominant in the State. Their power was now broken; for the most part, indeed, their occupation was gone. But hence the danger of 'disbanded soldiers; factions grown desperate;' and the great question was how these prætorian bands, and the Sirdars, or privileged classes, were to be dealt with by the new Government. If there was one man in the country better qualified than all others to solve in practice that great question, it was Henry Lawrence; for with courage and resolution of the highest order, were combined within him the large sympathy and the catholic toleration of a generous heart. He could feel for those who were stricken down by the strong arm of the stranger, even though they had drawn the sword against us—feel as a man may feel when another stronger than he cometh and taketh all that he hath. So he tried to deal tenderly with the Sikh chiefs in their fallen fortunes, and to provide honourable employment for as many as could be brought into the service of the new Christian Government. What he did in this way, and how he wrought mightily to make British

rule a blessing to the people, may be best told by himself. Whatsoever might have been his opinions on the subject of annexation, he said truly that he 'had worked honestly to carry out the policy ordained.' The many-sidedness of that work cannot be better illustrated than by the following extract from a letter he wrote to me from Lahore, after he had been for some three years at the head of the Board of Administration. In it we see epitomized a history of British progress in the East—we see the manner in which men reared under that great 'monarchy of the middle classes,' which so long held India as its own, did, by dint of a benevolence that never failed, an energy that never tired, and a courage which never faltered, let what might be the difficulties to be faced, or the responsibilities to be assumed, achieve those vast successes which are the historical wonders of the world.

'It has been our aim,' wrote Sir Henry Lawrence, after giving an account of the machinery of administration, 'to get as many natives of the Punjab as possible into office; but as yet it is up-hill work, as the Punjabees are not acquainted with forms and rules, which are unfortunately thought too much of, though happily not so much so as in the Provinces. We wish to make the basis of our rule a light and equable assessment; a strong and vigorous, though uninterfering police, and a quiet hearing in all civil and other cases. We are, therefore, pushing on the Revenue Survey (you know I was for several years a revenue surveyor) and the Revised Settlement. We have hunted down all the Dacoits. During the first year we hanged nearly a hundred, six and eight at a time, and thereby struck

such a terror that Dacoitee is now more rare than in any part of India. In civil justice we have not been so successful, or in putting down petty crime, but we are striving hard to simplify matters, and bring justice home to the poor. In seven years we shall have a splendid canal, with four great branches from the hills close down to Mooltan, and in two years we shall have a magnificent trunk road to Peshawur, and in every direction we are making cross-roads (in the Lahore district there are eight hundred miles of new road), and in many quarters small inundation canals have been opened out or old ones repaired. Colonel Napier,* our civil engineer, is our great man in this department. The defence of the frontier alone has been no small work, considering we have done it in spite of Sir Charles Napier. We have raised five regiments of as fine cavalry as any in India, and as many corps of splendid infantry, also six regiments of very good military police, and two thousand seven hundred cavalry police in separate troops. These irregulars and military police have kept the peace of the country; the regulars being in reserve. There are, besides these, the ordinary Thannah police, employed as detectives and on ordinary occasions. They may amount to six thousand men. Not one shot has been fired *within* the Punjab since annexation. The revenue has been reduced by the summary assessments about thirty lakhs, or twenty-five per cent., on the whole; varying from five and ten to fifty per cent. The poorer classes have reason to be thankful. Not so the sirdars, and those who used to get employment under

* Now (1866) Sir Robert Napier, Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army.

the Durbar. Of these, hundreds, perhaps thousands, are out of employ. Liberal life-pensions have been granted; but still there is distress in the higher circles, especially where parties were connected with the outbreak. In the Punjab there is not much less than twenty-five lakhs of jagheer, nearly all of which has been inquired into and reported. In this department we have done more in three years than was done in fifty years in the North-West Provinces. Perhaps I expedited matters by prohibiting in the Cis- and Trans-Sutlej in 1846 any resumption until the case was reported and orders issued. This was reversing what some of our officers wished, viz. first to resume and then to inquire, perhaps ten or twenty years afterwards! We have planted thousands of trees, so that in a few years the reproach of want of verdure will be wiped off. Serais are at every stage on our new main roads, and police posts at every two or three miles. We are inquiring into education, and have got up a good English and vernacular school at Umritsur, where one hundred and sixty boys and men attend, many of whom already speak and write English. I am very anxious to extend vernacular education, and to educate Punjabees for the public service, for engineering, and for medical and surgical offices. . . . I have been twice all round the Punjab, visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one; and though I have not travelled in the usual style of Indian governors, or indeed in the style of most Collectors, I have managed to see everything, from the bottom of the salt mines at Pindadun-khan and Kohat, to Ladakh and Ishardo, on Gholab Singh's northern frontier. Each year I have

travelled three or four months, each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. Thus I last cold weather rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes, from Huzara, by Yuyufzye, Peshawur, Kohat, and the Derajat, down to the Sindh Border. Each day we marched fifteen or twenty miles, sending tents on direct to the next ground, and ourselves riding long circuits, or from the new ground visiting points right or left. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, gaols, bazaars, &c., receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjab regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in. Whatever errors have been committed,' he said, with characteristic frankness, in the same letter, 'have been, I think, from attempting too much—from too soon putting down the native system, before we were prepared for a better.' * This, indeed, was an error into which the English in India were somewhat prone to fall, especially at times when it

* I must necessarily, in a brief sketch of this kind, leave very much unsaid that it would be pleasant to write and profitable to read. A volume might be written—indeed has been written—about this Punjabee Administration. There is no part of Lawrence's career with which the public are more familiar. It may be noted here that he has himself written a vigorous defence of his administration, in reply to some objurgatory comments of Charles and William Napier. It appeared, with his name attached to it, in the *Calcutta Review*, vol. xxii.; and is full of interesting autobiographical details.

was the fashion to see in native systems and usages only unmixed evil.

Upon such men as Henry Lawrence, work of this kind had ever a bracing and invigorating effect. He could toil early and late, so long as he was conscious of the ability to do good, and could feel that he was in his right place. But even whilst he was thus taking stock of past and estimating future beneficences, a heavy cloud was rising which soon overshadowed the serenity of his mind. Although never perhaps had a little band of English administrators done so much good within so short a space of time, there was something in the machinery of the administration which the Governor-General did not wholly like. He thought that it would be better if at the head of the Government of the Punjab there were, not a Board of three Commissioners, but a single Commissioner with undivided authority. Perhaps, if all the members of the Board had been like-minded, and the image of their minds had been a reflection of his own, Lord Dalhousie might not have been so eager to change the system. But there were fundamental diversities of opinion on some important questions, and the Board did not therefore work very harmoniously in itself, nor in all respects concordantly with the views of the Governor-General. The fact was, that the chivalrous spirit of Henry Lawrence was grieved by the prostration of the Sikh nobility and the ruin of the privileged classes, and that he was fain to lend them, when he could, a helping hand in the hour of their need. And he did so; too liberally to gain the full concurrence of his brother, or the approval of Lord Dalhousie. The conflict in such a case as this is

commonly between the head and the heart. Henry Lawrence felt, Lord Dalhousie thought; the one sympathized, the other reasoned. It is doubtless an evil of no small magnitude, that when by the strong arm of conquest, or by the more delicate manipulations of diplomacy, we gain possession of an Indian principality, we find ourselves with the entire responsibilities of the government on our hands, and yet, owing to the number of importunate claims to be heard, and vested interests to be considered, only, if we are compassionate, a portion of the revenues at our disposal for purposes of administration. To have money in the treasury is to have the means of doing good; and it was argued, with some show of reason, that it was not right to injure the many for the benefit of the few. If so much revenue were alienated in the shape of grants of rent-free land, or pecuniary pensions, the amount must be made good from some source or other—either from the particular revenues of the province, or from the general revenues of the empire. The tax-paying community, somewhere or other, must suffer, in order that a liberal provision may be made for the old aristocracy of the land. Thus Mr John Lawrence argued; thus Lord Dalhousie argued. Moreover, with the latter it was a great point to prove that the Punjab was a profitable possession. But Henry Lawrence could sympathize with all classes; and he could plainly see that, even on economical grounds, it is sound policy, on the first establishment of our rule in a new country, to conciliate the native aristocracy. 'So many over-thrown estates,' says Bacon, 'so many votes for troubles.' Internal peace and order are economical in the long run, though the con-

tentment to which they are due be purchased in the first instance at a high price. This was the great point on which the brothers differed. Lord Dalhousie sided with John. When, therefore, the Board of Administration was sentenced to death, it was plain that Lord Dalhousie desired to place the supreme direction of affairs in the hands of the civilian, and to find a place for the soldier in another part of the country.

Henry Lawrence, therefore, offered to resign; John Lawrence did the same. The Governor-General unhesitatingly chose the latter, as the fitter agent of his policy; and the elder brother was appointed to represent British interests in the States of Rajpootana. Lord Dalhousie endeavoured to reconcile Henry Lawrence to this decision, by saying that the time had arrived when the business to be done was rather that of civil administration than of military or political government, and that, therefore, he had selected the civilian. But I think that this only added new venom to the poisoned dart that was festering in him. He was deeply and most painfully wounded. 'I am now,' he said, 'after twenty years of civil administration, and having held every sort of civil office, held up as wanting civil knowledge. . . . As for what Lord Dalhousie calls training, I had the best sort. I trained myself by hard work, by being put into charge of all sorts of offices, without help, and left to work my way. I have been for years a Judge, a Magistrate, a Collector; for two years a Chief Commissioner, for five years President of the Board. I am at a loss to know what details I have yet to learn.' But although he never ceased to feel that a great injustice had been done to him, he was

sustained by that high sense of duty which was the guiding principle of his life; and he took large and liberal account, with all thankfulness, of the many blessings vouchsafed to him—the greatest of all being that he was so blessed in his domestic relations.

So Henry Lawrence turned his back upon the Punjab, and set forth on his way to Rajpootana. Once within the Rajpoot territory, he began his work. 'On my way from Lahore,' he wrote to me, 'I went about right and left, paying flying visits to the chief cities of Rajpootana, as Jeypoor, Joudhpoor, Ulwar, Bhurtpore, &c., and have thereby been able to sit down quietly here ever since. On my rapid tour I visited, to the surprise of the Rajahs and political agents, all the gaols, or dens called gaols and, by describing them since, I have got some hundreds of wretches released, and obtained better quarters and treatment. In the matter of gaol discipline the North-West Provinces are behind the Punjab, and even there every step taken by me was in direct opposition to almost every other authority.' There was much work of all kinds to be done in Rajpootana—much of it very up-hill work. Traditionally the Rajpoots were a brave, a noble, a chivalrous race of men, but in fact there was but little nobility left in them. The strong hand of the British Government, which had yielded them protection and maintained them in peace, had enervated and enfeebled the national character, and had not nurtured the growth of any better qualities than those which it had subdued. They had ceased to be a race of warriors, and had become a race

of debauchees. Sunk in sloth, grievously addicted to opium, they were not to be roused to energetic exertion of any kind; and where utter stagnation was not apparent, the tendency both of the governments and of the peoples was towards gradual retrocession in all that denoted enlightenment and civilization. How to deal with these Rajpoots was a problem which had perplexed British statesmen before the days of Henry Lawrence; and although he now addressed himself to its solution with all the earnestness of his nature, he was obliged to confess that he made little progress. 'As is usual with me,' he wrote after he had been some time in Rajpootana, 'it has been a year of labour, for here I have had everything to learn. Heretofore I have had chiefly to do with one, and that a new people; here I have twenty sovereign States as old as the sun and moon, but with none of the freshness of either orb. My Sikh experience gives me very little help, and my residence in Nepaul scarcely any in dealing with the petty intrigues and foolish pride of these effete Rajpoots.' 'You are right,' he wrote to me in June, 1854, 'in thinking that the Rajpoots are a dissipated, opium-eating race. Todd's picture, however it may have applied to the past, was a caricature on the present. There is little, if any, truth or honesty in them, and not much more manliness. Every principality is more or less in trouble. The Princes encroach, or try to encroach, on the Thakoors, and the latter on the sovereigns. We alone keep the peace. The feudal system, as it is called, is rotten at the core. In the Kerowly succession case, I told Government that, according to present rules, no State in Rajpootana could lapse, and such is the fact if we abide by

treaties and past practices; but in saying so I by no means agree with Colonel Low, Shakespear, &c., that it would not be worth while to annex these States. Far otherwise; if we could persuade ourselves to manage them by common-sense rules they would pay very well. I hope, however, they will be dealt with honestly, and that we will do our best to keep them straight. We have no right, as the *Friend of India* newspaper constantly now desires, to break our treaties. Some of them were not wise; but most were, at the time they were made, thought very advantageous to us. It would be outrageous, now that we are stronger, to break them. Our remedy for gross misgovernment was given in my article on Oude in the *Calcutta Review* nine years ago, to take the management temporarily or even permanently. We have no right to rob a man because he spends his money badly, or even because he ill-treats his peasantry. We may protect and help the latter without putting the rents into our own pockets.'

There were two matters to which he especially addressed himself at this time, one the abolition of widow-burning in Rajpootana; and the other, a thorough reformation of the prison-discipline of the States, which was then an offence to humanity. On the first subject, I had written to him enclosing a letter which my dear friend, John Ludlow, who had ever been most earnest in the good cause, had addressed to me, and I had invited Lawrence's opinions on the subject, well knowing, however, that he needed no external influences to incite him to strenuous action in such a cause. 'Thank you,' he wrote in reply, 'for Colonel Ludlow's letter about Suttee. It is very interesting. Strange enough, I did not

know that four out of five of the States mentioned had not put down Suttee. This office was in such frightful confusion, that there is even still some difficulty in finding out what has been done. I have nearly completed the arrangement of the books and papers on shelves, and indexed the former, and had lists of the latter made. Until I came all were stowed away in beer-boxes, &c., all sorts of things and papers mixed together, and the mass of boxes left at Ajmeer while the agent to the Governor-General was usually here or elsewhere. Last month I circulated a paper calling for information as to what had been done in every Principality about Suttee. I was induced to do so by the Maharana of Oodeypoor ignoring the fact of anything having been effected at Jeypoor; and by a Suttee having recently occurred in Banswara, and seven in Mallanee, a purgunnah of Joudpoor (Marwar), which has been under our direct management during the last twenty years. With all respect for Colonel Ludlow, I think we can now fairly do more than he suggests. Twenty years ago the case might have been different, but we are now quite strong enough to officially denounce murder throughout Hindoostan. I have acted much on this principle. Without a word on the subject in the treaty with Gholab Singh, I got him in 1846 to forbid infanticide, Suttee, and child-selling. He issued a somewhat qualified order without much hestitation, telling me truly *he* was not strong enough to do more. We were, however, strong enough to see that his orders were acted on, and Suttee is now almost unknown in the northern hills. I do not remember above two cases since 1846, and in both the estates of offenders were resumed. I acted in the same

manner, though somewhat against Sir R. Shakespear's wishes, in the first instance, in the Mallanee cases; but on the grounds of the whole body of Thakoors having since agreed to consider Suttee as murder, and having also consented to pay two thousand rupees a year among them as the expense of the local management (which heretofore fell on Government). I have backed up Shakespear's recommendation that the sequestered villages should be restored. The parties have been in confinement several months. The Joudpoor punishment for Suttee was a fine of five per cent. on one year's income, which was sheer nonsense, and could never have stopped a single Suttee. Banswara has also been under our direct management for the last five or six years, owing to a minority. The people pretended they did not know Suttee had been prohibited. The offenders have been confined, and I have proclaimed that in future Suttee will be considered murder. Jeypoor is my most troublesome State. The Durbar is full of insolence. We have there interfered too much and too little. Men like Ludlow would get on well enough through their personal influence at such a place; but the present agent, though a well-meaning, well-educated man of good ability, is, in my opinion, rather a hindrance than a help. He seems not to have a shadow of influence, and lets the country go to ruin without an effort at amendment. And yet it is very easy, without offence, to give hints and help.'

Henry Lawrence had always a strong feeling of compassion, such as stirred the depths of Howard's heart, for the wretched prisoners who were huddled together in the gaols, without any classification either of criminals of different

degrees or even of different sexes. 'In the matter of gaols,' he wrote to me, 'by simply, during a rapid tour, going once into every gaol, and on my arrival here (Mount Aboo) last year writing a circular, remarking that in different gaols (without mentioning names) I had seen strange sights that must, if known to beneficent rulers, revolt their feelings, &c. &c., I therefore suggested that all Princes who kept gaols should give orders somewhat to the following effect: Classification, so as to keep men and women apart; also great offenders from minor ones; tried prisoners from untried; ventilation; places to wash, &c. &c. Well, in the course of two or three months I got favourable answers from almost all; and heard that in several places, including Jeypoor, they proposed to build new gaols. At Oodeypoor, my brother (George Lawrence) told me that they released two hundred prisoners on receipt of my circular, and certainly they kept none that ought to have been released; for when I went to Oodeypoor, last February, I found not a man in gaol but murderers, every individual of whom acknowledged to me his offence as I walked round and questioned them. The Durbars do not like these visits; but they are worth paying at all risks, for a few questions to every tenth or twentieth prisoner gives opportunities to innocent persons to come forward and petition. No officer appears ever before to have been in one of these dens.'

But although in these ancient Rajpoot States there was much room for the exercise of his chivalrous benevolence, he did not greatly rejoice in the office that he held, and he never ceased to think that he had been 'shelved.' Writing to an old friend from Mount Aboo, he thus unburdened himself:

'This is really a heavenly place; Cashmere and Nepaul in miniature. I ought to be happy here, but I bother myself with many things present and past. The present are, that my Rajpoot chiefs are very foolish, and are running their heads into the annexation net; especially the Oodeypoor people. I do not know which is most perverse and foolish, the Maharana or the chiefs. I have staved off coercion hitherto; but I fear it will eventually be necessary, and, when once begun, who knows where it will end? I tell them all this daily, and point to the Punjab and Oude, and show them that I am ready to undergo any labour for their benefit if they will act with me. But all are full of spite. The Maharana expects us to put down the chiefs, and at the same time will not do them the commonest justice. On the other hand, many of the chiefs are most contumacious. The Jeypoor Rajah is, I think, the best of the kings, and he might have been made a very good fellow had he been tolerably educated. . . . . My past troubles refer to Lord Dalhousie's treatment of me after my six years' successful administration of the Punjab, where he and his clique strive to ignore me and my doings. Bothering myself on these matters is all very foolish on my part. If from one man I have received less than my deserts, I have from many better men received more than was my due, and in my private relations I have been blessed as few men have been. I hope to see you by April or May. I have made up my mind that, all being quiet, I will go home next March for six or ten months, according to the leave I can get. My health is better than it used to be, but I am getting worn out, and cannot stand the heat and exertion

as I used when I had more definite illness. My eyes, too, are failing a good deal. I shall be glad of a little rest, and the opportunity of seeing you and other friends, and of introducing Alick to India. How long I may remain in India, if I live to return, will depend on circumstances; but at present I have no vision before me of the few acres that you tell me would content you; though, curious enough, I was told very lately by a friend that she had left me her best farm, in the south of England, in her will. But I must confess the ungrateful fact, I am a discontented man. I don't want money. I have more than ample. You know how simple are my tastes, how few my wants. Well, I have two lakhs of rupees, of which each of my three children has £5000, and I have another £5000 to spare, so that I hardly care to save any more. Money, therefore, is not my aim, but I do desire to wipe away the stain cast on me by Lord Dalhousie. On this account I really believe I would have gone to Oude had it been offered me, though the chances are that the labours and vexations there would have killed me, as those at Lahore nearly did. . . . . I gather from your silence as to Persia that there are no serious intentions against that country. The more we advance, the more we must expect Russia to do so. It is the fashion to call it our destiny to swallow up everything. I wish it were considered our destiny, or rather our duty, to consolidate what we have got. The Serampore weekly paper, the *Friend of India*, which was Lord Dalhousie's organ, and is conducted with great ability, is a perfect "Filibuster." Almost every number contains a clever article

on the duty of absorbing native States, resuming jagheers, &c. &c.'

But great as were these public provocations, his residence in Rajpootana was associated with even a more bitter trial. In that country his beloved wife, whose health had never been good in India, sickened and died. It was a heavy, a crushing blow; and, though he bowed himself resignedly to it, 'the difference' was keenly felt by him in every hour of his life. The loss of his helpmate preyed upon his spirits, and sorely affected his health. In his affliction, he sometimes turned for relief to the thought of his children, and meditated a visit to England to embrace them there; at other times he turned to contemplate the great restorative of strenuous action, and longed for some new field on which to exercise his manly energies, and in the proud satisfaction of duty done to find some solace for his private griefs. He hoped that the annexation of Oude would afford him just the exciting work that he coveted. So, when Sir James Outram was driven home by failing health, he offered to take his place at Lucknow. But the offer came too late. A civilian had been appointed to the post; and so Sir Henry Lawrence fell back upon the alternative of a visit to England; and he was about to carry the design into execution, when a succession of circumstances arrested the homeward movement.

In the month of August, a report reached him that his brother John, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, had expressed his desire to take a furlough to England for the benefit of his health. The rumour turned the thoughts

and desires of Henry Lawrence into a new current. He had never ceased to wish to return to the Punjab, if only for a few months; and now the opportunity appeared to lie before him. So he wrote a letter to the Governor-General, Lord Canning, making an offer of his services, and pointing out, at the same time, that his brother, George Lawrence, was the fittest person to succeed him in Rajpootana. 'Some months ago,' he wrote, 'I mentioned to your Lordship that Lord Dalhousie had given me leave to go home for six months, early this year, on the terms of my brother, Colonel G. Lawrence, Political Agent at Neemuch, officiating for me. I was prevented going by the unsettled state of affairs. I am, however, still anxious to go. I have only been eight months in England for twenty-six years, and my son will be coming out in the Civil Service towards the end of next year. I should like to have a few months at home with him and to bring him out. I therefore beg of your Lordship the same favour that Lord Dalhousie granted. I am too anxious for the tranquillity of my charge to ask you to put my brother into my place if I did not think him qualified. He is a year senior to myself, was for some years Military Secretary at Caubul, and for about five years successfully managed and administered Peshawur. He kept the largest division of the Sikh Army—ten thousand or twelve thousand men—to their duty for six months after all the rest of the Punjab was in a flame during the last Sikh war. Even as a prisoner in their hands, the Sikh soldiers and chiefs and people respected him. No man had a word to say against him. As a prisoner in Afghanistan, he was

equally respected, and was the managing man, though there were several of his seniors among the prisoners. The Afghans trusted him to visit the British camp. The Sikhs twice did so. His views on Rajpootana affairs agree better with mine than those of any other man who would be likely to succeed me. We are quite agreed that it is best, as far as possible, to let the Rajpoots manage their own affairs, but that where there is interference it should be effectual. He is senior to every officer in Rajpootana, and indeed to almost all in the Political Department. . . . . Much as I desire to go home, I should not stir if there was disturbance. If all be quiet, I should like to get leave for two months to take a rush through the Madras Presidency, and then embark at Bombay about the middle of April on six months' leave. The two months in India would enable me to judge whether I could, without anxiety, go home. While I am on the subject of my own affairs, I may add, as I have heard a rumour of the probability of my brother John going home on medical certificate, that I would forego all private views about home could I thereby return to the Punjab even for a twelvemonth. Your Lordship is aware that I served on that frontier for many (eleven) years, and that I only left because I found it difficult to agree, on small matters, with my brother, and because I observed that Lord Dalhousie preferred my brother's views to mine. His Lordship refused my first offer to go away, as I coupled the offer with saying I made it under pressure. He distinctly repeated that I was perfectly free to go or stay. I adhered to my proposal simply, as I have said, on account of the preference for my brother.

I felt, however, bitterly the termination of so many years' successful labour. I have not communicated with my brother about my present wish. He possibly may not desire to have me as his *locum tenens*, under the impression that I would upset his arrangements. But my views and opinions are far different. On all large questions, except annexation and the treatment of the native gentry, we were well agreed. My opinions are, that an officer officiating for another should make as few changes as possible. I am sorry to trouble your Lordship on personal questions, but I hope it will not be considered an unreasonable ambition that I should desire to return to a people among whom I spent the best years of my life, and to a province where I left no enemy and many friends.'

But the report of John Lawrence's intended visit to England was an erroneous one; and soon Henry wrote again to the Governor-General, saying that he had discovered it was a mistake, and at the end of the year wrote again on the subject of his contemplated visit to England. 'With your Lordship's permission,' he said, 'I propose to avail myself of your sanction to proceed to England, and to leave Neemuch for that purpose on the 1st of February, so as to go by the steamer on the 6th of March. My health has been for some months so indifferent, that three doctors have given me medical certificates, but I do not propose to remain in England beyond the end of autumn. Had my health been better I should have placed myself at your Lordship's disposal for serving towards Herat, if an army go in that direction, though I sincerely hope that no such step will be taken. If, however, we must give up

our advantages of position, and seek the Russians instead of letting them destroy themselves in the passes, we need at any rate to send a very different sort of army from either that which went in 1838-39 or the one of 1842. On this point, or rather on the army question generally, as your Lordship did me the honour to ask my opinion when in Calcutta, I beg to say that I am the author of the two articles in the *Calcutta Review* of March and September last, the first on the "Indian Army," the other on "Army Reform." The question is one I have long had at heart, and look on it as the vital one of our Indian Empire.' This was written on the day after Christmas; but the new year was only a few weeks old when the contemplated visit to England was abandoned, and Henry Lawrence turned his thoughts towards a new field of beneficent labour.

The administration of Mr Jackson in Oude was not successful. A man of undoubted ability and unquestioned integrity, he wanted temper and discretion; moreover, he wanted sympathy; so he quarrelled with his subordinates, and failed to conciliate the privileged classes, whom it was the inevitable tendency of the introduction of British rule to impoverish and humiliate, and who ought to have been dealt with gently and generously in their misfortunes. So after a while Lord Canning, seeing that affairs were rapidly drifting from bad to worse, removed Mr Jackson from the Oude Commissionership, and offered the post to Sir Henry Lawrence.

He eagerly accepted the offer. 'I am honoured and gratified,' he wrote to Lord Canning, 'by your kind letter of the 9th, this day received. I am quite at your Lordship's

service, and will cancel my leave and move to Lucknow at a day's notice, if you think fit, after this explanation, to appoint me. My own doctor (my friend Ebden) thinks better of my health than any other doctor. Three other doctors, whom I consulted before I came here, replied that I certainly ought to go home. The two Staff doctors at this station say the same. But Dr Ebden and Dr Lowndes, who both know me well, say that my constitution has that elasticity that, in a work so much to my taste as that in Oude, I may be able to hold out. Annoyances try me much more than work. I went round Guzrat last month, several times, riding thirty or more miles during the day, and being repeatedly out all day or night, sometimes both. I can also work at my desk for twelve or fifteen hours at a time. Work, therefore, does not yet oppress me. But ever since I was so cavalierly elbowed out of the Punjab I have fretted, even to the injury of my health. Your Lordship's handsome letter has quite relieved my mind on that point, so I repeat that if, on this explanation, you think fit to send me to Oude, I am quite ready, and can be there within twenty days of receiving your telegraphic reply. If Jung Bahadoor will let me go for a couple of months, in the hot weather, to a point of Nepaul, near to Oude, your Lordship will probably not object, so as all be quiet within my charge. I was well acquainted with Mr Jung when I was Resident at Katmandoo, and I think he would be glad to renew intercourse. If he will not, you will perhaps let me take a part of my office to Nynee-Tal or Almorah, for a couple of the most trying months, if I find that I can do so without injury to the public service. These stations are

but two nights' run from Oude. That I have not abused my license to live at Aboo is proved by the fact of my having been marching about Rajpootana at one time or other during every month of the year except June.'

No better appointment than this could have been made, but the wisdom of the act was marred by one fatal defect: it was 'too late.' When the new Commissioner reached Lucknow, he found that almost everything that ought not to have been done had been done, and that what ought to have been first done had not been done at all, and that the seeds of rebellion had been sown broadcast over the land. He saw plainly what was coming. On his journey to Oude he spent some little time with an old and honoured friend —the friend to whom I am indebted for the account of Lawrence's Goruckpore days—and he told the civilian that the time was not far distant when he (Mr Reade), with the Lieutenant-Governor and other big Brahmins, would be shut up in the fort of Agra by a rebellion of the Native Army.

But the appointment pleased him. No higher proof of the confidence of the Governor-General could have been afforded to him; no more important duties could have devolved upon him. How he wished that he had gone there a year sooner! But he did all that could be done to repair the errors of the past. He found the aristocracy—the Princes and the nobles of the land—bowed down to the dust, keeping body and soul together, men and women alike of high birth, with the best blood in their veins, by selling their shawls and jewels after dark in the bazaars. At once he took up a duty so mercilessly neglected by his pre-

decessor, and began, without wasting time on preliminary inquiries—for investigation and starvation in such cases are synonymous—to pay the stipends of the old nobility. But it was not in mortal power to arrest the growth of the rebellion, which was then striking deep root in the soil. In other parts of the country the disaffection which was exhibiting itself in the spring of 1857 might be nothing more than military mutiny—a mere professional agitation, accidental, superficial; but in Oude there was small likelihood of its stopping short of a national insurrection. Firstly, it was plain that the introduction of British rule had turned against us all the great territorial chiefs—feudal barons with large bodies of armed followers—and all the once-powerful classes which had been maintained in wealth and luxury by the Court of Lucknow. It was plain, also, that the disbanding of the old native army of Oude had scattered over the country large numbers of lawless and desperate men, owing their ruin to the English usurpation. But plainest of all was the fact, that a large proportion of the Sepoy army of Bengal was drawn from the small yeomanry of Oude; that the province was indeed the great home of our native soldiery, and that in every village there were numerous families sure to sympathize with the malcontents, and to aid the efforts of their sons and brothers in the Company's Army.

There was no subject of which Sir Henry Lawrence had thought more—none in which he took a deeper or more anxious interest—than the condition of the Sepoy army.

For many years he had lifted up his voice, vainly, against the defects of the system, and vaticinating evil, often, as he said, to his own injury. And now that the palpable discontents in the native regiments were filling all men with alarm, he wrote frequent letters to the Governor-General, giving him the results of his experience. 'I have recently,' he wrote on May 1st, 1857, 'received many letters on the state of the army. Most of them attribute the present bad feeling not to the cartridge, or any other specific question, but to a pretty general dissatisfaction at many recent acts of Government, which have been skilfully played upon by incendiaries. This is my own opinion. The Sepoy is not the man of consequence he was. He dislikes annexations, among other reasons, because each new province added to the empire widens his sphere of service, and at the same time decreases our foreign enemies, and thereby the Sepoys' importance. Ten years ago a Sepoy in the Punjab asked an officer what we could do without them; another said, "Now you have got the Punjab, you will reduce the army." A third remarked, when he heard that Sindh was to be joined to Bengal, "Perhaps there will be an order to join London to Bengal." The other day an Oude Sepoy of the Bombay Cavalry at Neemuch, being asked if he liked annexation, replied: "No. I used to be a great man when I went home, the best in my village rose as I approached; now, the lowest puff their pipes in my face." The general service enlistment oath is most distasteful. It keeps many out of the Service, and frightens the old Sepoys, who imagine that the oaths of the young recruits affect the whole regiment. One of the best captains of the 13th Native In-

fantry (at this place) said to me, last week, he has clearly ascertained this fact. Mr E. A. Reade, of the Sudder Board, who was for years Collector of Goruckpore, had "the General Service Order" given to him as a reason, last year, when on his tour, by many Rajpoots, for not entering the Service. "The Salt Water," he told me, was the universal answer. The new Post-office rules are bitter grievances; indeed, the native community generally suffer by them. But the Sepoy, having had special privileges, feels this deprivation in addition to the general uncertainty as to letters; nay, rather the positive certainty of not getting them. There are many other points which might with great advantage be redressed, which, if your Lordship will permit me, I will submit with extracts from some of the letters I have received from old regimental officers. In the words of one of them: "If the Sepoy is not speedily redressed, he will redress himself." I would rather say, unless some openings and rewards are offered to the military, as have been to the native civil servants, and unless certain matters are righted, we shall be perpetually subjected to our present condition of affairs. The Sepoy feels we cannot do without him, and yet the highest reward a Sepoy can obtain at fifty, sixty, and seventy years of age, is about one hundred pounds a year, without a prospect of a brighter career for his son. Surely this is not the inducement to offer to a foreign soldier for special fidelity and long service. I earnestly entreated Lords Hardinge's and Dalhousie's attention to the fact, and more especially to the point that Jemadar's pay, though he is a commissioned officer, second in rank to the highest, is only twenty-four rupees a month,

or less than thirty pounds a year, while the average age of Jemadars in the Bengal army is not less than fifty. The pension rules are, perhaps, the greatest of all the grievances. No soldier in the Bengal army can retire after any length of service, until he is incapacitated by ill-health. Recently the rules have been made more stringent, and scores of men sent up to Committees have been rejected. Last week I saw in the 13th Native Infantry hospital a Havildar, a fine fellow in his youth, who had been for years a leper, and another who had been for nine months quite lame. These two are and have been in hospital since they returned a month ago from the Cawnpore Committee. The regimental authorities think them useless as soldiers, yet the rules of the Service oblige the Committee to send them back to engender discontent, and to burthen the finances, and to encumber the regiment. Some months ago I wrote officially from Aboo about the hardship of the invalid rules on Irregulars. Yesterday one of the Jodhpoor Legion Soubahdars was with me, a noble old fellow of fifty-two years' service; two days before a more infirm Soubahdar of the Legion, of only forty years' service, was also with me, on his way home on leave. Both these men ought to have been in the invalids ten years ago, and probably would have been, had they been in the Bombay army. An order allowing retirement on a small pension, after a certain service, would be hailed with gratitude throughout the Service. . . . While on the subject, I must give your Lordship a proof of the estimate in which "The Salt Water" (Kala Panee) is held, even by the most rough-and-ready portion of the native army. Last week an invalid Soubahdar of

the Bombay 18th Native Infantry was with me for an hour or more. Among other matters, I asked him about foreign service, especially about Aden, whence he was invalided. With a sort of horror he referred to being restricted to three gallons of water daily. I asked whether he would prefer one hundred rupees a month at Aden to fifty at Baroda (where he had just before told me there was much fever). He replied at once, "Fifty at Baroda." I then said, "Or one hundred and twenty-five at Aden?" His answer was to the effect, "I went when I was ordered, but life is precious; anything in India is better than wealth beyond the sea." And such, I am convinced, is the general Hindoo feeling. The man was a Brahmin, but a thorough loyalist. He had just before told me that he had stood in the ranks, shoulder to shoulder with outcasts, and that at Bombay a man would jump into a well if ordered. The reason he assigned for such implicit obedience was the greater admixture of castes. "We are not all one there." He might have given another reason: that the majority are far from their homes, also that the army is comparatively small, and has a larger proportion of Europeans. Invalid battalions, or regiments of a Service and a Home battalion, would be a boon, and would make the army more effective. The elderly and weakly would have comparative ease; the energetic and the young would have active employment. Twenty out of the seventy-four regiments being enlisted for general service, would meet all possible necessities for service beyond sea. Mahomedans and low-caste Hindoos would fill their ranks, and would give more contented Rajpoots and Brahmins for the other fifty-four, or say even

forty-four regiments. All the roads are swarming with leave of absence and invalid Sepoys.'

On the following day he wrote with especial reference to the Artillery, in which branch of the service he naturally took the deepest interest: 'I have no reason to doubt the fidelity of the Artillery, though much has been done to disgust many of the native officers, because they don't understand our mounted drill. All the European officers are very young men, and therefore look to mere smartness. Lieutenant A——, a mere boy, wants to invalid two Jemadars, both of them fine soldierly-looking fellows, and who know their duty as gunners, and are good riders, but don't understand English words of command. One of them is only a trifle above forty years of age, and neither of them wish to be invalided. I returned the roll, and a few days afterwards, being struck by the appearance of the men at mounted exercise, I told Mr A—— we should think ourselves lucky to have such men as native officers in our regular battalions. His reply was: "I protest, Sir Henry, against my battery being compared with a regular one," or words to that effect. Another day I saw the reserve company of Artillery, a splendid set of fellows in appearance, at extension motions; that is, poking about their arms and feet as recruits have to do, though the majority are old soldiers, and many were in our own ranks. Thus it is that pipeclay and over-drill tend to disgust them. Two hours ago Captain Carnegie came to tell me that there has been a strong demonstration against cartridges in the 7th Oude Irregulars this morning. I hope and expect the report he heard is exaggerated, but I tell it for his commentary. He

also told of an intended meeting of traitors to-morrow night, and asked whether he might put prisoners taken at such a meeting into gaol, as the Kotwalle is not safe. He gave me, however, to understand that he considers the military Police more safe than the Irregulars. The former are under their own old officers (a single one to a regiment), while the Irregulars are under new and young men. Now Captain Carnegie is an old interpreter, and quartermaster of a native corps, and had no hint from me of my opinion. Yet I am not sure he is not right. The Police have had more duty, but less pipeclay and bother. The pay is the same. . . . As far as I have ascertained, the bad feeling, as yet, is chiefly among the Hindoo Sepoys. Doubtless it is their fear for caste that has been worked on. Major Banks tells me that three years ago, when the education stir prevailed in Behar, a Soubahdar of the Body Guard seriously consulted him as to the report that all the servants of the State were to be made Christians. Thus, the oldest and best Hindoos are easily moved; but if bad feeling extended to open mutiny, the Mahomedans would soon become the most energetic and virulent mutineers. I will, as your Lordship directs, watch for difference of feeling between the two creeds.' He then turned to discuss the question much mooted at the time, of the effect that the unlicensed Press had had in fomenting these prevailing discontents. He was all in favour of a free Press. He used it very freely himself, for the expression of his own opinions, and was not one to question the benefits which it had conferred on India. But he could not help seeing that although the native mind was necessarily wrought upon by

the native Press, the power of mischief possessed by that Press was in no small measure derived from the weapons placed in its hands by the European journals. On this subject he emphatically declared: 'Whatever may be the danger from the native Press, I look on it that the papers published in our language are much the most dangerous. Disaffected native editors need only translate as they do, with or without notes, or words of admiration or exclamations, editorials from the *Friend of India* (on the duty of annexing every native State, on the imbecility, if not wickedness, of allowing a single Jagheer, and of preaching the Gospel, even by commanding officers), to raise alarm and hatred in the minds of all religionists, and all connected with native principalities or Jagheers. And among the above will be found a large majority of the dangerous classes.' He then began to converse on the levelling system, so much in vogue amongst us. 'We measure,' he said, 'too much by English rules, and expect, contrary to all experience, that the energetic and aspiring among immense military masses should like our dead level and our arrogation to ourselves, even where we are notorious imbeciles, of all authority and all emolument. These sentiments of mine, freely expressed during the last fifteen years, have done me injury, but I am not the less convinced of their soundness; and that until we treat natives, and especially native soldiers, as having much the same feelings, the same ambition, the same perception of ability and imbecility, as ourselves, we shall never be safe. I do not advocate altogether disregarding seniority, but I do wonder that Generals, Colonels, and Soubahdars should only as a rule be men past

work, who have never in their youth and energy been intrusted with power or responsibility. Also that we should expect the Soubahdar and Jemadar to be content with sixty-seven and twenty-four rupees a month respectively, while in the Civil Department their fellows, ten or twenty years younger, enjoy five hundred, six hundred, and even a thousand rupees, and while they themselves, if under a native ruler, would be Generals, if not Rajahs or Newabs. I have not seen original articles on the cartridge question, but almost every letter and article in the English papers regarding Barrackpore, Ambala, Meerut, Burhampore, and Dinapore, have been translated. The original articles chiefly refer to local grievances and personalities. The politics of the editor are to be chiefly gathered from pithy exclamations, &c., heading an article, as "How Good!" "Wonderful!" "Mutiny and more Fires!" with plentiful supply of the words "mutiny," "disobedience," "disturbance." I would not trouble any of them, but, with your Lordship's permission, I think we might squash half the number, by helping one or two of the cleverest with information, and even with editorials and illustrations. Dr Ogilvie tells me more than one of the English illustrated papers would, for a good purpose, sell cheap their half-worn plates. An illustrated vernacular cleverly edited would tell well, and do good politically and morally. I will be glad of your Lordship's sanction to a trial, not involving above five thousand rupees, or five hundred pounds. Of course I would not appear, and I would use the present editors—at any rate, try to do so.'

The storm was now gathering, and Lawrence watched its progress with painful interest. He had long anticipated its coming, and insisted upon the wisdom of being prepared. One who had known him well, and worked with him for many years, writing to me of his foresight, says: 'With all his love for the people and their interests, he felt that the rule of strangers was only tolerated because they could not help themselves. He was ever alive to the necessity for care and vigilance. His conversation constantly turned to the subject, and what measures should be adopted in case of any general disturbance. He did not, like most, rest in the feeling of perfect security. Passing along the parade-ground one afternoon, where there were several hundred young Hindostanee recruits at drill, he suddenly stopped, and pointing to them, said to me: "Do you see those fine young fellows? Mark my words, the Government is nourishing young vipers in their breast, and unless care is taken they will one day turn upon us." This was five years before the mutiny. With all this he never showed any distrust of them, but ever studied their interests and feelings.' There was no one, indeed, who looked more tenderly and compassionately upon them, or with a deeper sense that the mischief which he so clearly discerned might have been averted by the observance of a more generous policy than that which had recently found favour in our eyes. Regarding the Sepoy as a representative man, the exponent of the feelings and opinions of extensive village populations, and most of all in the great province of Oude, which he was then administering, he felt strongly that in the event of an outburst of the discontented soldiery, the

rising must partake, more or less, of the character of a national revolt. Moreover, it was certain that, apart from all this, so many at the capital, who had fattened on the extravagance and profligacy of the Court, had suffered grievously by the coming of the English, that a rebellion of the troops would be the signal for a dangerous rising in the city.

When, therefore, the storm burst—and it was certain that a crisis had arrived which would call forth all the energies of the English in India for the maintenance of our dominion—there was no single point of danger to which men's minds turned with deeper anxiety than to Lucknow; but over this anxiety there came an inspiring feeling of confidence when they remembered that Henry Lawrence was there. To the Governor-General this was an especial source of consolation. One of the earliest incidents of the military mutiny was an outbreak in an Irregular native regiment posted near Lucknow. With this Lawrence had grappled promptly and vigorously, in a manner which had won general admiration. Lord Canning saw clearly then that the right man was at the point of danger; and when Lawrence telegraphed to him, saying, 'Give me full military authority: I will not use it unnecessarily,' the Governor-General did not hesitate to place the chief direction of military as well as of civil affairs in the hands of the Commissioner. With this full responsibility upon him, he moved freely and without embarrassment. He could look with the soldier's and with the statesman's eye at the appearances before him; and he was as competent to deal with details of military defence, as to accommodate in other

matters the action of his government to the political temper of the times. Preparing to meet the worst emergencies that could arise, he provided for the security of the European garrison; but he endeavoured at the same time to conciliate all classes, and especially to wean the minds of the soldiery from the apprehensions which had taken possession of them with respect to the safety of their caste. It was soon, however, apparent that nothing could be done by exhortations or persuasions—by promises of rewards to the faithful, or threats of punishment to the unfaithful. Neither words, nor money, nor dresses of honour could avail. Nothing but the stout heart and the strong arm could, under Providence, help the English in the extremity of their need.

As the month of May—that ill-omened month, which had seen the sanguinary outbreak at Meerut and the great calamity of the seizure of Delhi—wore to a close, appearances at Lucknow, and indeed all through the province, became more threatening. He had by this time done all that could be done for the safety of the people under his care; and before the month of June dawned upon him, he saw clearly the value of these precautions.* On the

* What these precautions were are well and succinctly stated by a very old and dear friend and fellow-labourer, who, writing to me, says: 'Look again at Lucknow. It was Henry Lawrence's foresight, humanly speaking, that saved every one of the garrison. But for him, I do not believe that one would have escaped. Three weeks before any one thought of the possibility of our ever being besieged in Lucknow, he saw that it might be the case. He laid his plans accordingly; got in all the treasure from the city and stations; bought up and stored grain and supplies of every kind; bought up all the

29th of May, writing to Lord Canning, he thus described his position: 'I have refrained from writing, as I had nothing pleasant to say, and indeed little more than a detail of daily alarms and hourly reports. Our three positions are now strong. In the cantonment where I reside, the two hundred and seventy or so men of her Majesty's 32nd, with eight guns, could at any time knock to pieces the few native regiments, and both the city Residency and the Muchee-Bhawn positions are safe against all probable comers; the latter quite so. But the work is harassing for all; and now we have no tidings from Delhi, my outside perplexities are hourly increasing. This day (29th) I had tidings of the murder of a Tehsildar in one direction, and of the cry of "Islam," and the raising of the green standard, in another. I have also had reports of disaffection in three several Irregular corps. Hitherto the country has been quiet, and we have played the Irregulars against the Line regiments. But being constituted of the same materials, the taint is fast pervading them, and in a few weeks, if not days, unless Delhi be in the interim captured, there will be one feeling throughout the army—a feeling that our pres-

supplies of the European shopkeepers; got the mortars and guns to the Residency; got in the powder and small ammunition, all the shot and shell, and the heavy guns; had pits dug for the powder and grain; arranged for water supply; strengthened the Residency; had outworks formed; cleared away all obstructions close up to the Residency, and made every preparation for the worst; and when, after the fight at Chinhut, the mutineers closed in on the Residency, and the whole population of the city and the province rose against us, they found the little garrison amply supplied with provisions, ammunition, and resources of every kind.'

tige is gone—and that feeling will be more dangerous than any other. Religion, fear, hatred, one and all have their influences, but there is still a reverence for the Company's Ikbal. When it is gone, we shall have few friends indeed. The tone and talk of many have greatly altered within the last few days, and we are now asked, almost in terms of insolence, whether Delhi is recaptured, or when it will be. It was only just after the Caubul massacre, and when we hesitated to advance through the Khybur, that, in my memory, such tone ever before prevailed. Every effort should be made to recover Delhi. The "King" is a watch-word to Mahomedans; the loss of a capital is a stigma on us, and to these are added the fears prevailing among all classes regarding religion. A native letter, recently sent to your Lordship by Colonel Colin Troup, from Bareilly, fairly depicts the feeling of the better classes of natives, and especially of Brahmins. They think that we are ungrateful, and that we no longer respect their religion or care for their interests. There is no positive abuse in that letter whereas in all that are posted or dropped here the chief ingredients are abuse and violence. . . . Once Delhi is recaptured the game will again be in our own hands, if we play the cards with ordinary skill.'

He had not proceeded much farther than this when stress of active business compelled him to break off, and before he could complete the letter the native troops in the cantonment had broken into open mutiny. On the evening of the 30th of May, when Sir Henry Lawrence and his Staff were at dinner, a Sepoy, who had previously been rewarded for his fidelity, rushed in and announced that there

was a rising in the Lines. Lawrence at once ordered out a party of Europeans, with some guns, and sending for further reinforcements, went down to the scene of the disturbance. Good execution was done that night, and again on the following morning, against the mutineers; and when Lawrence again took up his pen to resume the interrupted letter to the Governor-General, he spoke cheerfully of the situation, saying that he thought matters were better than before. 'Press of work,' he wrote, 'stopped me here. We have since had the émeute which I have telegraphed. We are now positively better than we were. We now know our friends and enemies; the latter beggars have no stomach for a fight, though they are capital incendiaries. We followed them on Sunday morning six miles, and only once got within round-shot range. I went with a few horsemen four or five miles farther; we got sixty prisoners in all, and I am now trying them and others by three drum-head courts-martial. Yesterday evening we had several large gatherings in the city, and towards night they opened fire on the police and on a post of Irregulars. The former behaved admirably, and thrashed them well; killed several, and took six prisoners. Among the former was a brother-in-law of the King's Vakeel. The Kotwal headed the police. I have made him a Bahadoor. . . . This evening we hung two men—one a Sepoy, who murdered poor Lieutenant Grant, and a spy. To-morrow I shall get the proceedings of other courts, and will probably hang twenty or thirty. These executions will, I am confident, quiet men's minds. I have told you by telegraph it will never do to retire on Allahabad; we could not do it. Besides, I am

quite confident we can hold our ground at Lucknow as long as provisions last, and we have already a month's laid in. When Delhi is taken we are all safe. If there is much delay, most of our outposts will be lost. The officers killed are Brigadier Handscomb, Lieutenant Grant, and Cornet Raleigh, 9th Light Cavalry. Wounded: Lieutenant Chambers, 13th N. I., and Lieutenant Hardinge, 3rd Oude Cavalry. Hardinge is a splendid soldier. He led a few horse several times through the burning cantonments and through a crowd of mutineers. One shot at him within a foot, and then bayoneted him through the flesh of the arm. Hardinge shot the fellow dead. Wounded as he was, he could not have had an hour's sleep, and yet he was the hero of yesterday's work, and had we had any good cavalry he would have cut up all the mutineers. I was wrong as to his having been the hero. He was one. Martin Gubbins was another. He, with three horsemen, did the work of a regiment, and headed the rascals, and brought in six prisoners, for which I have given the three horsemen six hundred rupees.'

It would be vain to endeavour, in such a Memoir as this, to narrate the incidents of the defence of Lucknow, even in so far as Sir Henry Lawrence was connected with them. That story belongs to history. How wisely and assiduously he laboured, with what untiring energy and devotion, in spite of the failure of the frail flesh, has been told by more than one of his comrades. He was in feeble health when first he went to Lucknow. It had been his intention to proceed to England for a while, partly to recruit his strength, and partly to direct the final studies of his son,

then about to enter the Indian Civil Service, when the offer of the Oude Commissionership arrested his homeward movements, and braced him up awhile for the continuance of his work. But the hot weather coming in with such a crowd of anxieties, tried him severely; and it was plain to those who were about his person that mind and body had been tasked overmuch. 'The ordinary labours of his office,' wrote one who was continually in official association with him, 'had fully tried his strength; but the intense anxiety attending his position at the present crisis would have worn the strongest frame. At first he was able to ride about a good deal, but now he drove about in his carriage. He lost appetite and sleep, and his changed and careworn appearance was painfully visible to all.' But he worked on; and when, in the second week of June, such an alarming state of exhaustion supervened that his medical staff cautioned him that further application to business would endanger his life, he could with difficulty be persuaded to lay aside his work for a little time, and on the first symptom of a slight accession of strength, returned eagerly to his duties. Active among the active, as a soldier he was ever in the front and in the midst of danger.

From the letters which he wrote during the month of June, the following extracts may be given. They exhibit the progress of events at Lucknow, and the sentiments with which Lawrence regarded them: 'June 13 (*To Lord Canning*). I wrote a long letter yesterday, telling you of the sad succession of misfortunes in this quarter.* To-day I have had confirmation of the fate of Sooltanpore and Fyza-

* This letter seems to have miscarried.

bad. A native letter, bearing the stamp of truth, tells that the troops rose and butchered the Europeans at Sooltanpore. From Fyzabad Mr Bradford writes (no date, probably the 6th), that the officers and ladies had *all* been saved, that everything had been conducted with the utmost regularity, the native civil officers taking prominent places, and that the King of Delhi had been proclaimed. In all quarters we hear of similar method and regularity. At Duriabad, Secrora, and Seetapoor, individuals have been obliged to give up their plunder, and the treasure is carefully guarded. This quiet method bespeaks some leading influence. We cannot get certain tidings from Cawnpore, although we have sent many messengers; but we have no reason to doubt that General Wheeler still holds his ground. The mutineers hold the river bank for many miles above and below Cawnpore, and search all passers. They at once seized all the boats and drew them to their own bank. Would that we could help the besieged, but our numbers, the distance, and the river forbid the thought. This is frightful weather for field operations for Europeans. Yesterday we lost two out of a hundred and thirty, from exposure, after three P.M., in our pursuit of the mutinous Police battalions. . . . . We hold our ground in cantonment, and daily strengthen both our town positions, bearing in mind that the Residency is to be the final point of concentration. The health of the troops is good, and the weather propitious, as long as there is not exposure to the sun. The conduct of the Europeans is beautiful. By God's help we can hold our own for a month, but there should be no delay in sending succour. The appearance of two European regiments would soon enable us

to settle the province; but if Lucknow be lost, and this force destroyed, the difficulty would be vastly increased. I am quite well again. Pray have us informed of what is going on elsewhere; it seems a century since our communications have been cut off.' 'June 16. To-day we received a letter of the 14th from General Wheeler, who bravely holds out. He asks us for two hundred Europeans. I would risk the absence of so large a portion of our small force could I see the smallest prospect of its being able to succour him. But no individual here, cognisant of facts, except Mr Gubbins, thinks we could carry a single man across the river, as the enemy holds all the boats, and completely commands the river. May God Almighty defend Cawnpore, for no help can we afford! Our own positions are daily strengthening, and our supplies increasing; but all the outposts are gone, and the rebels and mutineers are said to be closing in on us, though as yet all is quiet at Lucknow. Elsewhere throughout the province all is anarchy, the Talookdars re-occupying the villages of which the summary settlement dispossessed them, and all men asserting their own rights.' 'June 19. It is now a fortnight since we have had a communication from either Agra or Calcutta. My several letters, some of which I trust have reached, have reported our position. All our outposts are gone, but we still hold the Lucknow cantonment and city, and a small circuit around. Daily, however, we expect to be besieged, and many of the military in cantonment are afraid of their position, and desire to be withdrawn; on the other hand, Mr Gubbins wishes that a small force (two hundred Europeans, four guns, one hundred Sepoys, and about fifty horse)

should be sent wherever there is talk of a gathering. It is a very great grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore. Were we stronger, the want of boats would make the move impracticable; but circumstanced as we are, the absence of two hundred Europeans and four guns for a week would peril our whole position. Not having a single trustworthy native, we are helpless for offensive operations, but, with care and prudence, we are strong for defence, as long as food remains and sickness keeps off. We have had eight deaths by cholera among the Europeans during the last fortnight, and some among the natives. Otherwise the health is good. Steamers can come to Fyzabad. We look anxiously for news.' 'June 21. A letter from General Wheeler, dated 18th of June, ten P.M., stated that his supplies would hold out for another fortnight, that he had plenty of ammunition, and that his guns were serviceable. The enemy's attacks had always been repulsed with loss, but he was much in want of assistance. Troops are still reported to be assembling at Fyzabad and at Duriabad, with the intention of concentrating and attacking Lucknow, but it does not seem that any onward movement has at present been made. Our position is daily getting stronger, but daily some of our few natives are leaving, and, if we are besieged, I fear that few, if any, will remain. This will be inconvenient, as it will make more difficult the raising of a native force when we are able to take the field. We still hold the cantonment, and move eight or ten miles out if necessary, but with no trustworthy cavalry and very few artillerymen, we are obliged to look keenly to our two positions in the city. If either would hold all conveniently, the

other should have been abandoned; but such is not the case. Each has its advantages, and we have to guard against sickness as much as the enemy. From four sides we are threatened; but if all go well quickly at Delhi, and, still more, if Cawnpore hold out, I doubt if we shall be besieged at all. Our preparations alarm the enemy. It is deep grief to me to be unable to help Cawnpore. I would run much risk for Wheeler's sake; but an attempt with our means would only ruin ourselves without helping Cawnpore. Cholera in a light form is amongst us; we have lost eight Europeans during the last fortnight at the Muchee-Bhawn. At each post four or five natives have died during the last week. All sanitary measures are being taken. The general health is good, and the weather, though hot, is favourable to those not exposed. I am well. European troops moving above Allahabad should have guns with them, and also intelligent officers (civil or military) acquainted with the country. The detachment of her Majesty's 84th came here a fortnight ago with only cloth clothes. It is important to see that others coming up are properly dressed and cared for. We look most anxiously for news. I trust that all the China troops are coming, and that large indents have been made on England.' 'June 24 (*To Mr Court*). I have written many times, but received no answer. I am very anxious for news, as all my communications have been cut off during the last twenty days. We are well and comfortable now, both in cantonment and in the city, but we are threatened by the mutineers from several directions. We are well prepared for them, having plenty of provision and numerous guns. Our anxieties are for Cawnpore, which

we cannot possibly succour, as the boats are on the Cawnpore side, &c. &c. Send us a cossid every other day. A native from Delhi tells us our troops are before Delhi, and had beaten the enemy. This seems authentic, and I doubt not the city is now in our hands, and that in a few weeks all will be comparatively settled; but pray remember Oude is the home of three-fourths of the rebels, and that already thousands are flocking to it, and that the runaways from Delhi will probably mostly come this way, and in desperation may have a shy at us. Next, then, to Cawnpore, we may require succour. A single European regiment and company of European artillery would enable me to take the field and knock to pieces all rebels and mutineers. Send on this letter to Government, and a copy of it to my son at Oakfield, Penrith, Cumberland, England. The health of the troops is generally good. I am well. Pray succour Cawnpore speedily. I am doing what I can to get Wheeler provisions, by offering large prices and large rewards, but fear I shall not succeed. We have had authentic intelligence of seven or eight regiments advancing against us, being only twenty miles off. We may be besieged forty-eight hours hence. There should be no delay in sending succour to us as well as to Cawnpore. Five hundred infantry and four guns, with two hundred native infantry, or police, would be safe under an intelligent officer. Once in Oude, we can assist the advance of a force.' 'June 26 (*To Colonel Neill*). Your letter of the 20th has reached, and has found us all well and comfortable at Lucknow, though some regiments, with many guns, are collecting eighteen miles off, with the avowed intention of attacking us. This

they will hardly do, though they may try and plunder the more distant portions of this immense city. They wisely collect at distances beyond a long march, or we should, even now, have beaten them up with three hundred Europeans and four guns, which we can always spare for one day at a time as long as we are not actually besieged. The health of the troops is improving. Delhi city was captured by our army on the 14th, when the rebels took refuge in the palace, which could not have held out many hours. This will have immense effect on the country. We only heard the news to-day, and I pass it on to you, as the Cawnpore road is closed. General Wheeler is, I fear, in extremity, though I have been making every indirect effort to help him. To help him otherwise we have not the means. I hope you have been able to post up five hundred Europeans with four guns. The very news of their approach would probably relieve Wheeler, as there is great dissension in the rebel camp. To help him, your succour must be speedy. Civil officers, or others well acquainted with the country, should accompany the troops, and every precaution taken to save them from the heat. The detachment, her Majesty's 89th, that came here had no light clothing or cap covers. Pray see to these points, as the lives of many men depend on them. There are good topes in which to encamp all the way to Cawnpore. Now that Delhi is taken,* you may be able to enlist Native Irregulars, who can be fairly relied on. Some should accompany each European detachment, to save them from fatigue duties. Not less than four hundred Europeans and four guns should

* It need not be said that this was altogether a mistake.

move together as long as the Nana's force is in strength at Cawnpore. Detachments of four hundred to five hundred men with guns ought to overcome all opposition. Employ Hindoos rather than Mussulmans as Irregulars. On approaching Cawnpore care should be taken against treachery. The Nana is a Mahratta, and an adept in deceit. Old Burkundaazes will, perhaps, be the safest Irregulars. All was quiet at Mynpooree, Agra, and Etaweh on the 17th, and now that Delhi is taken, affairs will doubtless improve. Pray give us your exact numbers, also those at Benares and Dinapore. Send this on to the Governor-General, and send its purport by telegraph. Show it also to Mr Chester and Court, and ask them to write to me. I want full particulars of the events of the last twenty days at Allahabad and other places downwards. Is all quiet in the Madras Presidency? Have the China troops reached Calcutta, or when are they expected? The runaways from Delhi will come in thousands to Oude, where we must already have hardly less than a hundred thousand. I don't fear them as regards Lucknow, but until we have another European regiment we cannot expect to introduce order into the province. At present every villain is abroad, and an internecine war prevails in every quarter. Two columns, each with five hundred Europeans, would soon put all right, but the more delay the more difficulty, as daily new parties are committing themselves. Mr Court and Chester will write to me fully, I hope. I wish a copy of this letter to be sent to my son in England.'*

'Sir Henry Lawrence is doing admirably at Lucknow.

* Sent also to General Havelock.

All safe there.'—Such were the words in which letter after letter from the Governor-General to the authorities in England communicated the confidence felt by Lord Canning in the Oude Commissioner. And so fully was that confidence shared by the Home Government, that when the Court of Directors and the Queen's Government, warned by the critical state of our relations in India, found it necessary to nominate a new Governor-General provisionally, in the event of the death or the retirement of Lord Canning, they had no hesitation in selecting Sir Henry Lawrence as the man to whom, above all others, they could most confidently intrust, in that emergency, the supreme direction of affairs.

But it was the saddest thing of all—nothing so sad in the history of the calamities of the Indian Mutiny—that he never lived to place this crown upon his brows. Such a recognition at the last would have healed all his old wounds—would have been ample compensation to him for all the crosses he had endured. No soldier of the Company's army had ever been so honoured. Of all the Englishmen in India, he was held to be the one best able, in a crisis of unexampled magnitude, to hold the helm and weather the storm, if by any mischance or caprice Canning had been removed from the scene. All that his honourable ambition ever sought would have been thus attained, and in the completeness of his career he would have found perfect satisfaction. But it was otherwise ordained by God. His end was rapidly approaching. He was well-nigh worn out with labour and anxiety, and, if the strong resolute will had not sustained him, his bodily frailty would have suc-

cumbed to the pressure. Once, it has been shown, he was compelled to rest and to recruit, but the supreme authority, which he relinquished to a Provisional Council, was soon resumed.* He had before this, with some forebodings, perhaps, of the future, placed on record his wishes with respect to the succession to the civil and military offices which he held. 'If anything happens to me,' he wrote, 'during the present disturbances, I recommend that Colonel Inglis succeed me in command, and that Major Banks should be appointed to the command of one of the posts. There should be No SURRENDER. I commend my children and the Lawrence Asylums to Government.' And he had sent a telegram to the Governor-General, saying: 'If anything happens to me during the present disturbances, I earnestly recommend that Major Banks succeed me as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel Inglis in command of

* It was on the 9th of June that Lawrence appointed this Council. The order was thus: 'As Dr Fayrer states that it is imperatively necessary for my health that I should remain perfectly quiet for the next twenty-four hours, I appoint Mr Gubbins, Mr Ommaney, Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis, Major Anderson, and Major Banks to be a council to conduct the affairs of the province until I feel myself sufficiently convalescent to resume the government.—H. M. LAWRENCE, June 9, 1857.' The Council sat on the 10th and 11th. On the morning of the 12th, Lawrence, eager to return to his work, obtained a certificate, somewhat reluctantly given, to the effect that, although he was capable of resuming his duties, he should be spared as much mental and bodily fatigue as possible. Upon this, Mr Gubbins recommended that the powers of the Council should be continued, but that all important questions should be referred to the General. Against this the other four members voted, and the powers of the Council ceased.

the troops, until better times arrive. This is no time for punctilio as regards seniority. They are the right men—in fact, the only men for the places. My Secretary entirely concurs with me on the above points.' It seemed, indeed, to be far more within the scope of God's providence at that time that there should be needed men to take his place than that he should ever live to succeed to the higher place of another.

And so the month of June wore to its close; and Henry Lawrence, ever regardless of self, toiled on day and night, with unwearying vigilance and unfailing energy, until those about him marvelled how he could bear up against such an incessant strain on mind and body. He seemed never to rest. At all hours of the night he was up and doing. That he derived great 'access of unexpected strength' from prayer, is not to be doubted. Often those who entered his room found him upon his knees praying for wisdom from the Almighty Counsellor, and imploring mercy for the poor people committed to his charge, against whom our enemies were raging so furiously. He knew that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and he never ceased from his intercessions.

On the last day of June there was a great and a sad crisis in the affairs of that little body of Christian men. Tidings were brought in by our scouts that large bodies of the mutinous regiments were advancing upon Lucknow. And when Lawrence heard that the enemy had thus collected in force, with the probable intention of making

straight upon Lucknow, he determined to go out to meet them. He had always, in the weak state of his garrison, been opposed to such offensive movements, thinking that the best chance of present safety and of future victory lay in husbanding his strength for the work of defence. But there were some about him, the most prominent of whom was Mr Gubbins, whose irrepressible gallantry led them to counsel a more forward policy; and Lawrence appears now to have thought that the opportunity was a favourable one for trying this bolder and more pronounced style of action, and threatening the enemy at a distance from the city walls. So, on the morning of the 30th of June, he went out at the head of a force of all arms, and marched towards Newaubgung, where his scouts told him that the enemy had been seen in large numbers; but whether he designed to draw them into action, or whether, as some believed, he contemplated little more than an armed reconnaissance, is not very clear. He said afterwards that he had acted against his own judgment, and he reproached himself for having been moved by the fear of man to undertake so hazardous an enterprise.*

* Upon this subject, Mr Gubbins has written in his book: 'Upon his death-bed Sir Henry referred to the disaster at Chinhut, and said that he had acted against his own judgment from the fear of man. I have often inquired, but I never learnt the name of any one who had counselled the step which resulted in so severe a calamity.' This may be true; but it is not quite the whole truth. It is probable that no one especially recommended this individual movement; but it is certain that Mr Gubbins himself was continually urging Sir Henry Lawrence to send out a force to meet the enemy. But what he certainly did with respect to this particular affair was to ridicule

Some six or seven miles from Lucknow, Lawrence halted his force, and, dismounting from his horse, walked

the idea that the enemy were advancing in any formidable strength. When the news of the advance of the mutineers was first brought in, the circular that went round for the information of the chief officers of the garrison stated that the man who brought the information said he could not speak with certainty as to the numbers, but that he heard there were eight or nine regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, with twelve guns. Mr Gubbins appended four notes of exclamation to the passage, and wrote beneath it, '*What stuff!*—M. G.;' and not satisfied with this, endorsed the paper with the same words. But we now learn from Mr Gubbins himself ('Mutinies in Oudh,' pp. 189-190) that the rebel force consisted of nine and a half regiments of infantry, twelve guns, and seven or eight hundred cavalry. It must be added, in the cause of historic truth, that after the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, Brigadier Inglis took some pains to elicit the facts, and that letters were addressed to several Staff-officers on the subject. One answered: 'I could not positively state that Mr Gubbins addressed a letter to the late Sir Henry Lawrence urging him to send troops to Seetapoor, or to Chinhut, or to Cawnpore, or anywhere else, but I have a decided though general impression that he did do so; and, if I am not mistaken, Mahommedabad and Nawabgunge, on the Fyzabad road, might be included in the list of places to which Mr Gubbins thought it would be beneficial to send troops. . . . I have so often heard Sir Henry Lawrence talk on this subject, especially dwelling on the pertinacity with which Mr Gubbins pressed him, that I could, without much difficulty, show, if necessary, the line of argument the Brigadier-General adopted.' Another wrote: 'Several times the Brigadier-General (Lawrence) asked me how I could equip detachments of Europeans which Mr Gubbins proposed sending to Seetapore, Cawnpore, Mulleabad, and Nawabgunge; and if it were possible to transport them within certain fixed times on elephants. On these occasions I perfectly remember Sir Henry appeared irritated and annoyed, and always pronounced such expeditions most rash, unsafe, and utterly impracticable. The feasibility of the proposed enterprises was openly discussed by all the members of the Staff, both in Sir H. Lawrence's room, and often at his table, and I

into a grove which skirted the roadside, and remained there for half an hour—it is believed, instant in prayer. When he emerged, he remounted, and gave his orders for the troops to advance. They had not proceeded far when they came upon the whole body of the enemy, consisting, it is said, of fifteen or sixteen thousand men, with more than thirty pieces of ordnance. The action at once commenced, but it was soon little more than a rout. Our

always heard that Mr Gubbins had advocated the movements.' A third said, in reply: 'I have the honour to state, for the information of the Brigadier commanding at Lucknow (Inglis), that I perfectly remember that in the latter part of June last many letters were received by the late Sir H. M. Lawrence from Mr Gubbins. Several of these letters were given to me to read, but not all, as they did not belong to my department, but to that of the Military Secretary. I, however, generally heard the purport of them discussed, which was the advisability of sending an European force over to Cawnpore, at another time to Seetapore and Chinhut, and also the advantages to be gained by sending a force out to meet the rebel army at Nawabgunge. I always heard the late Brigadier-General express himself as strongly opposed to the above movements.' And again another officer, who had peculiar opportunities of observation, said: 'Sir Henry Lawrence did from time to time complain to me that the indomitable personal courage of Mr Gubbins, his excessive zeal and ardent temperament, had caused him to be the over-earnest, importunate, and too public advocate of military movements which, according to Sir Henry's personal judgment, could only have ended disastrously. He more than once deplored to me, as a calamity which weighed down his spirits, that owing to the chivalric ardour and the eloquent fervour with which Mr Gubbins urged his views, and the publicity which he gave to them, the Finance Commissioner had come to be regarded by some of the more spirited and less experienced officers of the force as the real man for the crisis.' Nothing further need be said to explain the meaning of Lawrence's dying words.

native artillerymen cut the traces of their guns and went over to the enemy.* Colonel Case, at the head of the 32nd Regiment, fell gallantly, and his men were disheartened by his fall. It is a wonder that any of our people, deserted and betrayed as they were, escaped from such an overwhelming multitude of the enemy. Our loss was very heavy. It is probable, indeed, that the whole of the 32nd Regiment would have been destroyed but for an act which manifested Henry Lawrence's coolness and fertility of resource in this distressing conjuncture. When there was not a shot left in our tumbrils, he caused a gun to be drawn up and portfires to be lighted as if he were about to fire, and under cover of this harmless piece of ordnance the

* They were the Artillery of the Oude Irregular Force. In the well-known report of the Defence of Lucknow, which bears the name of Colonel (Sir John) Inglis, but the narrative portion of which is supposed to have been written by Mr (now Sir George) Couper, who was continually by Lawrence's side, as secretary at home and as aide-de-camp abroad, the story is thus told: 'The Oude artillerymen and drivers were traitors. They overturned the guns into ditches, cut the traces of their horses, and abandoned them, regardless of the remonstrances and exertions of their own officers and of those of Sir Henry Lawrence's Staff, headed by the Brigadier-General in person, who himself drew his sword upon the rebels. Every effort to induce them to stand having proved ineffectual, the force, exposed to a vastly superior fire of artillery, and completely surrounded on both sides by an overpowering body of infantry and cavalry, which actually got into our rear, was compelled to retire, with the loss of three pieces of artillery, which fell into the hands of the enemy, in consequence of the rank treachery of the Oude gunners, and with a very grievous list of killed and wounded. The heat was dreadful, the gun-ammunition was expended, and the almost total want of cavalry to protect our rear, made our retreat most disastrous.'

Europeans were enabled to retreat. It is related that he was always in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from point to point, amidst a terrific fire of grape, round-shot, and musketry. It is added, that he was deeply moved by the sufferings of our people. He wrung his hands in agony of mind, and was heard to say, 'My God! my God! and I brought them to this!' *

Sir Henry Lawrence, who had little anticipated such a catastrophe—who had not, indeed, thought that a general action would have been the result of the reconnaissance—had sent out his carriage, intending to return in it; but in the retreat which followed the disastrous action at Chinhut, the horses were required for other purposes, and Lawrence, physically prostrated, was conveyed to Lucknow on a gun-carriage. 'Weak and exhausted by illness before he started,' says Colonel Inglis, 'it was a miracle he returned alive. I met him at the door of the Residency as he returned. It needed no words to explain the result; the utterly exhausted state of our poor fellows as they came in told its own tale. An overwhelming force, aided by the defection of our native gunners, brought about the catastrophe.'

'This morning,' wrote Lawrence to Havelock, soon after the return of his defeated force to Lucknow, 'we went out eight miles to meet the enemy, and we were defeated, and lost five guns, through the misconduct chiefly of our native artillery, many of whom have deserted. The enemy have followed us up, and we have now been besieged for four hours, and shall probably to-night be sur-

* Rees's 'Siege of Lucknow.'

rounded. The enemy are very bold, and our Europeans very low. I look on our position now as ten times as bad as it was yesterday—indeed, it is very critical; we shall be obliged to concentrate, *if we are able;* we shall have to abandon much supplies, and to blow up much powder. Unless we are relieved quickly, say in fifteen or twenty days, we shall hardly be able to maintain our position. We lost three officers killed this morning, and several wounded: Colonel Case, Captain Stephen, and Mr Brackenbury.' And forwarding this through Mr Tucker, at Benares, he said: 'The annexed bad news speaks for itself, and shows the urgent necessity of speedy succour. Our position is *very* critical. Telegraph this both to Allahabad, in case my cossid there fails, and also to Calcutta.'

There was nothing more to be done but to withdraw within the Residency,* and to prepare to withstand a siege. Our other post, the Muchee-Bhawn, was abandoned; the guns were spiked; the ammunition exploded; the works, as far as possible, destroyed; and our people withdrawn. The enemy were now swarming around us, and the part of the Residency — an upper room — which Sir Henry Lawrence occupied was exposed to a merciless fire of shot and shell. On the 1st of July, a shell burst in his room; and the officers about him all endeavoured to persuade the General to move to a safer part of the building; but thinking that it was the best spot from which to superintend the defence, he refused to change his quarters. That this was

* By this is to be understood not merely the Resident's house, but a cluster of buildings, or part of the town occupied by our officers or establishment; in short, the English 'quarter.'

a fatal error was too soon made manifest, for on the following day, as he was lying on his couch, a shell burst beside him, and grievously shattered his thigh. His nephew, Mr George Lawrence, immediately summoned Dr Fayrer to his assistance, and when Sir Henry saw him, he asked at once how long he had to live. When the doctor answered 'about three days,' he expressed astonishment that so long a term had been granted to him, and seemed to think that he should pass away before the end of it. As shot and shell were continually striking against the Residency, Dr Fayrer caused the wounded man to be removed to his own house, which was more sheltered from the enemy's artillery, and there a consultation of medical officers was held, and it was determined that to attempt amputation would be only to increase suffering and to shorten life.*

* 'I examined his wound,' wrote Dr Fayrer, in a letter to a friend, 'and found that a large fragment of the shell had shattered the upper part of the thigh-bone, passing through the thigh and glutial region of the left side. I believe also that the bones of the pelvis were injured. The femoral artery was not injured, as the wound was behind it. I immediately applied the necessary bandages to stanch the bleeding, which was not very profuse, and supported the fractured limb with bandages and pillows as much as possible. As he was faint and distressed by the shock, I gave him stimulants freely. . . . Of course I consulted other medical men, among them Dr Ogilvie, who also remained with him constantly, as to the propriety or possibility of an operation; but all agreed with me that the injury was of too grave a character to leave any hope of recovery. Indeed, as I was satisfied that the pelvis was fractured, I never entertained the idea of amputation at the hip-joint. I moreover believe that had the thigh-bone only been fractured, Sir Henry could not have borne the shock of an amputation, which would thus only have shortened his valuable life.'

Then Henry Lawrence prepared himself for death. First of all, he asked Mr Harris, the chaplain, to administer the Holy Communion to him. In the open verandah, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, the solemn service was performed, many officers of the garrison tearfully communicating with their beloved chief. This done, he addressed himself to those about him. 'He bade an affectionate farewell to all,' wrote one who was present at this sad and solemn meeting, 'and of several he asked forgiveness for having at times spoken harshly, and begged them to kiss him. One or two were quite young boys, with whom he had occasion to find fault, in the course of duty, a few days previously. He expressed the deepest humility and repentance for his sins, and his firm trust in our blessed Saviour's atonement, and spoke most touchingly of his dear wife, whom he hoped to rejoin. At the utterance of her name his feelings quite overcame him, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, which lasted some minutes. He again completely broke down in speaking of his daughter, to whom he sent his love and blessing. . . . Then he blessed his nephew George, who was kneeling by his bedside, and told him he had always loved him as his own son. . . . He spoke to several present about the state of their souls, urging them to pray and read their Bibles, and endeavour to prepare for death, which might come suddenly, as in his own case. To nearly each person present he addressed a few parting words of affectionate advice —words which must have sunk deeply into all hearts. There was not a dry eye there, and many seemingly hard rough men were sobbing like children.'

And ever mingling, in these last hours, with the kindly and affectionate feelings of the man, were the sterner thoughts of the leader. Passing away, as he was, from the scene, he had to make new arrangements for the future defence of the beleaguered garrison. He knew what was his duty, and though it pained him to set aside one who believed that he had the best right to succeed him in his civil duties, he felt that he had chosen his successor wisely. He now urged upon Major Banks, and all present, the imperative necessity of holding out to the very last, and of never making terms with the enemy. 'Let every man,' he said, 'die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children.' He often repeated these last words. His heart was very heavy with the thought of these helpless little ones, not knowing what dreadful lot might be in store for them. But he thought of his country most of all; and the noble words with which he had been familiar, as a boy in the Derry school, were ever present to his thoughts, and his constant counsel was, 'No SURRENDER.' *

The instructions which he gave to Major Banks, in the midst of his sufferings, and with the hand of death upon him, were of a detailed and precise character, and were, on leaving Lawrence's room, thus recorded by his successor:

* And very proud, too, is Derry of her foster-sons—the Lawrences and Robert Montgomery—and of the heroism with which they clung to the grand old war-cry of the city. I have seen and heard the outward expressions of the admiration of the men of Derry.

'I. Reserve fire; check all wall-firing.

II. Carefully register ammunition for guns and small arms in store. Carefully register daily expenditure as far as possible.

III. Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way from shot and shell.

IV. Organize working parties for night labour.

V. Entrench—entrench—entrench. Erect traverses. Cut off enemy's fire.

VI. Turn every horse out of the entrenchment, except enough for four guns. Keep Sir Henry Lawrence's horse Ludakee; it is a gift to his nephew, George Lawrence.

VII. Use the state prisoners as a means of getting in supplies by gentle means if possible, or by threats.

VIII. Enroll every servant as bildar, or carrier of earth. Pay liberally—double, quadruple.

IX. Turn out every native who will not work, save menials who have more than abundant labour.

X. Write daily to Allahabad or Agra.

XI. Sir Henry Lawrence's servants to receive one year's pay; they are to work for any other gentleman who want them, or they may leave if they prefer to do so.

XII. Put on my tomb only this: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him."

XIII. Take an immediate inventory of all natives, so as to know who can be used as bildars, &c.

XIV. Take an immediate inventory of all supplies and food, &c. Take daily average.'

He gave many sorrowing thoughts, also, to his foster-

children in the Lawrence Asylum; and when he was not capable of uttering many words, from time to time he said, alternately with his prayers for the women and children, 'Remember the Asylum; do not let them forget the Asylum.' He told the chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately, 'without any fuss,' in the same grave with any men of the garrison who might die about the same time. Then he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, of his epitaph—'*Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him.*' *

He lingered till the beginning of the second day after he was stricken down, suffering occasionally acute paroxysms of pain, but having many blessed intervals of rest; and at last passed away very tranquilly, 'like a little child falling asleep,' about eight o'clock A.M. on the 4th of July.† 'He

* It has been stated that he said: 'I should like, too, a text, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." It was on my dear wife's tomb.' But I have been assured, on the best authority, that this is an error.

† 'The day before, at his own request,' wrote Dr Fayrer, 'I had given him chloroform when the spasms came on. It relieved him at the time, but it clouded his intellect afterwards. I therefore did not repeat it, nor did he wish it. In such cases it should, I think, unless the pain is very severe, be always avoided, for it loses time, which is very precious to the sufferer. On the whole, I do not think that Sir Henry suffered as much pain as has been supposed, and the expression "lingered in great agony until the morning of the 4th," is, though a natural one, an exaggeration. He received the wound when in a delicate state of health, worn with anxiety, heavy responsibility, and great physical and mental labour; his constitution had suffered from old disease, and he sank, perhaps, sooner than a

looked so peaceful and happy,' said one who entered the room just after his spirit had departed, 'with the most beautiful expression of calm joy on his face. We could not but thank God that his sufferings were over, feeling sure that he was at rest.'

After a little while it became necessary to move the body, and some European soldiers were sent for to lift the couch on which it lay. Before they did so, one of the party raised the sheet which covered the face of his beloved chief, and kissed him reverently on the forehead; then the others stooped down and did likewise; and, having so done, bore the body to the verandah. That evening it was buried, in a soldier's grave, with the corpses of four others who had fallen on that day; and so furious was the raging of the enemy at the time, that I believe not a single officer of the garrison saw the remains of his beloved General lowered into the grave. But there was not one amongst them who did not feel that he best did honour to the dead by following his great example, and being found ever at his post.

Rough and imperfect as is this brief sketch of Sir Henry Lawrence's career, I hope that it has in some measure set forth the character of the man, and the sources of his greatness. It will not, I trust, be long before a life so eminently that of a 'Christian Warrior'—a life so fitted to encourage

younger man would have done under the effects of the wound. . . . The little that could be done to alleviate pain and to smooth his passage to the grave, I did for him, and delighted should I have been had I been able to do more.'

and sustain in well-doing, by the beauty of its example—will be fully written by one far more capable than I am of doing justice to the theme.* What Wordsworth wrote, Lawrence acted. The ideal portrait of the 'Christian Warrior,' which the one had drawn, was ever before the other as an exemplar. He read it often; he thought of it continually; he quoted it in his writings. He tried to conform his own life and to assimilate his own character to it: and he succeeded, as all men succeed who are truly in earnest. But if I were asked what especially it was that more than all perfected the picture of his character, I should say that it was the glow of romance that flushed it all as with a glory from above. There was in all that he did a richness and tenderness of sentiment that made it not only good but beautiful. He used to say—and nothing was ever said more truly—'It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life.' No words can express better than his own what I wish to say in this place, for no words can more clearly set forth what it was that made the peculiar greatness of the man. 'The quality,' he wrote in 1844,† 'variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind, to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on

* It is understood that Sir Herbert Edwardes has been engaged for some years upon a 'Life of Henry Lawrence.' It will assuredly be worthy of the subject.

† Article, 'Romance and Reality of Indian Life,' in the fourth number of the *Calcutta Review*.

the young especially, that, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable vision of romance; "but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!" Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' And truly upon Henry Lawrence this light beamed more and more until the perfect day dawned upon him, and his work was accomplished upon earth.

I do not think that I shall be accused of partiality or exaggeration if I say that, looking not so much at what he did as at what he was, the future historian of India will place him second to none in the great descriptive roll of her Heroes. For perhaps in no one, who has lived and died to maintain in good repute our great Anglo-Indian Empire, shall we find so lustrous a combination of ennobling and endearing qualities. Few men, at any time and in any country, have been at once so admired and so beloved.

People of all kinds speak of him with an enthusiasm which has so much of personal affection in it, that it seems sometimes as if the world were full of his private friends. And yet many who thus spoke of him had never seen him in the flesh. Those who knew him, and knew him well, and had been in habits of intimacy with him, were ever as proud of his friendship as Fulke Greville was of the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney. He had some points of resemblance to Sydney, but there were also characteristic divergences; and if we could conceive a fusion of a Sydney and a Cromwell, we might arrive nearly at a just conception of the character of Henry Lawrence. He was very chivalrous and tender; he was courteous, but he was not courtly; he had profound religious convictions, and in the hour of difficulty and danger he communed with his God, and felt that, whether the issue were life or death, it was all for the best. But the ruggedness of Henry Lawrence was all on the outer side; he was personally one of the most gentle, loving, and compassionate of men; and, in his relations with the great world around him, he was essentially charitable and forbearing. There was no iconoclasm in his nature. He grieved over the errors which were ever patent before him; but he had a great pity for those who professed them, and it was his desire rather to persuade than to break.

I might add to these feeble words many tributes of others, but they press upon me in such numbers that I know not how to select. I cannot forget, however, that when a great meeting was held in London to do honour to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence, Lord Stanley, who had

visited him in India, threw a wreath upon his bier bright with the flowers of unquestionable truth. 'Sir Henry Lawrence,' he said, 'rose to eminence step by step, not by favour of any man, certainly not by subserviency either to ruling authorities or to popular ideas, but simply by the operation of that natural law which in troubled times brings the strongest mind, be it where it may, to the post of highest command. I knew Sir Henry Lawrence six years ago. Travelling in the Punjab, I passed a month in his camp, and it then seemed to me, as it does now, that his personal character was far above his career, eminent as that career has been. If he had died a private and undistinguished person, the impress of his mind would still have been left on all those who came personally into contact with him. I thought him, as far as I could judge, sagacious and far-seeing in matters of policy; and I had daily opportunity of witnessing, even under all the disadvantages of a long and rapid journey, his constant assiduity in the despatch of business. But it was not the intellectual qualities of the man which made upon me the deepest impression. There was in him a rare union of determined purpose, of moral as well as physical courage, with a singular frankness and courtesy of demeanour which was something more than we call courtesy; for it belonged not to manners but to mind—a courtesy shown equally to Europeans and natives. Once know him, and you could not imagine him giving utterance to any sentiment which was harsh, or petty, or self-seeking.' Another, who knew him well, and who had ever, like Lawrence, a large-hearted philanthropy, thus wrote of his

honoured friend: * 'Every Englishman will forgive me if I wander from my subject for a moment, to offer my humble tribute of affection to the man who, perhaps above all others, has done honour to the name of Englishman in India. To know Sir Henry was to love him. In 1853, when I was on my way to Lahore, and Sir Henry was leaving the Punjab, I had witnessed the unbounded regard which all classes displayed to his person. During my term of office at Lahore, I had occasion, in the discharge of my public duty, to prosecute and bring to punishment men who owed their appointments to Sir Henry's favour. Instead of resentment, he honoured me with increased regard, acknowledging that I had exercised a necessary severity. In March, 1857, at Agra, when on his way to take charge of his new duties as Chief Commissioner of Oude, I had much daily and unreserved intercourse with Sir Henry. I found him, as it were, ripening fast, alike for that goal of human glory which he was soon to attain, and for that sublimer change which so quickly awaited him. His heart seemed overflowing with Christian charity. I remember that, in returning a volume of *Memoirs of Bishop Sandford*, he wrote to call my attention to the following passage, which he had marked with a pencil: "My fears for those who retain a spirit of unforgiveness are overpowering. I will sincerely declare to you that I could not myself pray to God, or ask His pardon for my many transgressions, before I go to bed at night, with any comfort, or with any hope of being

* Charles Raikes—'Notes on the Revolt in the North-West Provinces.'

heard, unless I were conscious that I did from my heart forgive as I ask to be forgiven." (Vol. ii. pp. 106-7.) When next I met him, as we walked to the early church service (it was the time of Lent), he poured out his heart on the beautiful topic of Christian forgiveness, adding, that he had sent a copy of the extract above quoted to a distinguished officer, once his friend, who had taken deep offence at some public act of Sir Henry's. For every child that he met in my own family, in the missionary or other public schools, he had a word of kindness or encouragement. Incidentally he told me that the secret of his ability to support those public institutions with which his name will for ever be associated, was to be found in his abstinence to the utmost from all sorts of personal expense.' One more tribute must be cited, because it comes from one with a fine sense of the heroic, who had never been within the reach of the personal influence of the soldier-statesman, and who merely recorded what all men said: 'What a grand heroic mould that mind was cast in! What a pure type of the Christian soldier! From what I have heard of Henry Lawrence, of his natural infirmities, of his immense efforts to overcome them; of his purity of thought, of his charity, of his love, of the virtues which his inner life developed as he increased in years; of his devotion to duty, to friendship, and to Heaven; I am led to think that no such exemplar of a truly good man can be found in the ranks of the servants of any Christian State in the latter ages of this world.' *

Of the loss that he was to India no tongue can speak in words equal to the occasion. 'There is not, I am sure,'

* William Russell's 'Diary in India.'

said Lord Canning, 'An Englishman in India who does not regard the loss of Sir Henry Lawrence, in the present circumstances of the country, as one of the heaviest of public calamities. There is not, I believe, a native of the provinces where he has held authority, who will not remember his name as that of a friend and generous benefactor to the races of India.' He had, indeed, above all Indian statesmen whom I have known, a large-hearted sympathy with the natives of India, which caused him to regard with equal justice and benignity the relations of the great British Empire with both the people of our own territories and the Princes of the independent or tributary States. It is probable that, in the limited space at my disposal, I have not sufficiently illustrated his political opinions; and it has been my object to avoid controversial topics. But I may mention here that Lord Canning wrote to him that he had always heard that he was a friend of the 'blue blood,' and Lawrence did not seek to deny it. He believed that sound policy, based upon a conformity with the genius of the nation, equally with abstract notions of justice, taught us to adhere to the spirit of our treaties, to support the native Princes, and to maintain the aristocracy of the country. One who had known him all his life, who had served with him in the Punjab, and had risen to high honour by following in his footsteps, wrote to me, saying: 'His whole energies were devoted to the amelioration of his fellow-creatures, whether black or white. He showed the deepest feelings of compassion and tenderness towards the nobles and chiefs who, having fought for their country, had lost it, and came under our rule. He knew how difficult it was for

them to at once fall into the ways of our Government, and he sympathized with the brave soldiers whom our army supplanted and left without provision. He felt, whilst exercising his own feelings of benevolence, he was best serving his Government, and he had the faculty of influencing all around him, and those who served under him, with the same spirit. This was very striking; and who can tell what an importance this was, what his philanthropy did in turning the tide of the Punjabees in our favour in 1857. I believe that his spirit, and the spirit he inculcated, did much towards their loyalty and devotion to us. . . . He was always known amongst us as the Howard of the Punjab. I do not think a day ever passed that he did not visit the gaol where he happened to be. He dropped in at all hours, and the advanced state of gaol management, at an early period of our rule in the Punjab, was mainly owing to him. After a party at Government House of an evening, it was a common thing for him to say to the gentlemen, "I am going down to the gaol; come with me and see the prisoners." And down all would go, he leading the way, and whilst going through the wards at midnight, he was discussing gaol matters, and how best to provide for their better care and reformation. It was impossible for those under him to be with him and not catch some of his spirit.'

There is a monument to his memory in the great metropolitan Cathedral of St Paul; but the grandest monument of all is to be found in the Asylums which bear his name.

GENERAL NEILL.

[BORN 1810.—DIED 1857.]

OF the heroic lives, which I have hitherto endeavoured to illustrate in these pages, not one has represented the career of a soldier pure and simple. I have written of men, soldiers by profession, bearing military rank; men who had learned the theory and practice of war; who had seen great armies in motion; who had faced the danger of battle and had died by the hand of the enemy; but who, since the days of their youth, had been but little surrounded by the ordinary accompaniments of regimental life. They were diplomatists, indeed, rather than soldiers. But diplomacy is rougher work in the East than in the West. It exposes a man to all the dangers of military life, and often without its protections. It sends him on detached and dangerous service, to face, alone and unsupported, a barbarous enemy, and at all times renders him a conspicuous mark for the malice of revengeful antagonists. In such diplomatic or 'political' employment as this, the servants of the East India Company were enabled, when in the early vigour of their years, before their health had been wasted or their energies broken by long exposure to

the severities of the climate, to attain to high and responsible office, and perhaps to some irregular command. But in the purely military service, the inexorable necessities of the seniority system seldom permitted men to rise to high command until they had lost their capacity for it. Exceptions there were; but this was the rule. So it has happened that the names most distinguished in Indian history are the names of men who, reared as soldiers, have divested themselves of the trammels of military life, and sought service altogether independent of the chances of regimental promotion.

But I am about now to write of one who was all in all a soldier—who, not wanting capacity for the performance of these other duties, clung resolutely to the 'great profession' of arms; one, who so loved that profession, that he suffered no allurements to detach him from it; and who lived and died with its harness on his back. Strong in the faith that his time would come, he waited patiently for his opportunity; and it came at last.

James George Neill, the eldest son of a Scotch gentleman of good family—Colonel Neill of Barnweill and Swendridgemuir in Ayrshire—was born on the 26th of May, 1810, in the neighbourhood of Ayr. From his very childhood he evinced a fearlessness and independence of spirit which promised well for his future career. He was not yet five years old, when he absented himself one morning from home, and excited considerable alarm in the household by his disappearance. He had been absent for many hours, when his father observed him coming with leisurely composure homeward, across a long dangerous

embankment which confined the water of Barnweill Loch. His father went to meet him, and anxiously asked, 'Where have you been, Jamie?' 'Well,' replied the boy, 'I just thought I'd like to take a long walk and look at all things as I went on, see, and see whether I could get home by myself! *And I have done it,*' he added, proudly; 'and now I am to have no more nursery-maids running after me—I can manage myself.' His father said that he was right; and from that day the surveillance of nurses was withdrawn; and it was felt that Jamie might safely be left to look after himself.

He received his education at an academy in his native town, until at the age of fifteen he was removed to the Glasgow University. It was then intended that he should be trained for the law; but young Jamie had no taste for such a profession, or indeed for a sedentary life of any kind. He was active and robust; a stout walker, an intrepid horseman, a sure marksman; and he was eager to be a soldier. At that time, the Burmese war was attracting no little attention in Great Britain; and our youngsters, inspired by the marvellous pictures of grand battles upon elephant-back in a country of magnificent pagodas, which were widely diffused at the time, burned to take part in the affray. James Neill, among others, was hot for Indian service. He said that India was the only country in which distinction could be won. So his father wisely resolved to gratify his wishes, and obtained a cadetship for him. He was not yet seventeen, when, in January, 1827, he sailed for Madras. Sir Thomas Munro, who was then Governor of that Presidency, had married a relative of Colonel Neill.

He took the boy by the hand, and caused him to be appointed to the First European Regiment.

Having quickly learnt the elements of his profession, young Neill devoted himself to his regimental duties, not only as one who was resolute to do what was demanded from him, but as one also who took the deepest interest in his work. The regiment, to which he had been posted, was one which had earned distinction on many fields, and which, being one of the very few European corps in the Company's service, was well-nigh sure to go to the front in any new operations on that side of India. But for a while there was profound peace in all parts of the country, and the strenuous realities of active service were only to him as dreams of the future. In the details of regimental duty, however, he found abundant occupation. The Madras European Regiment was stationed during his first years of service, at Masulipatam; and the young subaltern acquitted himself so well that he was made Fort Adjutant, a post which he held until the corps marched to Kamptee. There the zeal and ability he displayed soon recommended him for employment on the regimental Staff, and he was appointed Quartermaster, and afterwards Adjutant, of the Madras Europeans. In the latter situation his fine soldierly qualities had much scope for exercise and development. It is hard to say how much not only the discipline but the happiness of a regiment depends upon the personal character of the Adjutant. Lieutenant Neill was not a man to look upon the soldier merely as an animated machine. He had the tenderest regard for the best interests of his men; and strove with all his might to reform their habits

by instituting a better system of internal economy than that which in those days commonly obtained in our army. He did, indeed, almost all that, in these latter times, our Sanitary Commissions are wont to recommend for the improvement of the health, the happiness, and the moral character of the soldier. Whilst subjecting to proper regulation the sale of intoxicating liquors to the European soldier, he endeavoured to withdraw the ordinary inducements and temptations to hard drinking which too commonly beset him. By providing him with healthy occupation and harmless amusement he did much to improve the morality and the efficiency of the regiment. Adult schools and workshops were established; athletic exercises of different kinds were promoted; and in all these things the personal encouragement and example of Lieutenant Neill did much to secure their success.

Whilst still in the zealous performance of these duties, sustained and cheered by the thought of the good he was doing, Adjutant Neill took to himself a wife. On the 31st of October, 1835, he married Isabella, daughter of Colonel Warde, of the 5th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then employed in the 'Political Department,' as Assistant to the Resident at Nagpore. A soldier's daughter, she was fit to be a soldier's wife. And from that time forth, for more than twenty years, in war or in peace, in storm or in sunshine, he had not a thought which was not in some way associated with his 'dearest Isy.'

But the climate of India and the work—for he was one

who never spared himself—were beginning to make themselves felt; and Neill felt that the time was approaching when it would be necessary for him to seek renovated health from the fresh breezes of his native country. Two years after his marriage (1837) he obtained leave of absence to Europe for three years, and soon recovered all the strength and elasticity which he had lost beneath the Eastern sun. But the peace in which India had for some years been lapped, was now again about to be disturbed. There were rumours of the great movement into Central Asia, which afterwards took the substantive shape of the Afghan war. Panting for active service, and unwilling to lose even a remote chance of employment (and remote it ever was, for the Bengal and Bombay regiments were well-nigh certain to be those engaged with the enemy), Neill determined, as soon as our measures were fairly shaped, to return to India long before the expiration of his leave. He returned in 1839, volunteered more than once for service in Afghanistan, but could not obtain the great boon that he so eagerly sought. But he had a fast friend in Sir Robert Dick, who was most desirous of serving him, and who eventually obtained for him an appointment on the General Staff as 'Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Ceded Districts.'

This appointment he held for some years, during the earlier portion of which he devoted his leisure to the work of writing a history of the distinguished regiment to which he belonged. It was published in 1843, under the title of an *Historical Record of the Madras European Regiment.* It is an excellent example of the class of literature to which it belongs—an elaborate monograph, exhaustive and com-

plete—following the regiment from its very cradle up to the time in which he wrote. But his official duties were ever his first care; and they were so well performed that he received the repeated thanks of the General commanding the circle to which he was attached; and he would probably have risen in time to the highest place in his department, if he had not sought rather opportunities of serving in the field. An opportunity came at last. The second Burmese war commenced. Neill hastened to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on service; but on his way he was met by the announcement that he had been appointed Adjutant-General of the Madras troops under Sir Scudamore Steele. That war nearly cost him his life.

Of some of his Burmese experiences he has given an interesting and characteristic account in a letter to his cousin, Mr Andrew Brisbane Neill. It exhibits in a striking point of view the independence and self-reliance of his nature, the resolute determination at all hazards to do what was right. For the good of the soldiers under him he was prepared even to face the frowns of superior military authority. 'I was left at Rangoon to look after the Madras troops,' he wrote on the 8th of April, 1854. 'There was much to be done putting down these insurrections near Thurygyeen, Bassein, &c. There was no time to refer matters, and no one who could act; so I set to work, and did everything, issuing the usual orders as from Sir John Cheape, and he was very much pleased that everything was well done. I went on the plan to go at any fellow who showed his nose or a tip of it. I went at him at once. I rather made a

mistake in sending too large a force against Nga Pyo, but our information had it that he was strongly entrenched and blockaded. I arranged that his position should be attacked on opposite quarters at the same time by troops moved simultaneously from Pegu and Thurygyeen. The fellow would not stand when it came to the push, but retired into the hills; our parties, however, entered his position at the points ordered. The same moment the fellow was followed into the hills by twenty of our men and a party of the Pegu Light Infantry, and although not taken, his party was dispersed, and all his luggage and plunder taken. At Bassein we tried another dodge, which is the best. Small parties were sent out. Shuldham of the 24th had ten artillerymen doing duty as infantry, and eight lambs, and a company of the 19th. The Burmese met him and caught it handsomely —the plan is to encourage them to stand, by sending there few men. Nga Pyo had again shown his nose, and a Company of the 30th Native Infantry, and some fifteen or twenty Europeans, were ordered by me, before I left, to go at him from Thurygyeen. I expect to hear they have done for him. Backed in this way, our Sepoys will fight the Burmese well, but by themselves they have no chance. Jack Burmah is a superior animal, thoroughly despises the Sepoy—the Bengal most, on account of his giving himself airs about caste. A parcel of Bengal Sepoys are cooking their rice, the circle described all right and proper, a few Burmese looking on at a distance laughing and cracking their jokes; when the Bengalee has all but got the food ready, up walks one or two in a promiscuous manner, and down they squat with their sterns right in the

circle. The row commences, and the Sepoys get well thrashed. Our Madras fellows get on better, as they have no caste compared with the others. I go home on the new regulations. . I have not had time, at present, to understand them, but merely pulverize them as I think it right to do, not having any confidence in the Government. I have had a shindy with the Commissariat Department, who are attempting to dodge our European soldiers out of European boots and blankets. . . . I have had a wigging from the Commander-in-Chief expressing his Excellency's disapprobation of my reflecting on the Commissariat. However, as the want of the European boots and blankets—both of which have been ordered by the Government, and have not been supplied by their servants—will cause sickness and mortality among our European troops—indeed, has already caused it, and destroys their efficiency, and as the Governor-General is most anxious for the comfort and welfare of the European soldiers, I have taken the liberty of handing up the whole matter to his Lordship, and I have no doubt "he will know the reason why" these things are not supplied. I have been thoroughly disgusted with the indifference evinced on these important subjects, and have not as yet stuck at a trifle in obtaining redress, and getting things put to rights.'

But constant work and exposure, in a bad climate, nearly destroyed Neill, as it utterly destroyed others. Some of our finest officers were killed by strokes of the sun, and he well-nigh shared the same fate. He was struck down; the fall shattered him greatly, and for some time he was so torn by brain fever that there was small hope for his life. But

by God's good providence he recovered sufficiently to be placed on board a screw-steamer then proceeding to England. 'It would have been better,' he wrote in a letter above quoted, dated from the Elphinstone Hotel, Madras, 'if I had left Burmah and gone home some time since; however, I hope yet on the voyage home, when I shall be free from all bother, to make up for all the injury I may have sustained. I have been very fortunate in all my proceedings in Burmah, have given satisfaction to the Governor-General, and have been much flattered by his conduct towards me. Had it been possible for me to remain there, I should have either been at the head of the Staff or in some important appointment. I have fortunately had much to do, requiring me to act at once and with decision during the absence of Sir J. Cheape, and I have been lucky enough to do what was right. . . . I owe my recovery and life to the extreme care, attention, and kindness of Dr Davidson. Had I been his brother he could not have done more for me.'

He reached England in the month of June, and was soon making rapid strides towards the complete recovery of his health. But the rest which he had promised himself was not in store for him. The war with Russia commenced. England was alive with the bustle and excitement of preparation for a great campaign. The formation of an Anglo-Turkish contingent—a Turkish force disciplined and commanded by English officers—was one of the auxiliary measures decreed by the British Government. Then the services

of officers of the East India Company—men who had done work in their day, who were skilled in the discipline and command of irregular levies, capable of enduring hardships and privations, rough-and-ready fellows of the best kind—came suddenly into demand. And not only was there need of these, but need also of men who had seen in India large bodies of all arms in combination, and who had within them, seeking opportunity of development, the faculty of military organization. General Vivian,* who had been Adjutant-General of the Madras Army, was selected to command the Anglo-Turkish force, and Colonel Neill was appointed his second in command. The opportunity was one for which he had longed. It was the desire of his soul to break through the trammels of the seniority system, which had kept him down, and to have full scope for the exercise of the power which he knew was within him—the power of successfully commanding large bodies of troops in the field. For this he was willing to resign the pleasures of home and the delights of domestic life; so he at once placed his services at the disposal of Government, and prepared himself to embark for Constantinople. 'You will be not a little surprised to hear from me here *en route* to the Crimea,' he wrote to a friend, on the 3rd of April, 1855. 'On the formation of the Turkish Contingent, I was asked if I wished to serve. I lost no time in saying "yes," leaving rank, pay, &c., entirely to the Government. I have never bothered them on the subject. My only request has been, "Give me the highest command my rank will admit

* Now Sir Robert Vivian, K.C.B., Colonel of the Royal Madras Fusiliers, and member of the Council of India.

of. I stand next to General Vivian on the list of Company's officers. There is, I believe, great play making on the part of the Madras men for commands, and I have no influence or interest. I go out as a Colonel on the Staff. I had my passage as senior officer ordered in the *Victory* steamer from Portsmouth; but they were so dilatory in getting her ready, that I applied on Saturday afternoon to be allowed to go *viâ* Marseilles in order to get to Constantinople sooner. The reply was from the War Office: "As Colonel Neill is General Vivian's second-in-command, it is of importance he should be at Constantinople as soon as possible: he is to go *viâ* Marseilles." This I saw in writing, but it is strange none of us are yet gazetted, nor can we find out what commands we are to have. I asked one man in office: he let out inadvertently, "Oh, you are to have a division," but I can get nothing more. . . . I shall be about the first man out at my post, and if spared, you may depend upon it I will do something. I consider myself most fortunate . . . it is an opportunity of seeing service and acquiring professional knowledge that will stand me in good stead hereafter.'

On his arrival in Turkey, Colonel Neill was appointed to command a division stationed in camp at Bayukdere, on the Bosphorus, where he remained for some time, exerting himself, with good success, to reduce his men to a state of efficiency and discipline. He spoke of the Turkish soldiers as being 'good and steady, very smart under arms, and painstaking to a degree.' But from the performance of these congenial duties he was soon called away. In another part of the Turkish force, for the discipline of which English officers were responsible, there was a chronic state of

irregularity of the worst kind. The Bashi-Bazoukhs, commanded by General Beatson, were displaying all the violence and rapacity of their kind, little, if at all, restrained by the presence of their English officers. When intelligence of their excesses reached Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, he determined to inquire into them; and on the 27th of July, Neill was directed to repair to the Embassy, to receive instructions relative to the coming investigation. Full powers were given him to act as he might think best, and he was nominated President of the Military Commission formed to try the offenders. The Commission, which was composed partly of British officers and partly of Turkish officials, lost no time in commencing proceedings, and on the 28th of July two men were tried for desertion, and for having been concerned in the plunder of a treasure party. They were found guilty, and sentenced to receive, each, five hundred lashes, which were administered 'with a stick to the enlivening strains of a quick march played by a band of music,' according to the military customs of the country, when punishment is inflicted upon a culprit. This severe and sudden punishment produced good effects.

I have no inclination to enter into the history of General Beatson and the Bashi-Bazoukhs, which elicited a vast mass of official correspondence and a bundle of controversial pamphlets, distinguished by no little asperity. It is enough to record here that General Neill obtained a clear insight into the character of the Bashi-Bazoukhs, and the proper mode of dealing with them. 'In the Sultan's time,' he wrote, 'when called out, they got two pounds of grain a

day, often not that, no forage for horse, and no pay. They were expected to live by plunder. We give them daily rations, forage, and monthly pay. General Beatson ought, at first, to have checked their plundering propensities, but by his conduct, he did the reverse—he allowed his men to leave their camp at all times armed to the teeth with pistols. No man carries less than two, always loaded. They ride into the town, and take anything they fancy, sometimes throw down a tenth of its value to the shopkeeper, and if he objects, it is either abuse, a licking, or out with the pistol and bang at him. In the country about they ride into gardens and vineyards, turn the horses loose to feed, pull and carry away the grapes, plunder the folds and flocks, take food and grain from the people, and ravish the women. All this has been proved beyond a doubt at the Court of Inquiry. The country people are deserting their properties, and the respectable families of this town have left and gone over to the European side: shops are all shut. General Beatson will not believe it—all lies, as he says—Russian intrigue, French hostility, &c.'

Neill thought that with a fair system of discipline these unruly Bashis could be converted into splendid troops, and he expressed a detailed opinion to this effect, for which he received the thanks of the ambassador at Constantinople. Lord Stratford sent a despatch to General Beatson—'copy of which,' wrote Neill, 'he sends to me—in which, in the name of her Majesty's Government, he calls upon him to act at once according to my recommendations and put down excesses, or adhere to his resolution and resign the command into my hands. He also adds his testimony in favour of the

soundness of my recommendations, and the discretion and calmness in the performance of a different duty, &c. This is satisfactory, as showing that I am all right. . . . I feel, if required to do it, *quite* equal to bringing the Bashi-Bazoukhs into order, and making excellent light cavalry of them—if not required to do so, I return to my infantry division none the worse for the experience and general insight into the service.'

But neither with the Bashi-Bazoukhs, nor with his own infantry division, was the hope which he had so long entertained of doing active service in the field doomed to anything but disappointment. Sebastopol was taken. The war was brought to a close; and there was no further need of the services of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent. 'The play is now up,' he wrote from Yenikale on the 9th of April, 1856, 'and it has certainly been provoking that we have been kept back and thrust out of the way; however, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have succeeded admirably in organizing this Contingent.* . . . . I have seldom seen men who move better, and are more easily handled in the field; at ball practice they are first rate. During the winter, when we were several times threatened, the fellows turned out in the highest possible spirits.

* One great secret of Neill's success in the organization and management of his force was the firm adherence to a determination to have as officers 'none but men fit for the work.' 'I have,' he wrote in one of his letters, 'got, no doubt, into great disgrace by being too strict. Twelve officers have been obliged to leave my division. I went at high game, for one Brigadier-General, three Lieut.-Colonels, and three Majors were among those who went very soon.'

Whether the force will be kept up remains to be seen. The French will be averse to it, as giving us so much more influence. The Sultan is anxious to have British officers to organize his army, and the report is that they will be lent to him. I, of course, will stay if the Government and Company will allow it. It is a grand thing for me to have the rank and position, and if—as they all say it will be—confirmed, I may return to India for a short time, only to some high command. My object has been, in coming out here, to gain rank, and if I have been debarred getting it in front of the enemy it is no fault of mine.'

The Anglo-Turkish Contingent was broken up, and Colonel Neill returned to England. Then came a brief, happy period of home-life. The entries in his journal, short but regular, exhibit him in the full enjoyment of tranquil domestic pleasures. He resided with his wife and children in Scotland—sometimes paying visits with the former to his friends and neighbours; sometimes attending national gatherings; and when the shooting season commenced, going out with his gun—perhaps more for exercise than for sport. During this period he was in frequent correspondence with the official authorities on the trouble-business of General Beatson and the Bashi-Bazoukhs; but any annoyance that this might have occasioned him was more than compensated by the kindness of some of the Directors of the East India Company, who expressed their willingness to provide for his sons. Mr Mangles gave him a cadetship for one of his boys, and Mr Prinsep for another.

Early in November he went to London, visited the India House about his leave, and after a few busy days

there set out with his wife on a round of visits to friends in the home counties. From Westerham, where they were the guests of Mrs Neill's cousin, Mr Wade, of Squerryes, they went to Reading, thence to Bath and Cheltenham. From the latter place he went to the neighbourhood of Neath in South Wales, where he spent a few pleasant days with some members of his wife's family, and on the 10th of December returned to town. After a few days, he left London with his family, by the North-Western Railway, *en route* for the North, parting from them at Warrington; and whilst they journeyed on to Carlisle, he struck off to Liverpool, thence to visit some friends in the Isle of Man, thence to Whitehaven by water, and thence on to Carlisle to rejoin his circle at Swindridge. On Christmas-day he dined very happily, with all his family about him—'a happy family gathering,' he wrote in his journal, 'of every member of it. Can we ever expect to meet again on another Christmas-day?' Never. But there were still a few more happy weeks for him. January passed, and the first half of February, and he was still surrounded by his family. On the 16th of the latter month, the bitter hour of parting came; and Neill tore himself from all he loved. There was some necessary business to be done in London, and the steamer was to leave Southampton on the 20th.

The voyage to India was not an eventful one. Early on Sunday, the 29th of March, the steamer entered the Madras Roads. 'Go to Mount-road Chapel with Gillilian' is the first record in his journal after his arrival; the next

is, 'Find that I can get off to Bushire soon.' His regiment had gone to the Persian Gulf, where the British expedition under Sir James Outram was operating with successful vigour; and Neill was eager to join without a moment of unnecessary delay. He was vexed that he had not received an information at Galle that it would be better for him to stop there and proceed thence to Bombay. But on the 6th of April telegraphic intelligence arrived to the effect that the war was at an end. It was then well-nigh certain that the Madras Fusiliers would return to the Presidency. So this chance of service was gone. Another week, and there is the first mention in his journal of 'the bad feeling in the Bengal Army.' Then on the 20th of April, 'The Fusilier vessels signalled this morning.' It was an exciting moment for him; for he was to take command of the regiment on its arrival, as the senior officer was compelled to proceed to England in broken health. 'I find,' he wrote in his journal, 'that I shall have some work in hand to keep all square in the Fusiliers. I shall require to exercise great discretion, keep my own counsel, always act honestly, fairly, and for the good of the Service only, and all will be right. Go down to beach and see Fusiliers land—a very fine healthy body of men, fully equal to any regiment I have ever seen.' On the 28th, Colonel Stevenson made over to him the command of the regiment; and he began his business with all earnestness at once.

And so he went on, for a fortnight, taking the utmost pains to explain to all the officers under him the system upon which he intended to proceed; wisely counselling the younger officers, and in one especial instance, in which he

more than suspected a dangerous addiction to strong drink, endeavouring to reclaim the offender by inviting him to live with him in the same house. By kindness, blended with the firmest resolution, in all his dealings both with officers and men, he was rapidly gaining an ascendancy over the regiment, when news came from Calcutta that Northern India was in a blaze. Colonel Neill had just made his arrangements for a permanent residence in Madras, when he was summoned to proceed immediately to Bengal. 'Receive from Spurgin,' he wrote in his journal, under date May 16, 'accounts that he has secured me a house. At eleven P.M. receive orders from Adjutant-General to hold the regiment in readiness to embark, fully equipped—for service. Warn regimental staff and heads of companies to set to work early in the morning. Hear that a telegraph is in from Calcutta, giving bad accounts from Meerut and Delhi, that our Bengal Native Army is in a state of mutiny.' The opportunity, so long and patiently waited for, had come at last.

And Neill knew that it had come. There was something within him which told him clearly and distinctly, beyond the reach of all inward questionings and misgivings, that much was demanded of him, and that he was equal to the occasion. He was so sure of this, that he did not hesitate to express his conviction that no responsibility could descend upon him, however heavy, the burden of which he was not capable of bearing; and this not boastfully, but with a quiet, assured feeling of self-reliance, and something of a prophetic insight into the future. 'He was sitting with me,' writes a friend, 'in my little office-room shortly before

he left for Bengal, talking over sundry professional matters, when he incidentally, and as it were half meditatively, remarked on the great service his Crimean experience had been to him professionally. He said, "It has been the making of me, for I now feel fully equal to any extent of professional employment or responsibility which can ever devolve on me." Thinking the speech savoured somewhat of self-esteem, I looked up inquiringly at him, but was speedily convinced that nothing was further from his thoughts than boasting. His expression was calm and thoughtful, and his eyes fixed, as if peering into that future which was soon to verify the justice and sincerity of his estimate of his own character. I never saw him again to speak to, but I never forgot the deep impression his words made on me, strengthened as it subsequently was by his too short but brilliant career in Bengal—not too short for his own fame and his country's good.'

'We embarked in excellent order,' wrote Neill from Calcutta at the end of May, 'early on the morning of the 18th, and arrived here on the afternoon of the 23rd. . . . Our passage up was very favourable, until one of the boilers burst; but with no harm to any one, though it brought us down to half-speed at once. I landed soon, and saw the Military Secretary to Government and the Deputy-Quarter-master-General, and made all arrangements to start off the men I had brought up by steamers to Benares. However, next day there was a change. Only one hundred and thirty men went up the country by steamer, and the rest I am starting off by train.'

But this was not accomplished without an incident,

which soon proved to the people of Bengal that the Madras officer had the right stuff in him, and that he was eminently the man for the crisis. The story has been often told before. It shall be told here in his own words. 'The terminus,' he wrote, 'is on the bank of the river, almost opposite the fort, at Howrah. There is a landing-place and jetty. The train was to start at 8.30 P.M. My men were all on board flats in the river, where they were cool and comfortable, and out of the way of mischief. When a party of one hundred men were intended to go by train, the flat on which they were was hauled into the jetty. On the night on which the second party left, the flat was hauled in, but there was a squall, and consequent delay. The railway people on shore gave no assistance. As we neared the jetty, jack-in-office station-master called out to me very insolently that I was late, and that the train would not wait for me a moment. He would send it off without me. A little altercation ensued. Our men were landed by their officers, and went, making the best of their way up to the carriages. The fellow was still insolent, and threatened to start the train; so I put him under charge of a sergeant's guard, with orders not to allow him to move, until I gave permission. The other officials were equally threatening and impertinent. One gentleman told me that I might command a regiment, but that I did not command them; they had authority there, and that he would start the train without my men. I then placed a guard over the engineer and stoker, got all my men safely into the train, and then released the railway people. Off went the train—only ten minutes after time. . . I told the gentlemen that their conduct was that of

traitors and rebels, and fortunate it was for them that *I* had not to deal with them. The matter has been brought to the notice of Government. I have heard nothing more than that Lord Canning thinks I did what was right; and the railway people are now most painfully civil and polite. It is given out that there was never an instance known of the railway officials being interfered with, far less made prisoners, except once in Ireland, in the Smith O'Brien affair, by Sir E. Blakeney.'

Having started the whole of his regiment, Colonel Neill made all haste, by horse dawk, to Benares, which he reached on the 3rd of June. He found that some seventy men of his own regiment had arrived, and that in addition to these there were a hundred and twenty men of her Majesty' 10th Foot, and thirty European artillerymen, with thre guns. The native force consisted of the 37th Sepoy Regiment, a regiment of Irregular Cavalry, and the Sikh regiment of Loodhianah. In all the country, perhaps, there was not a spot to which more anxious eyes were turned; for it was the very nursery and hotbed of Hindooism — the great home of the Brahmin priesthood. The British authorities were alive to the danger by which they were surrounded, but it seemed to them that the safest course was to appear not to suspect it. Even when news came of the mutiny of the 17th Regiment at Azimgurh, only some sixty miles distant, the Brigadier hesitated to disarm at once the 37th Regiment, whose fidelity, in this juncture, was doubtful. Against delay Neill vigorously protested; and succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Brigadier to an immediate

afternoon parade.* Soon after five o'clock the European troops were assembled. Colonel Neill was not the senior officer present on that parade; but he was soon compelled to take the command. The senior officer was Brigadier Ponsonby, who, sixteen or seventeen years before, as a Captain of Native Cavalry, had covered himself with glory on the field of Purwan-durrah, when his regiment turned their backs on the Afghan horsemen, in their last charge, under Dost Mahomed.† His health had for some time been fail-

* The story is thus told in an official narrative drawn up by Mr Taylor, joint-magistrate of Jaunpoor: 'None could now doubt that a crisis was near at hand; and on June 4th, a council (both civil and military) was called to debate the question of disarming the 37th Native Infantry. It was still sitting when a Sowar arrived with the news of the mutiny at Azungurh. This decided the question, and it was arranged that next morning the civilians should assemble at the Collector's kutchery, whilst the 37th was paraded and disarmed. The debate had been very full, and the decision deliberate: yet the civilians had scarce reached their homes when they were alarmed by the roar of the guns on the parade-ground. The whole plans were in vain. They had been frustrated by the following circumstances. It appears that as Brigadier Ponsonby was returning home after the council, he met Colonel Neill, who recommended him to disarm the corps at once. Disregarding all other considerations, on the spur of the moment he hurried to the parade-ground; the troops turned out, &c.' But I have a copy of a letter from Brigadier Ponsonby, in which it is stated that the recommendation in favour of immediate action came from Colonel Gordon. 'It then transpired,' he wrote, 'that the men of the 37th were much implicated, and Gordon advised that the regiment should be disarmed at once. After some discussion, I agreed. We had no time (it being between four and five P.M.) to lose, and but little arrangement could be made.'

† See *ante*, Memoir of Sir A. Burnes, pages 279, 280, vol. ii.

ing, and now the slant rays of the fierce June sun took terrible effect upon him, and he was struck down by *coup de soleil.*

It was intended to surprise the suspected regiment in their lines, and compel them to give up their arms. 'We were,' wrote Neill in a private letter, 'to have been joined by the Sikhs and cavalry, on the parade-ground of the 37th; but they were not up, so we pushed on. The 37th let us come close, keeping within their huts and places of arms, and fired a volley into us. There was some confusion at first. . . . I was nearly cut off, but got back again among my men, and got the lads into order. The Artillery fired grape, and the 37th were nearly silenced. Colonel Gordon had brought his Sikhs up; the guns were in the centre, our men protecting them; the 10th Foot on their right; the Sikhs on their left. I had arranged to clear the Sepoys' lines, that is, to drive them out, and follow them up to prevent mischief to the unprotected in the cantonment. I was just doing so, and had got my men into the Sepoys' huts, when there was an alarm about the guns. I was out of sight of them at the moment, but hastened towards them to see the Sikhs firing on our three guns, and our small protecting party of Fusiliers advancing to charge them. You may imagine my delight on seeing the Artillerymen bringing their guns to bear, and our lads firing steadily with effect. The Sikhs did not stand two rounds of grape, but broke and fled. . . . I continued the fight until all had fled, followed them up as far as I could, fired round-shot into them, and set fire to their lines. The consequence is, that not a woman or a child has been touched.' *

* It is generally believed that the Sikh regiment had no foregone

Having made all possible provision for the safety of the women and children and the general security of the place, Colonel Neill turned his thoughts, with anxious forebodings of evil, towards Allahabad, which lay some eighty miles in advance—an important civil and military station, situated at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, and often described as the 'key of the lower provinces' of Hindostan. Beyond a few men attached to the general Staff, there were no European soldiers in the place. The temper of the native soldiery was doubtful. The Sixth regiment of Sepoys had volunteered, with apparent enthusiasm, to march against the insurgents at Delhi. On the afternoon of the 6th of June, the regiment was assembled to hear a letter of thanks from the Governor-General read to them on parade. 'The

intention to mutiny. Mistaking the designs of the British officers, they fell into a panic, and the strong instinct of self-preservation urged them to fire, in self-defence, on their supposed enemies. The narrative already quoted says: 'The 37th was ordered to pile arms, and replied with a volley, to which the guns gave a speedy and efficient answer; but at this unhappy moment, Captain Olpherts, perceiving a movement among the Sikhs on his right, promptly turned the guns, and opened fire upon them. For some minutes the event was doubtful; thrice the rebels charged the guns, thrice were driven back with grape; the guns continued their destructive play; the mutineers wavered, and then broke and fled. Never was route so complete; a thousand armed men were flying from two hundred.' Further on the same narrative says: 'The Sikhs were brought out not knowing what was to be done; suddenly the guns on one side opened on the 37th, men, officers, and all; and on the other side the Irregular Cavalry began forcing into and abusing the Sikhs; then a bad character stepped forward and tried to shoot Colonel Gordon. The corps then mutinied; first fired into a group of young officers, and then charged the guns.'

men,' says the official account of these transactions, 'seemed highly pleased, and cheered loudly. The European officers were more than confirmed in their implicit reliance on the fidelity of their men; yet in three hours and a half this loyal cheer was changed for the shout of mutiny and murder.' On that night they rose upon their officers. There was a large gathering at the mess-house; and among the diners a number of cadets, recently arrived from England, mere schoolboys in age and manners. The mutineers fell suddenly upon them, and massacred nearly the whole party. Next morning the gates of the great gaols were thrown open, and three thousand ruffians let loose to aid in the 'work of blood and destruction.' The fort still, however, remained in our hands; but it was threatened both from within and from without, for the fidelity of the Sikh troops was doubtful, and the mutineers outside were preparing to invest the place.

But it was saved by the foresight and promptitude of Neill. Whilst yet the accounts from Allahabad were that 'all was well,' he had despatched a party of fifty men of the Fusiliers under Lieutenant Arnold, with orders to proceed by forced marches to Allahabad. On the morning of the 7th of June they arrived, wearied and exhausted, at Jhoosee, where the road from Benares met a bridge of boats, by which the river was crossed to Allahabad. The bridge was in the hands of the enemy; but there was a steamer off the fort, which, after some unaccountable delay, was sent to bring in the Fusiliers. On the 9th another detachment, which Neill had sent forward, made its timely appearance; and on the 11th, Neill himself, having made

over the command of Benares to Colonel Gordon, appeared, with further reinforcements, under the walls of Allahabad.

The energetic measures of Neill soon completed the work. His first step was to recover the bridge of boats, and to secure a safe passage for another party of the Fusiliers, which was pressing forward under Major Stephenson. This was on the 12th of June, the day after his arrival. On the 13th he swept the enemy out of the adjacent villages, where they were clustering in strength; and on the following day, a further body of Fusiliers having arrived, the Sikh corps was removed from the fort, and with it all remaining danger. 'At Allahabad,' wrote Lord Canning to the chairman of the East India Company, 'the 6th Regiment has mutinied, and fearful atrocities were committed by the people on Europeans outside the fort. But the fort has been saved. Colonel Neill, with nearly three hundred European Fusiliers, is established in it; and that point, the most precious in India at this moment, and for many years the one most neglected, is safe, thank God! A column,' added the Governor-General, 'will collect there (with all the speed which the means of conveyance will allow of), which Brigadier Havelock, just returned from Persia, will command.'

Of these events, Neill himself wrote, on the 21st of June, to a friend, saying: 'I have time to write you a few lines. As you may have heard, I have not been idle here. I have had it much my own way, that is, had the opportunity of doing all I thought best for the public service, and the emergency, and have been most wonderfully successful.

Thanks be to God for having upheld me in all, and never allowing me to be at a loss in many of the emergencies that have occurred. I have never asked advice; I have always acted on my own responsibility, duly considered everything, given my orders, and had no changes after I assumed command. At Benares, I was astonished at many of the civilians and others, after I had taken post for the night, peeping about and asking where the council of war was to be held, to decide what was to be done. I soon put a stop *to that nonsense*. I never allowed councils of war, would give my orders as to what was to be done, and desired no advice to be attempted to be given. I decided as to the choice of our position, and was particular in everything. I lost no time in posting on fifty men—all I could spare—under that gallant young officer, Arnold. They left by horse-dawk the night of the 5th (the night of the mutiny), they got in early next morning, and saved this in time. I pressed on as many as I could, followed myself with forty men—nearly cut off—took two days' hard work to do what was done in a night, got in in the forenoon, found Simpson besieged, had to make my way in by getting a boat by stealth from the rebel side; got my men in. Fancy my walking, at least one mile, through burning river sand; it nearly killed me. I only lived by having water dashed over me. When I got into the open boat, my umbrella was my only covering: two of our lads died of sunstroke in the boat: that I escaped is one of the greatest mercies. I found all wrong here: the Europeans almost cheered me when I came in. The salute of the sentries at the gate was, "Thank God, sir, you'll save us yet!" I set to work,

and thrashed the fellows from about the place; the heat was terrific. I could only send my troops, for I could not accompany them, though much required; but I sat more dead than alive in a choultry, where I could see and direct. God prospered us, and after four days the fellows took alarm. I had taken advantage of a steamer coming in, and sent a party with a gun in her up the Jumna, to attack it at all points: these completed it: the fellows sustained great loss, several of the leaders slain, they took panic one night and fled, and left behind them the two guns they had taken from Colonel Simpson the night of the mutiny. Cholera then suddenly attacked us, and the result was fearful; it has now left us but about one hundred cases and fifty odd deaths in a few hours and less than three days. The Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief give me too much praise; it belongs to the fine fellows I have had to do the work for me. We are getting in. I am collecting guns for a large force from here, and will have all ready soon. I am equipping a small force to push into Cawnpore, but it is difficult with no carriage to send on a force alone, on a road assailed by the enemy; but I shall do it. I have done my best to relieve Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, but could do no more; God help him! I feel assured he will hold on, for his has been a gallant defence; but how deplorable all to be taken in such a want of preparation, and to the last with so much *blind confidence* in the Sepoys.'

In another letter, written to his wife, he dwelt still more forcibly upon what he endured at this time. Only the strong resolute will sustained him, under a burden of suffer-

ing, which would have pressed down and utterly incapacitated a weaker man. 'I was quite done up,' he said, 'by my dash from Benares, and getting into the fort, in that noonday heat. I was so exhausted for days, that I was obliged to lie down constantly. I could only sit up for a few minutes at a time, and when our attacks were going on, I was obliged to sit down in the batteries and give my orders and directions. I had always the greatest confidence in myself, and although I felt almost dying from complete exhaustion, yet I kept up heart, and here I am, God be praised, as well as ever, only a little thinner. For several days I drank champagne and water to keep me up.'

On the morning of the last day of June, Havelock reached Allahabad, and breakfasted with Neill. They had much to say to each other—much of the past, much of the future. During the latter fortnight of the month that terrible visitation of Providence—the 'pestilence which walketh in the darkness,' of which Neill wrote in the letter above quoted, had assailed the Europeans in the fort. Still, ever mindful of his peril-surrounded countrymen higher up the country, he had made arrangements to detach a large portion of his force to Cawnpore, and appointed his second in command, one altogether worthy of the post—Major Renaud—to lead it to the relief of Sir Hugh Wheeler. The instructions which Neill had prepared for the guidance of Renaud were now read, and highly approved by the General. Every point had been carefully considered; and he was not one to cast upon a junior officer any responsibility that he could take to himself. I give them here, as transcribed from a rough and not very legible copy:

Instructions to Major Renaud, commanding Cawnpore column of two hundred H.M.'s 84th, two hundred 1st Madras Fusiliers, two 9-pounder guns, with European gunners, three hundred Sikhs, and the Irregular Cavalry.

'1st. You are to march as quickly as you can, the great object being to relieve Sir H. Wheeler and Cawnpore.

'2nd. March off always early, and expose Europeans as little as possible; select shady places near good water for encampment.

'3rd. Attack and destroy all places *en route* close to the road occupied by the enemy, but touch no others; encourage the inhabitants to return, and instil confidence into all of the restoration of British authority. Let all know that two more regiments are to leave this soon, and will be up here by the end of the week, also that Delhi has been taken, &c.; * and everything made known that will raise the British name—all this in contradiction to the lying reports to our disadvantage. The villages of Mubgoon and neighbourhood to be attacked and destroyed; slaughter all the men; take no prisoners.

'4th. All Sepoys found, without papers, from regiments that have mutinied, who cannot give good accounts of themselves, to be hanged forthwith, particularly those who plundered treasuries and murdered their officers; also all the Sepoys of the 6th and 37th Regiments not on passport.

'5th. A company of Sikhs to be left behind at the terminus of the railway on the Cawnpore side, commanded by an European officer, there to remain to keep up communi-

* False tidings to this effect had been circulated.

cation, and take charge of a depôt of provisions to be there formed. Futtehpore to be promptly attacked, the Patan quarters to be destroyed, all in it killed; in fact, make a signal example of this place. But don't let that detain you, as what you can't finish Brigadier Havelock will do. Two hundred Sikhs to be left there, with European officers. All officers belonging to the Oude Service, and whose regiments are in advance, to go on as far as Cawnpore.

'6th. You have some with you who know Cawnpore; from them find out the shortest road to Sir H. Wheeler's position, and all about the place.

'7th. In all attacks on villages, either use artillery to knock over any defence; or, better still, the powder-bags with sappers; surround villages with infantry to cut off fugitives; attack always at two points. At Futtehpore shell them with shrapnel. The cavalry should cut up fugitives; see how they act, if not zealously, let me know. The object in attacking villages and Futtehpore is to execute vengeance, and let it be amply taken. All heads of insurgents, particularly at Futtehpore, to be hanged. If the Deputy Collector is taken, hang him, and have his head cut off and stuck up on one of the principal buildings (Mahomedan) in the town. Spare your ammunition as much as possible; always keep your guns in the centre of your Europeans, or entirely with them; never allow the Sikhs, or any natives, to get on the flank next to them.

'8th. Should Cawnpore unfortunately have fallen, attack the enemy, and hold your own until Brigadier Havelock joins you. All Government tents and property push on the road to be secured; the civil power will assist you in this.'

But as Renaud's force was to proceed by land, and it was of the utmost importance to communicate with Sir Hugh Wheeler with the least possible loss of time, a detachment of a hundred men with two guns was placed on board a river steamer, under Captain Spurgin, and despatched up the Ganges, with the following orders:

Instructions from Colonel Neill to Captain Spurgin, in command of a detachment proceeding on steamer to Cawnpore.

Allahabad, July 2, 1857.

'You are to push up as quickly as you can to Cawnpore; the object is to relieve Sir H. Wheeler. Land nowhere, but if mutiny and any opposition is shown, open fire, and destroy as many rebels as you can. On getting to Cawnpore, to the Ghaut nearest the entrenched camp best adapted for landing; communicate with Sir Hugh Wheeler; give him all the news of Renaud's columns, which will be at Cawnpore on the 8th. Land your men and stores as Sir H. Wheeler may direct, and I hope the steamer will be made available by Sir Hugh to bring down here all the ladies and children, also sick and wounded officers; the veteran artillerymen on board will be a guard down the river, and will be with the two guns sent back here. Should Cawnpore have fallen, endeavour to communicate with Major Renaud. Let the steamer take up a good position in the river where your guns can best be used, and hold your own when it can be done. Steam up and attack enemy if within reach of you; be there to bring off any who may have escaped. General Havelock starts on Sat-

urday morning, with nearly one thousand men and three guns. You must remain until you hear from him. Your detachment will join him, and you have with you Renaud's luggage. You will be required to assist the force in crossing the river. Any insurgents that fall into your hands hang them at once, and shoot all you can. 8th of July. Intelligence having been received last night that Cawnpore may have fallen, you are to proceed up the river with the greatest caution as you approach within forty miles of it, and be most vigilant in avoiding compromising yourself by getting within fire from guns. Move up with caution as far as you can; obtain all the information possible of the state of affairs at Cawnpore. Communicate with Major Renaud's column now at the railway, near which he will remain until General Havelock overtakes him. The united force will reach Futtehpore about the 8th. You must communicate with the General, or advance up the river at the same rate as he advances. You will thus secure the river on his right flank. Having obtained certain news of the state of affairs at Cawnpore, move up and relieve it if it still holds out; if it has fallen, either remain where you receive the intelligence, if a good place to remain, or drop quietly down near the infantry column, to a secure position, and wait until the advance of the force.'

But these instructions had been scarcely signed when intelligence was received which rendered it necessary that these carefully-prepared plans should be reconsidered. Some messengers arrived from Sir Henry Lawrence, at Lucknow, and they reported that they had passed through Cawnpore: that that terrible tragedy, which cannot even now be named

without a shudder, had been acted, and that our miserable people there had passed beyond the reach of all human help. Havelock accepted these facts, but Neill was at first disposed to disbelieve them; and he chafed a little when he found that the General and his Staff talked of halting Renaud's force, and not sending up the steamer with Spurgin's detachment. The steamer, however, was allowed to start on the following day, and Neill, still incredulous of the fall of Cawnpore, telegraphed to Government that he believed the story was an invention of the Nana Sahib, intended to mislead us; and although further accounts to the same effect were received, he continued to misbelieve the story, and strenuously urged the advance of Renaud's force, at however slow a rate, in order that there might be no appearance of vacillation and uncertainty upon our part. The cry of 'Forward!' was ever on his lips. He was angered when others talked of 'halting.'

Meanwhile Havelock had been making his preparations to push on with reinforcements, to overtake Renaud's force, and to advance to the relief of Cawnpore. But at the very commencement of the mutiny and rebellion at Allahabad, the Commissariat bullocks had been carried off or let loose by the insurgents; and the means of conveyance for Havelock's force could not, therefore, be brought together with the promptitude desired. He moved, however, on the 7th of July, and was soon on the road to victory.

'Lieutenant-Colonel Neill,' wrote the General to the Commander-in-Chief, 'whose high qualities I cannot sufficiently praise, will follow with another column as soon as it can be organized, and this fort left in proper hands. I

should have preferred to move the whole of the troops together, but the relief of Lucknow is an affair of time, and I cannot hazard its fall by waiting for the organization of Neill's column.' * So Neill, eager to push on, but recognizing the necessity of his detention, remained behind at Allahabad. He now became painfully convinced against his will that our unhappy people at Cawnpore had been ruthlessly murdered—men, women, and children, foully butchered in cold blood by the detestable Nana of Bhitoor. The details of this sickening tragedy made a deep and abiding impression on his mind. A stern resolution to take terrible vengeance on the murderers took possession of him, and it became the one great desire of his heart that he might live to inflict righteous retribution upon those who had massacred our helpless little ones. He thought of his own wife and children, then happily safe in England; and he wrote in his journal: 'I can never spare a Sepoy again. All that fall into my hands will be dead men.' There was something of the old Scotch Covenanter spirit within him, and he felt that it was God's will that he should not spare.

On the 16th of July, having been pressed by the Commander-in-Chief to join Havelock as speedily as possible, Neill made over the command of Allahabad, and pushed on by horse-dawk for Cawnpore. Before he started, he had received news of the successful actions which Havelock had fought with the enemy, and forwarded the glad tidings to the Government at Calcutta. 'On the 15th of July,' he

* Marshman's Life of Havelock.

wrote to a friend, 'I received a telegram from the Chief praising General Havelock for his victories at Futtehpore, &c., which I was requested to communicate to him. With this came also the following: "But his health is not strong, and the season is very trying; it is urgently necessary, therefore, that provision should be made for placing the command of the column in tried hands of known and assured efficiency, in whom perfect confidence can be placed, in case Havelock should become from any cause unfit for duty. You have been selected for the post, and accordingly you will proceed with every practicable expedition to join Havelock, making over the command of Allahabad to the next senior officer."* This I received in the afternoon. I was sending off that evening a strong detachment of her Majesty's 34th per bullock van, twenty-five miles a night. I determined to remain that night, and start off by horse-dawk and overtake them. I sent off my traps with them. I had much to do at Allahabad, instructions to give, &c. The senior officer was a Captain of the 78th. My successor, Colonel O'Brien, was expected on the 15th; he did not come, and I got away, overtook the detachment head-

* Before making over the command, Neill drew up a most elaborate paper of instructions for the guidance of his successor, the length of which alone precludes its insertion here. It is especially worthy of notice, however, as clearly demonstrating that those who said that Neill was remarkable mainly for an impetuous daring, which commonly disregarded all consideration of strategical cautions, were especially wrong. The paper of Instructions to Renaud and Spurgin, given in the text, go far to disprove this. The instructions to his successor at Allahabad render the proof conclusive.

quarters of the corps, and got to Cawnpore in five days. I had hardly seen General Havelock before he said to me: "Now, General Neill, let us understand each other; you have no power or authority here whilst I am here, and you are not to issue a single order." He used to go down to the Ghât every day to superintend the crossing over of the troops and material. . . . I was placed in command at Cawnpore on his quitting. Well, off he went at last, and I assumed command.'

One of Neill's first acts was to inquire into the circumstances of the ghastly tragedy of Cawnpore. The ascertained truth exceeded in horror all that his worst fears had suggested. He was a tender-hearted, impressionable man, whom such a story as this was sure to fill with measureless compassion on the one side, and indignation on the other. The horrors of Cawnpore might be repeated at Lucknow. When he thought of this—that even then, in our beleaguered position, delicate women and innocent children were every day becoming more and more at the mercy of our remorseless enemies—there was a great conflict within him, and he asked himself, in doubt and perplexity, what was to be done. He was not one of those who would have executed indiscriminate vengeance on the nation which had sent forth these cruel and cowardly assassins. A black face was not an abomination in his eyes. He had, throughout the whole of his march, regarded scrupulously the rights and interests of the innocent people. He had suppressed with a strong hand every impulse to pillage and plunder. He had never suffered his men to take anything in the way of carriage or provisions from the people which was not

paid for to the last farthing. He had hanged many murderers and mutineers, but never without trial, and what seemed to him to be full evidence of their guilt.* Nor, even with all the heart-breaking manifestations of that foul massacre at Cawnpore before him, did a thought of sweeping and confounding vengeance ever take possession of him. But he was eager to inflict upon the miscreants themselves what he felt would be, both for our own people and our enemies, a just and merciful retribution. What he thought and what he did, at that time, shall be told in his own words, as recorded in a letter to a friend.

Having recited at some length the terrible story of the massacre in the boats at Futtehgur, he proceeded to say, 'The men were shot, the women and children were brought up to a little bungalow near the Assembly-rooms. The Futtehgur fugitives, such as were saved, were brought in there too. I have sent a list of all, and their fate. Upwards of two hundred women and children were brought into that house; many had been killed in the boats, many killed and died in the entrenchment; all who survived fever, dysentery, and cholera, in the confinement in that house, were barbarously murdered, after the receipt of the intelligence of Havelock's first victory—this by the Nana's order. They were badly fed and treated at first, but afterwards got more and clean clothing, and servants to wait

* In a private letter, which was published some time ago in a Scotch paper, Neill distinctly said: 'Whenever a rebel is caught, he is immediately tried, and, unless he can prove a defence, he is sentenced to be hanged at once.' As a different statement has been made, it is important to consider this.

on them. They were sent their evening meal on that fatal day, and after it these fiends rushed in and butchered them all; they were shot and hacked to pieces. The bodies of all who died there were thrown into the well of the house, all the murdered also. I saw that house when I first came in. Ladies' and children's bloody torn dresses and shoes were lying about, and locks of hair torn from their heads. The floor of the one room they were all dragged into and killed was saturated with blood. One cannot control one's feelings. Who could be merciful to one concerned? Severity at the first is mercy in the end. I wish to show the natives of India that the punishment inflicted by us for such deeds will be the heaviest, the most revolting to their feelings, and what they must ever remember.* I issued the following order, which, however objectionable in the estimation of some of our Brahminized infatuated elderly gentlemen, I think suited to the occasion, or rather to the present crisis: "25th July, 1857. The well in which are the remains of the poor women and children so brutally murdered by this miscreant, the Nana, will be filled up, and neatly and decently covered over to form their grave: a party of European soldiers will do so this evening, under the superintendence of an officer. The house in which they were butchered, and which is stained with their blood, will not be washed or cleaned by their countrymen; but

* In another letter, Neill says: 'My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels. . . . No one who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the word "mercy" as applied to these fiends.'

Brigadier-General Neill has determined that every stain of that innocent blood shall be cleared up and wiped out, previous to their execution, by such of the miscreants as may be hereafter apprehended, who took an active part in the mutiny, to be selected according to their rank, caste, and degree of guilt. Each miscreant, after sentence of death is pronounced upon him, will be taken down to the house in question, under a guard, and will be forced into cleaning up a small portion of the blood-stains; the task will be made as revolting to his feelings as possible, and the Provost-Marshal will use the lash in forcing any one objecting to complete his task. After properly cleaning up his portion the culprit is to be immediately hanged, and for this purpose a gallows will be erected close at hand."—The first culprit was a Soubahdar of the 6th Native Infantry, a fat brute, a very high Brahmin. The sweeper's brush was put into his hands by a sweeper, and he was ordered to set to work. He had about half a square foot to clean; he made some objection, when down came the lash, and he yelled again; he wiped it all up clean, and was then hung, and his remains buried in the public road. Some days after, others were brought in—one a Mahomedan officer of our civil court, a great rascal, and one of the leading men: he rather objected, was flogged, made to lick part of the blood with his tongue. No doubt this is strange law, but it suits the occasion well, and I hope I shall not be interfered with, until the room is thoroughly cleansed in this way. . . . I will hold my own, with the blessing and help of God. I cannot help seeing that His finger is in all this—we have been false to ourselves so often.

. . . Charlie, my boy, I expect out the first mail. I have applied for him to come up here to do duty, and I hope to belong to the "Lambs," or as the Nana and the enemy call them, the Neel-topee-wallahs. They wear light blue cap covers; the enemy say those fellows' muskets kill at a mile off before they are fired: so much for Enfields. Your account of —— is what I expected. He has nothing in him; he is very timid. These panics are bad. I would turn every man in the service, civil or military, out of it, whose nerves failed him. Men of this stamp have no business in India.'

It was, doubtless, a terrible sentence that he executed, in the eyes of the people of India; but he was fully convinced, in his own mind, that only by such severity could he check the atrocities which, in their blind fury, the rebels and mutineers were committing upon the Christian people. Those upon whom the punishment fell, and their own countrymen who looked on, believed that the terrors of the sentence would pursue them beyond the grave; but this, in the eyes of a Christian, was only an idea which added further bitterness to the cup of death upon this side of eternity. There were many humane men at that time who believed that real mercy required the judge to do violence to his own tenderness of heart. On such questions as this there must be much controversy and contention; for neither the law of God nor the judgment of man has clearly declared the extent to which, in exceptional conjunctures, the ordinary principles of justice and morality may rightly be disregarded. But if such acts as these be offences, they are offences which History is seldom unwilling to condone.

But I gladly turn from this painful episode, to write of Neill's other more congenial duties. He was left, with some three hundred men, at Cawnpore, whilst Havelock was endeavouring to penetrate Oude and to advance to the relief of Lucknow. What was the principal work to be done by him may be gathered from the instructions which he received on the 26th of July. He was ordered 'to endeavour to defend as much of the trunk-road as is now in British possession in Cawnpore, and to aid in maintaining the communications with Allahabad and with the Brigadier-General's (Havelock's) forces in Oude.' In addition to discharging all the routine details of duty, and effecting the establishment of order in the town and cantonments of Cawnpore, he was directed 'to construct and strengthen entrenchments on both banks of the river, and to mount heavy guns in them; to render the passage of the river secure and easy by establishing, in co-operation with the two steamers, a boat-communication from entrenchment to entrenchment;' and with this view he was to organize a well-paid corps of boatmen, and to collect and keep together a fleet of boats. He was to watch the roads to Allahabad, Allyghur, Delhi, and Agra, and to push forward reinforcements into Oude. Finally, the Brigadier-General desired that Neill should communicate with him 'in the most unreserved manner.' All these several duties, the last not least, were strictly performed.

On the 20th of July, Havelock had commenced the passage of the river, which was the first step towards his advance into Oude. After a week of labour and difficulty, the whole column was assembled on the Oude bank.

'Some of the General's Staff,' says Havelock's biographer, Mr Marshman, 'were anxious that General Neill should accompany the column to replace him, if he were disabled by any casualty; but the General, after carefully weighing the importance of the position at Cawnpore, the necessity of receiving, equipping, and forwarding reinforcements, and completing the establishment of a communication between the two banks of the river, and generally of maintaining our authority on the right bank of the Ganges, felt himself constrained to leave General Neill in charge of the entrenchments, with the sick and wounded, there being no other officer to whom he could intrust these responsibilities with equal confidence.' On the morning of the 29th the force advanced upon the town of Onao, where Havelock encountered a large body of the enemy, and routed them with heavy loss. After this he advanced to Busseerutgunje, where he gained another victory; then halted in his career of glory and fell back upon Mungulwar, the place in which he had assembled his troops for the advance, only six miles distant from the banks of the river. 'As you know,' wrote Neill, 'the first march brought him in contact with the enemy; he had one day's hard fighting on the 29th, beat him completely; we lost a number of men from some little mistake in the first affair, getting boxed round a loopholed keep or serraie, which was obstinately defended: here Richardson of "ours" fell, Seton and others wounded, but take the whole day's work the loss was not much; nineteen guns were taken in all, but three ordered to be brought up and secured by the Sikhs were left behind and taken away by the enemy; this left

sixteen fine brass guns, most of them ours—one a brass 24-pounder. However, all of these we destroyed by the General's order. The enemy were flying—the bridge they were so anxious about was ten or twelve miles off, our men in high spirits, blood up, &c.; this was the time; but suddenly, on being ordered to fall in to march, instead of an advance it was a retreat.' On the 31st of July, writing to Neill from Mungulwar, Havelock said: 'I have come back here, because, though everywhere successful, I urgently require another battery and a thousand more British troops to enable me to do anything for the real advantage of Lucknow. . . . I shall be thankful for the aid of your exertions in obtaining as many workmen as possible for Captain Crommelin to commence and finish a bridge-head on this bank. Pray, also, urge on the collection of rations for my troops. Two heavy guns, 24-pounders, must be got ready, with bullocks, to accompany my advance, and three large iron guns kept in readiness for the tête-de-pont. Push across any British infantry as soon as it arrives, and improve as much as possible our boat-communication. I propose to advance again as soon as the reinforcements reach me, and to urge the garrison of Lucknow to hold out.'

It would be out of place in such a narrative as this to discuss at length the strategical considerations which induced General Havelock to make this retrograde movement. Right or wrong, it created bitter disappointment in Cawnpore. To Neill, burning as he was with an eager desire for the immediate relief of Lucknow, and who, with such an object ever before his eyes, believed that all difficulties

should have been overcome, and all ordinary rules of war disregarded, this retrogression, in the hour of victory, appeared to be so startling and unintelligible, that he chafed under his mortification, and could not restrain himself from writing a letter of remonstrance to his superior officer. 'My dear General,' he wrote on the 1st of August, 'I late last night received yours of five P.M. yesterday. I deeply regret that you have fallen back one foot. The effect on our prestige is very bad indeed. Your camp was not pitched yesterday, before all manner of reports were rife in the city —that you had returned to get some guns, having lost all that you took away with you. In fact, the belief among all is, that you have been defeated and forced back. It has been most unfortunate your not bringing back any of the guns captured from the enemy. The natives will not believe that you have captured one. The effect of your retrograde movement will be very injurious to our cause everywhere, and bring down upon us many who would otherwise have held off, or even sided with us. . . . You talk of advancing as soon as the reinforcements reach you. You require a battery and a thousand European infantry. As regards the battery, half of Olpherts's will be in this morning. The other half started yesterday or to-day from Allahabad. This will detain you five or six days more. As for the infantry you require, they are not to be had, and if you are to wait for them, Lucknow will follow the fate of Cawnpore. Agra will be invested. This place also. The city will be occupied by the enemy. I have no troops to keep them out, and *we* shall be starved out. You ought not to remain a day where you are. When the iron guns

are sent to you, also the half battery of artillery, and the company of the 84th escorting it, you ought to advance again, and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow.' Looking at it strictly in a military point of view, the reader will doubtless say that this letter ought not to have been written. Discipline stands aghast at it. No junior officer has the privilege of thus criticizing the conduct of his senior. An apology, however, is to be found in the extraordinary character of the times, and the magnitude of the interests at stake. It was an unexampled crisis, and one in which the best men were moved at times to disregard all considerations of rank and station, and to assume an independence of tone which at other times would have been an unwarrantable breach of duty. There were, indeed, moments, in that terrible autumn of 1857, when, under the strongest sense of what was due to the nation they represented, moved by the irresistible manhood within them, men were prepared to trample down all the laws of discipline, and to assert irresistibly the rights of the stronger will and the more resolute courage. The words and actions of men, in such a crisis as this, must not be estimated by the measuring-rod of the army-list and the order-book. Neill thought, on that August morning, of the despairing cries of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow, and of the safety of the Great Empire, which was then threatened as it had never before been threatened; and he forgot for a while that it was the duty of Brigadier-General Neill not to remonstrate against the measures of Major-General Havelock, but to accept them in silence as those of superior military authority.

But it was to this masculine energy of mind—to this irresistible activity of body—to the voice within him, which was ever crying, 'Forward, forward!' that England owed at that time the safety of the great cities of Benares and Allahabad. If he had been a man of a colder and less eager nature—if he had had more caution and more patience, he would not have earned for himself the place that he has earned in the hearts of the people. Let us forget, then, the question of discipline for a time. Havelock responded * and Neill sent in a rejoinder, which the highest military authority in India declared to be 'perfectly unexceptionable;' and, a day or two afterwards, the General again pushed forward in advance. But, again, there was disappointment throughout the force, throughout the whole country, for Havelock, assured that he could not make good his advance to Lucknow, fell back, after more successes in the field, and waited for reinforcements. Of the necessity for this Neill himself was after a time convinced. 'Call on General Havelock,' he wrote in his journal on the 14th

* 'I got a terrific reply,' wrote Neill, in a letter to a friend. 'General H. said my note was one of the most extraordinary that he had ever perused: that he had written to me confidentially on the state of affairs; "You send me back a letter of censure of my measures, reproof, and advice for the future. I do not want, and will not submit to receive, any of these from an officer under my command, be his experience what it may; understand this distinctly; and a consideration of the inconvenience that would arise to the public service at this moment alone prevents me from taking the yet stronger step of placing you under arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation. I have my own reasons, which I will not communicate to any one, and am alone responsible for the course I have pursued."'

of August, 'and show him telegram from the Commander-in-Chief, and give him my opinion, that his men are not in a state to advance on Lucknow—that they must be taken care of for a time, and saved all unnecessary exposure. . . . General Havelock talks a great deal about my administrative powers, wishing to take me with him out fighting, and participating in his victories. I reply to this, that however much I may feel at not having participated in them, and however anxious I may be to be in front, all private feelings should be sacrificed at such a time as this, and that I wished to be employed where I could do most for the public good. Besides, what I did not tell General Havelock, there is a farce in two Generals being with a handful of men, and one of them allowed to do nothing.'

Whilst Havelock was making these ineffectual attempts to penetrate Oude, Neill was threatened at Cawnpore by large bodies of insurgent Sepoys, conspicuous among whom were the 42nd Regiment, that had recently mutinied at Saugor. The adherents of the Nana, at Bithoor, were also menacing his position, and with the little handful of men at his disposal he found it wholly impossible to strike an effectual blow at the enemy. He could only send out small detachments at a time. 'About two thousand men,' he wrote to a friend, 'part of the 42nd, 41st, and the regiments here, with four guns, are at Bithoor, twelve miles from this; eight thousand men more, with some guns, are at Futtehghur, seven miles off; about fifteen hundred men are at Shevrapore, twenty-four miles off; and the Nana, with Jussin Singh and fifteen hundred, about the same distance on the other side of the river, close to Bithoor. They can

cross the river any time, although I have thrice sent the steamers up with a lot of our lads and a few artillerymen, and have astonished them a little. The first day, on the first occasion, they destroyed boats, and brought down grain, not a soul to be seen except friends, the 42nd from Saugor coming thereabouts; and on hearing that some of the Nana's people had crossed over and had plundered those friendly to us there, I sent up the steamer and forty of our boys, twenty Sikhs, eight artillerymen, two 6-pounders and a 5-pounder inch mortar on board; and they polished off a parcel of Gungapoots, a religious class of vagabond Hindoo devotees who had joined the Nana and committed no end of atrocities: none of our lads were touched. On the 6th I sent up again the same force; each time my aide-de-camp commanded. We had three artillerymen wounded, but gave it to the fellows well; the 42nd and the Rifle Company the greater portion of the enemy. They had two guns. I cannot do more than this. On the 10th the enemy were approaching, and an attack in the city was apprehended. I could not assist them; I have only three hundred infantry, half a battery of European artillery, and twelve veteran gunners. I can only move out one hundred and seventy infantry and four guns, leaving the guards standing; and of the two hundred and thirty in hospital several are convalescent, and fit to stand behind a parapet and fire. With this *force* I moved out in the morning of the 10th towards Bithoor; the outpost of cavalry were about six miles off, and cavalry patrols were about. I saw or heard of no one until our scouts came in and reported

the gallant enemy tailing off beyond Bithoor. The General has ordered me not to use steam again until he has passed over; when he has, I should like to see a combined attack on them, and let us whenever we attack make an example; this gathering near this, and the Futtehghur man, must be destroyed sharp.'

But upon the day following that which is last mentioned in this brief summary of events, the aspect of affairs became more threatening, and Neill wrote to Havelock, saying: 'One of the Sikh scouts I can depend upon has just come in, and reports that four thousand men and five guns have assembled to-day at Bithoor, and threaten Cawnpore. I cannot stand this; they will enter the town, and our communications are gone. If I am not supported, I can only hold out here—can do nothing beyond our entrenchments. All the country between this and Allahabad will be up, and our powder and ammunition on the way up (if the steamer, as I feel assured, does not start) will fall into the hands of the enemy, and we shall be in a bad way.' So Havelock, having struck another blow at the enemy at Boorhiya, returned, as before stated, and attacked the enemy at Bithoor on the 16th of August. The insurgents were dispersed, the victory was complete, and Havelock then posted himself in Cawnpore.

There the announcement greeted him that Sir James Outram had been appointed to the command in that part of the country, and that he was making his preparations to come on with reinforcements. It was now Havelock's part to hold his own at Cawnpore until the arrival of

the General with his new regiments, and Neill then ceased to have any independent authority.* The following month is said by the military historians to have been almost a blank. It was a sad one, for the troops were suffering from cholera and other fell diseases of the country; and there was no adequate provision for their shelter and protection at a time when the heavy rains of the season were turning the country into a swamp. What Neill thought on this and other subjects may be gathered from the following entries in his private journal: 'Thursday, August 20. Write to Commander-in-Chief about health of troops —that they must not be more exposed. Mention about reports of returning to Allahabad, also the reports from Agra that it was believed there that the (mutinous) troops at Gwalior intended coming here. More of the enemy assembled on the opposite banks of the river. Ride up to camp; find it a perfect swamp; the men all most uncomfortable. Ride with General Havelock, who decides on abandoning the entrenchment.'—— 'Friday, 21. Heavy storm and rain last night; men much wetted. Don't get leave to occupy the stable sheds until the rain comes down. Ride up and see the General this morning, and speak seri-

* Mr Montgomery Martin, in his work on our 'Indian Empire,' which contains an immense mass of information relating to the convulsions of 1857, says: 'On returning to Cawnpore, a great difference was observable in the place through the exertions of Neill. He had felt the necessity of conciliating the shopkeepers, and every morning at daybreak he went among them and endeavoured to reassure them regarding the expected advance of the mutineers, whose appearance in overwhelming numbers was daily expected.'

ously about health of men and the injury to them of being in tents. Ride round with Tytler and show the houses which I would recommend, but it is decided to put the men up in the stables, which are to be cleansed and matted, and the place around them drained. Glad that something is to be done.'—— 'Sunday, 23. Receive letters from Sir Patrick Grant that he leaves for Madras on the 22nd, "as that celebrated soldier, Sir Colin Campbell, has arrived." "I do not, therefore, now write to you," he says, "as your Commander-in-Chief, but as your friend, and in that capacity would beg of you to get on smoothly with your immediate superiors, and not allow differences to arise between you. You are too old a soldier not to be aware that if the senior officers of a force in the field get to loggerheads, the public service must inevitably suffer; and I know you and Havelock too well not to feel that such a result would be infinitely painful to both of you. Your services, from the moment of your arrival in the Bengal Presidency, have been invaluable, and I shall ever look back with immense satisfaction to the good fortune which sent you here at so critical a period. Give your 'Lambs' * my assurance

* The men of the Madras Fusiliers were familiarly known by the designation of 'Lambs,' but I have not been able to ascertain to my satisfaction the origin of the designation, though I have inquired in several quarters likely to be informed on the subject. One suggestion worth noting is, that they may have been called 'Lambs,' because in the early days of the regiment a number of men from the 2nd Queen's Royals, who have the Paschal Lamb on their arms, were drafted into it. It has also been surmised that they were called Lambs on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle. They have a tiger and a lion on their arms.

that one of my first steps on returning to Madras shall be to see myself that their wives and families are thoroughly well cared for in every respect. They shall want no reasonable comfort or accommodation that I can procure for them, and I beg that you will tell your gallant regiment so from me." Sent the latter portion of this letter to Stevenson, to be communicated to the corps.'—— 'Tuesday, 25. Ride through the city. About two thousand arms have been collected, and are being broken up. Had I the government of India, I would disarm every man, arm the police with *latties* (clubs), and have soldiers only armed. Native opinion is that Delhi is falling. There is now scarcely any hope of Lucknow. . . . . Bruce mentions having been to search the house of a Newab, who is with the Nana, and whose son commands four regiments before Lucknow, and he (Bruce) says that he found five ladies of the family there. Instantly order them to be secured, and to be informed that I keep them as hostages for the safety of our women and children in Oude.'——'Wednesday, 26. . . . . These are ticklish times; none but stern measures will answer. Write to General about the women I secured last evening, suggesting to him that Government be asked to secure and hold as hostages all the wives and women of the Princes of Oude and other swells at Calcutta; and that he issue a proclamation to the Oude people to the effect that if one woman or child of ours, falling into the hands of the enemy, is injured, we will hold their wives and children in our hands responsible for it. No chance, however remote, should be neglected.' The advice thus offered was taken, and the proclamation was prepared; but when it was

shown to Neill, he thought that it was aimless and spiritless. It was, perhaps, never issued in that form. I can find no mention of the proclamation in Marshman's exhaustive biography of Havelock. It is enough to record that no injury of any kind ever befell these native ladies, and that Neill was the last man in the world to have hurt a single hair of their heads.*

With the new month came new interests. Outram was coming on with his reinforcements, though, owing to insuperable obstacles, not so rapidly as had been expected, and the great question of the advance on Lucknow was paramount in all men's minds. Neill, whose guiding principle it was, at this time, to do whatsoever he thought best for the interests of the State, regardless of all considerations of etiquette and routine, opened communications with

* Since the above passage was written, I have chanced upon the following, in Neill's private correspondence, which indicates that this measure was attended with good results: 'A few days since there was a meeting of all the insurgent nobles and chiefs, when it was declared unanimously that they disapproved of the Nana's conduct in killing men, women, and children taken prisoners, and that they would treat all women and children with the greatest respect. I think I mentioned that some native ladies of the families of a noble and his son, now at Lucknow fighting against us, I have in confinement here in their own house; and I had it made known to them, for communication to their husbands and male relatives, that they should be treated with respect and consideration only so long as our people are. . . . . The ladies talked of poison; but seeing that they are treated properly, I suppose that they are all right again, getting over their fears. It is said that this act of mine, and a proclamation sent over to them by Havelock, drawn out at my suggestion by Captain Bruce, has caused the meeting.'—*General Neill to Mrs Neill. Cawnpore, September* 16.

Outram, as he before had done with Patrick Grant, and freely expressed his opinions. It is a source of infinite regret that two brave and honourable men, whose memories are dearly cherished by the great nation for which they sacrificed their lives, should not have looked, whilst living, with kindlier eyes on each other. But it is not to be disguised that there was continual animosity between Havelock and Neill. It was unfortunate, but on neither side was it culpable. The truth is, that the Generals were essentially unlike each other. I can hardly conceive an idea of two men more dissimilar in character and disposition. Neither, in the whirl and excitement of those troublous times, was capable of appreciating the fine qualities of his brother-soldier. And so it happens that the correspondence of both contains many acrimonious passages, which I have no desire to reproduce; but I do not doubt that if they had lived to look back upon the diversities of opinion which agitated them during those memorable months at Cawnpore, each would have seen in the conduct of the other much to admire and to commend, and that the strife of a few weeks would have been alchemized into the friendship of years.

From the correspondence with Outram, of which I have spoken, some extracts may be given, showing the eagerness with which Neill desired, at the earliest possible moment compatible with full assurance of success, to press on to Lucknow: 'September 8. I sent you by express to-day the copy of the note from General Inglis, at Lucknow, of the 1st instant.* General Havelock, I believe, has not sent

* This letter from Colonel Inglis is given at page 392 of Marshman's 'Life of Havelock.'

the said letter from Lucknow to the Governor-General; so if you think it proper to do so, by sending to Mr Chester at Allahabad the copy I forward to you, he would send it on. . . . . When I got the message from Lucknow to-day, I went to General Havelock with it. He was friendly, and I ventured to suggest that no time was to be lost—that he should immediately commence preparations to cross over into Oude. He felt inclined to do so, and he said the Adjutant-General was of my opinion. I think he ought to cross over and establish himself at Mungulwar, get everything over with him, so that your reinforcements, when they arrive here, may at once move over. No time is to be lost, in my humble opinion. Your men won't be here before the 13th or 14th, at soonest, and if they join him at Mungulwar by the 15th, you would have ten days to relieve the garrison. I submit my opinions to you, who can decide whether they are correct or the reverse; my great object is, let us be moving. The passage of the river will take several days; let it be commenced upon at once. Lucknow must be saved. Let the garrison at Cawnpore, left behind, hold out against [illegible] if they come. We can return in time to lick them also.' 'September 9. Much to my extreme horror and real annoyance, I discovered this morning the enclosed note to your address, which I must have most stupidly overlooked in sending off to you the enclosure in which it ought to have been put. I hope you will pardon my most unintentional carelessness. How I could have made the mistake I can't make out. Mr Edwards* informs me that the two men-servants of Missur

* Mr William Edwards, of the Bengal Civil Service, who has

Byjenath, a banker of great wealth and much influence at Bareilly, have come to him to-day from their master. They describe the hostility between Hindoos and Mahomedans as very bitter. The former have taken up arms, and in one fight killed several hundreds of Khan Behaudhur Khan's men, who are an ill-favoured rabble. There are no regular troops in the province. Mr Edwards says, in which I agree with him, that if the Hindoos were encouraged by our people in authority, they would doubtless adopt more energetic measures for ridding themselves of their oppression. It appears Captain Gowan, or Lieutenant, I can't make out which —if the captain, he was the commandant of the 9th Oude Infantry Irregular Force, if a lieutenant, the adjutant of the 18th at Bareilly—with five other officers, are in hiding with the Kearee Thakoor, and they offer to organize the Thakoor's troops if they are authorized to draw money from bankers for this purpose. Mr Edwards feels certain that Byjenath, with others, would advance the necessary funds for this purpose, if he received some guarantee from him. I agree with Mr Edwards, the present is a favourable opportunity for communicating with Captain Gowan and Byjenath, and that Government might be induced to authorize up to 50,000 rupees to be at Captain Gowan's disposal for the purpose mentioned. Indeed, so impressed am I with

written a most interesting account of his 'personal adventures during the rebellion.' He came into Cawnpore on the last day of August. He has himself recorded how Colonel Fraser Tytler introduced him to 'General Neill, who had just driven up in a very nice-looking dog-cart, and we soon got into very earnest conversation.'

the very great advantage to our Government the fostering and promoting bad blood between the two races, besides encouraging our friends and well-wishers, that had I been in superior command here, and you had not been appointed, I would have taken upon myself at once to have given the authority for the money, and asked for the sanction of Government afterwards. However, the matter is now in better hands, and will no doubt receive your every consideration. I feel perfectly assured, when you get up here and into Oude, you will be able to effect a vast change for us in encouraging the well-disposed. I have heard nothing to-day whether the General crosses before you come up, or when. I hope, however, all will be ready to start by the time the troops you are bringing reach this, or very soon afterwards. The sooner Lucknow is relieved, the sooner we shall be in a position to attack and dispose of others. I am sorry to hear of the outbreak of the part of the 27th Bombay Native Infantry at Kolhapoor. A Lieutenant Kerr, of the Southern Mahratta Horse, with the small party of his men, is said to have behaved nobly. In conclusion, allow me to hint that I have strong doubts whether General Havelock may have sent off a telegram of Inglis's letter to Government. The Telegraph was only opened from this forenoon.'—— 'September 13. Early on the morning of the 11th, I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the previous day from Camp [illegible], and lost no time, with Mr Edwards, in carrying out your instructions. I wrote to Captain Gowan as follows: "Sir,—In consequence of representations by you through Mr Edwards, Collector of Budaon, of your being able, if assisted with money, to or-

ganize the troops of the Thakoors where you are, and to get them to assist Government, and act against the rebels, I, on being made acquainted with them, wrote to General Sir J. Outram, commanding the forces in the Central Provinces, and suggested to him that you should be assisted to the amount of 50,000 rupees for that end, and Mr Edwards has to-day communicated with the native bankers at Bareilly to assist you with sums of money to that extent, as you may require them. I must add, that no time is to be lost in organizing these troops, and making an impression against the enemy in any place you can." I also quoted the order by Government as to the rewards for Sepoys brought to any military authority, as also those for horses and the property of Government brought in, and requested him to give them circulation and publicity as extensively as he could; also to communicate my letter to him to the officer commanding at Nynee Tal, and request his co-operation in any way "for the good of the service and energetic and vigorous movements against the enemy." That morning I called on General Havelock, with the view of impressing him with the importance of your orders and views regarding crossing over, and making the necessary arrangements, that there should be no delay in crossing over your reinforcements, and that all should be ready to advance on Lucknow. I showed your letter to General Havelock, and he was displeased that I should have written to you. I made no remark about his having had Captain Gowan's letter so long in his possession, and, as I believe, done nothing. I have only acted in this affair as I will, and as is my habit, on all occasions, for the good of the public service. I only regret General Havelock

did not, some time since, what you have authorized me to do. Private feelings, or standing on any delicacy, during the present times in particular, is not to be thought of. I should never give offence to a senior in the General's position if I could avoid it. I certainly never intended to give offence in this instance; but when so much was at stake, I would have shown the greatest indifference had I not at once given you the information. General Havelock gives me to understand it is his intention to take me with him this time—a piece of good fortune I had not dared to hope for. He talks of my commanding the Right wing of his force, Colonel Hamilton the Left. There will be six European and one Sikh regiment of infantry when you come up, should there not be a division of it into two brigades, at least that part going to Lucknow. There will be great mismanagement if it is attempted to carry on work with officers in command of right and left wings, neither of whom have a brigade staff. General Havelock will have a nice little force, two infantry brigades, his artillery, and the small body of cavalry. There can be no difficulty in crossing this river. I have not heard at what point it is intended. I would prefer to land at the termination of the Trunk Road, not on the island about one mile below it, by which the force recrossed the other day. Any works the enemy may have thrown up on the other bank are contemptible enough. General Havelock was down this morning trying the range of two 24-pounders on this bank, intended to cover a passage of the river. I had given my opinion to Sir Patrick some time since, when H. was in Oude (it was asked), whether I could assist him if he retired in presence

of an enemy. This gave him great offence also, and I was told I had misled his Excellency by stating what was considered by him and his engineer officers absurd—that the ground to be commanded was not within his range. This morning's practice has shown him that I am five hundred yards within my mark; these guns, only at four and a half elevation, range far beyond. I was sorry for his firing; in the first place, he uselessly expended powder and shot, and by his fire, if the enemy are up to it, they will know where to place their batteries out of reach of these guns. However, all this shows signs of doing something. I shall be delighted, however, to see you up here, for, until you do arrive, I do not expect to see anything done towards forming the bridges.'

The day of departure was now close at hand. On the 11th of September, an officer at Cawnpore wrote in his journal: 'We were made happy to-day by General Neill being informed by General Havelock that he intended him to command the right wing of the force on the advance on Lucknow.' On the 15th he wrote: 'the first division of reinforcements arrived this morning. Orders are out to-day for the force to cross into Oude to-morrow. Hurrah! hurrah! General Neill to command the right wing, consisting of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, her Majesty's 5th and 84th Regiment, Maude's battery of artillery.' The hour so long and eagerly looked for had come at last. Troops were pouring into Cawnpore, and everything was now in readiness for those operations for the relief of Lucknow, which seemed to be placed beyond the reach of all human accidents. Sir James Outram had arrived in camp, and Neill's

heart had warmed to him at once. He had now become very hopeful of success. 'Met Sir James Outram at dinner at Bruce's,' he wrote in his journal on the 15th; 'have a few words' talk with him before; he tells me he will form brigades—will not hear of General Havelock's plan of landing men in the sun on a swampy island. Things will be done well, I see—General Havelock taken into a room after dinner—Crommelin and Tytler sent for, and all their plans swamped—bridge to be first formed, then moved over—Havelock's plan, if carried out, would have rendered *hors de combat* no end of us.'—— 'Wednesday, 16th. Breakfast with Bruce. Sir James shows me his proposed orders. I command first brigade—to appoint my own brigade-major—appoint Spurgin—receive English mails. My name is in every one's mouth. The *Times* has taken it up.' He was beginning now to reap the reward of his good service in the applause of his countrymen; and he felt confident that the rest would follow. There was a great work before the army at Cawnpore, and Neill knew what were its perils. 'God grant us all and every success,' he wrote in his journal, 'and may He shield and protect us all on our advance to victory!' But no presentiment of coming evil overshadowed his mind. On the contrary, he wrote very hopefully to his wife expressing his belief that all would be well. 'We cross the river again to-morrow,' he said in his last letter to that beloved correspondent, 'with a very fine force. I have three regiments, my own, the 84th, and the 5th Fusiliers, and a battery of Royal Artillery under Captain Maude. We shall only be away for a few days and relieve the poor people at Lucknow. After that, I presume, we

shall have to drive the people out of Futtehghur. . . . . God grant we may all soon meet. I am in good health: the weather is getting cooler, so all will be well. God bless you, my dearest wife, and kiss all the dear bairns for me.' The thought of those absent ones was ever clinging to his heart.

On the 19th of September, everything was in readiness for an advance into Oude. The story of the march is so well told by an officer on Neill's staff, that I give it in the words of the writer. It will be seen how unselfish, how considerate for others, the good General was to the last day of his life. 'I shall commence my narrative from the 19th of September, the day on which we crossed into Oude. The kind and thoughtful General, who was always thinking what he could do for others, without a thought for himself, had taken great pleasure in laying in a little store of arrow-root, sago, candles, and wine, to take to the poor ladies who had been suffering for so long in Lucknow; and he took his palkee carriage to place at the disposal of some of them for their journey back to Cawnpore. He took one small tent, which he intended Spurgin and me to share with him; but it so happened that we only used it once all the way over. Well, on the morning of the 19th we got up at two o'clock (we all three lived in the same house at Cawnpore), and crossed over the bridge of boats with the troops, and his brigade was at first formed up on the left, and while halted there, we each took such breakfast as we happened to have in our pockets, and then the brigade was ordered to move

off to the right, which was done under a fire from two of the enemy's guns, and some Sepoys who had taken up a position behind some sand-hills. The General, however, pushed forward his skirmishers and drove off the Sepoys, and halted his brigade in a capital position, close behind the said sand-hills. We had to remain out in the sun the whole of that day, as the baggage was much delayed in getting across the bridge and three creeks that had to be forded between the bridge and the mainland. He sat on the ground with his white umbrella over his head, but he did not feel the sun much. We remained in that same position all the 20th (Sunday). He slept in his little tent by himself that night. He got up early, as usual, on Sunday morning, and rode out to visit his picquets, accompanied by, I think, Spurgin and myself. We met Generals Havelock and Outram, and rode down with them to the bridge of boats, to see the heavy guns being dragged through the bad ground by the elephants, and then came back and breakfasted; and during the day he read and wrote a great deal, as he always did, and after dinner we sauntered about on the sand-hills, and listened to the enemy's drums and fifes playing at their position about a mile and a half in advance of us. It rained a good deal during Sunday night, and early on Monday morning. He slept, as before, in his little tent by himself. In the evening we sat and talked over our cigars for a good long time, and he then told me confidentially that it was intended that he was to have the command at Lucknow, after it was relieved. We got up a little before daybreak on Monday morning, and everything was got ready for marching, and we marched between six and seven o'clock, the

2nd Brigade being in advance, and when we had gone about half a mile along the road one of the enemy's guns (on the road) opened fire: so both brigades went to the left of the road and formed line, the men wading above their knees in water, or sinking nearly as far in mud, the greater part of the way. The enemy occupied several villages on the brow of a rising ground, immediately in our front; the whole force advanced in line as quickly as they could, and cheering the whole time, and the enemy retreated much faster than we could overtake them. The poor General always took a particular interest in watching his own old regiment. Our light field batteries soon silenced the guns which the enemy had in position at the corners of the villages, and two or three out of five were captured. Just as we had finished chasing the Sepoys off the field, a tremendous shower of rain came down, and it rained incessantly in torrents the whole of the remainder of the day; but that did not prevent us from following up the enemy. We took ground to the right and got on to the road again, and marched about sixteen miles as quickly as we could. The road was strewn every here and there with shoes, which the Sepoys had thrown off to expedite their flight. We halted for a quarter of an hour about eleven o'clock, and took a mouthful of anything we had; but that was little enough, and what little it was, was soaked with rain. About half-past three in the afternoon we halted in a tiny village—Serai—and the troops were all quartered in it. We three had two little bits of rooms, one of them being merely the verandah; however, we were very happy there, and when the baggage came up, got some dry clothes and dined, and

sat and talked over the events of the day, and the glorious prospect before us of relieving the Lucknow garrison. The poor General slept on a charpoy in the little verandah room. It rained incessantly all night, and when day dawned on Tuesday, the 22nd, it was still pouring; but we got up and had an early breakfast, and started again at about eight o'clock, the 1st Brigade being in advance this time: we made a similar march to the one of the day before, and halted about the same time in much the same kind of place. We had only seen small parties of the enemy's cavalry on our flanks occasionally, and there was no fighting of any kind on that day. We had the satisfaction of hearing the booming of guns at Lucknow when we arrived at our new ground, and fired a royal salute from our heavy guns to let the beleaguered garrison know that relief was approaching. We were all drenched this day the same as on Monday.

'We passed the night of Tuesday, the 22nd,' continues the narrator, 'in a very smoky little hut, and listened to the guns which were being continually fired at Lucknow. We got up soon after daylight on the 23rd, and had an early breakfast, and marched about eight, the General's brigade (the 1st) again leading the way. It was not raining that day, and there was no wind, but a bright sun, so the men felt the heat a good deal. The country was covered with water as far almost as we could see, on both sides of the road, and we saw nothing of the enemy except small parties of cavalry now and then in topes of trees on our flanks, until we approached Alumbâgh, where they were posted in considerable force both of cavalry and infantry, and had

some guns with them, two of which commenced firing straight down the road, as soon as we came within range. At the place where we were we could not leave the road on account of the depth of the water, but where the enemy were was generally higher ground, and comparatively dry. There was some little delay caused by the 2nd Brigade being ordered to pass the 1st on the road, and the shot from the enemy's guns told a good deal in our ranks, but it did not last very long. Both brigades, as they reached the place where there was not so much water, went off to the left of the road and deployed into line, and advanced the same as they did on the 21st, cheering the whole way, and driving the enemy's infantry before them. Their cavalry had disappeared—at least had moved out of range of our guns—as soon as they saw us advancing. Close to the side of the road there was a very deep ditch of water, and, while the poor General's horse was plunging through it, a round-shot passed within a few inches of his back—an escape for which he and we all felt most thankful at the time.* We were exposed to a heavy fire of round-shot, grape, and musketry in this advance, and he was quite delighted with his troops, and the way in which he managed and led them won their admiration. I have him in my mind's eye now, mounted on his charger in front of the Madras Fusiliers, waving his helmet, and joining in the

* Neill himself wrote of this: 'I had a most providential escape, but was mercifully spared. Whilst crossing a deep water-course, my horse plunged down, and nearly fell. Whilst he did so, a round-shot grazed the horse's quarters, passing a few inches behind me.'

cheers of the brigade to Captain Olpherts's Horse Battery and the Volunteer Cavalry, who were passing along our front at a gallop to follow up the enemy, whose retreat had become too rapid to be followed very effectually by the infantry. We lost a good many men that afternoon. A wing of the 5th Fusiliers, which was on the right of the line, stormed the Alumbâgh enclosure in the most gallant way, and the other wing had to lie down in a rice-field, knee-deep in water, while the line was halted, as some of the enemy's guns had their exact range, and every shot was telling. We drove the enemy back to about a mile beyond the Alumbâgh, and as it was then getting late, and it was evident that the force could not enter Lucknow that evening, we retired and took up a position close to and in the Alumbâgh. The dear General's brigade was on the Lucknow side of the Alumbâgh, and close to the enclosure wall. The whole ground was ankle-deep in mud; and now, to complete our *comforts* for the night, the rain, which had kept off the whole day, now came down in a perfect deluge, but the shower did not last more than an hour. We had no baggage up, and nothing to eat. After taking up our position for the night, the kind General's first thought was for the comfort of his men, and he sent me to General Havelock to ask for orders for the issue of an extra dram, which was accordingly served out. Two of the enemy's guns kept playing exactly on the place where we were, until after dark; the fire of twelve or fourteen of our guns had not been able to silence them, although the practice was good, because they were so well masked. About seven or eight o'clock some of our things began to arrive, and a chair and a small char-

poy had been got out of a few huts that were near; but the General's servant did not come up with a change of clothes for him, and Spurgin and I could not persuade him to take some of our dry things which had come up. He would not use the charpoy either, but insisted on my having it, and I did occupy one end of it (it was only about five feet long), and left the other for him in case he should change his mind. Some one lent him a good thick blanket, and he sat on the chair with his feet up on the charpoy, and the blanket over his head and shoulders, and spent the whole night in that way. We got some hot tea between eight and nine o'clock, and had a cigar, and listened to the Lucknow guns, which now sounded quite near, and longed for the morning; when we doubted not that we should again advance, and, as we hoped, rescue our fellow-countrymen in the course of the day. But when the morning of Thursday, the 24th, dawned, the two guns again opened fire on us; those shots that missed us plunged into the garden enclosure behind us, and did much damage among the camp-followers who were there. The brick wall, although high, was no protection, as the shot went through it as if it were but little thicker than paper. To our disappointment, an order came about seven o'clock that the force was to halt that day and retire to a place about a thousand yards in the rear, where it would be more out of range of the enemy's guns. This we did, and in the confusion and crush of baggage-animals and carts consequent on the retrograde movement, the enemy's cavalry quite suddenly charged down on the rear-guard and baggage-guard at full speed, and unfortunately killed a good many. The rear-guard mistook the body of cavalry

which they saw approaching for some of our own (their uniform was almost exactly the same, and, in fact, many of them had once belonged to the same regiment), and it was not until they were quite close, and they had seen their drawn swords, that they were known as enemies. Our fine General, who was always prepared for emergencies, immediately ordered down a couple of guns, and galloped down to where the attack had been made, and sent me off for the Volunteer Cavalry. Our baggage-animals, to the number of several thousands, had crushed into our camp in one huge mass, and were much in the way. It was all the work of a few minutes: by the time the guns and Volunteer Cavalry had arrived, the enemy's cavalry (about five hundred) had galloped off again, leaving fifteen or sixteen of their number dead behind them. They had killed one officer and twelve or fourteen privates. When that little affair was over, the General's tent was pitched, and all our things, which had been soaking wet for three days, were now spread out to dry in the sun. An order came in the afternoon that a garrison of, I think, two hundred men, was to be left with the sick and wounded and baggage in the Alumbâgh, and that the remainder of the force was to advance on Lucknow next morning, that each officer was to take one servant, and mounted officers their grooms also, and no tents or baggage, which would all follow in two or three days; but we saw nothing of them for two whole months. The troops were to be provided with rations for three days: all the things had to be sent into the Alumbâgh that evening at sunset. We made an arrangement for carrying in the ladies' stores, notwithstanding the prohibition as to bag-

gage. We dined in the open air outside his tent, and were all in high spirits at our bright prospects for the morrow. It had been arranged that the brigades were to be divided, and that General Havelock, with *all* the guns and the 2nd Brigade, were to go by a direct route through some portion of the city, and that the General was to proceed with his three infantry regiments only, by a more circuitous route, and force his way through another portion of the suburbs, and so into the Residency; and this arrangement gave great satisfaction to him, and his noble zeal and emulation gave him great hopes that he would be the first to reach the Residency. This plan, however, was afterwards changed. Although so confident of success, he was fully impressed with a sense of the danger of the enterprise we were about to undertake, and in talking of anything that he would do after arrival at Lucknow, never failed to add, "if it be God's will that I should get there!' He, Spurgin, and I slept on the ground in his little tent on the night of the 24th, and got up at daybreak on the 25th, and sent the tent into the Alumbâgh, where the rest of the baggage had been sent the evening before.'*

* I append the final entry in Neill's journal descriptive of this day's work—the last words that he ever wrote: 'Thursday, 24. A fine morning: enemy bring up their guns and pound us. It is determined first of all to advance at 8½ P.M., then to halt the day. The troops move back; the artillery practise. Maude's battery had one gun opposed to it, a 9-pounder, which holds out against the whole battery. I again urge that the buildings be taken by a party of infantry, but it is not listened to. Another of the enemy's guns opening on us, and being well within range, I order out two companies of the Fusiliers against it; but as they were about to go, a peremptory order

And now comes the touching story of the last day of the beloved General's noble life, and of its glorious close in the hour of victory. It could not be better told than in the unstudied, soldierly language of the narrator. Such records as this are of inestimable value: 'We had some breakfast about seven, and about eight o'clock we marched, the 1st Brigade in advance, in the following order:

Two Companies of the 5th Fusiliers.
Captain Maude's Light Field Battery, R.A.
The remainder of the 5th Fusiliers.
The 84th, and Detachment 64th Regiment.
The Madras Fusiliers.

'We had not gone two hundred yards when the enemy's guns opened fire, and we were soon exposed to a most mur-

came for the brigade to retire, so I was obliged to give the order. . . . . We have been humiliated by a retirement before a contemptible enemy. A spy in—a trustworthy one—reports that the enemy are bolting from Lucknow, and there will be no opposition, yet the orders are out to halt for the day in our retired position. The guns in front still pound us, and our reply, a battery and three or four large iron guns, can't silence the few contemptible guns in our front. I presume that Sir J. Outram is negotiating. He suggested that General Havelock should send out two regiments to take the guns, but he would not agree, saying if any went the whole should. The enemy's cavalry, about 11 A.M., came down on our rear and baggage, and cut up several followers, and, I regret to add, some of the 90th. I presume the men, being griffs, did not know them, and from the proverbial dread of cavalry by infantry at home, they must have given the cowardly scoundrels some advantage against them. Several shots came very close to me. Young Havelock comes in with orders to move to-morrow in two columns; one under Sir J. Outram, the First Brigade, the other under General Havelock, with all the guns.'

derous cross-fire from their guns, and also to a heavy musketry fire. The dear General was near the head of the 5th Fusiliers. The road was lined with trees on either side, whose branches met across, and there was such a crush and confusion in the road caused by men, and bullocks, and horses, and branches of trees struck down by the round-shot and grape and musketry, in a perfect storm of which we now were, that there was difficulty in making one's way to the front. I was sent on with orders for Captain Maude to do all he could with his guns to silence those of the enemy, but his battery was already almost disabled from the number of men and bullocks that had been struck down, so there was nothing left for it but to push on as hard as we could through the dreadful storm; and then the walled enclosures from either side of the road from which the enemy's infantry had been firing, were cleared by our infantry, those on the right by the 5th Fusiliers and part of the 84th, and those on the left and a village that we had now reached by the remainder of the 84th and 64th, but with considerable loss. This brought the Madras Fusiliers to the front, and on turning a corner in the village two more guns were opened on us, and fired straight down the road up which we were coming. The General immediately saw that these guns must be captured at all hazards, and with his own lips he gave the order for the Madras Fusiliers to charge them. This they did in the most splendid way; they were accompanied by some of the 84th, who happened, at the time, to be in the street of the village when the order to charge was given. The General himself headed the charge, which nothing could resist, and after

mowing down a good many of our number with two discharges of grape during the charge, and under a shower of musket bullets, the guns were in our possession. It was here that poor Arnold had his leg carried off, from the effects of which he died a few days afterwards; and many others got dreadful wounds, but all were happy and proud. From this point we diverged off to the right, and wound round the outskirts of the city with very trifling opposition, until we got on to the road which leads along the bank of the Goomty, and straight towards the Residency. We had stopped once or twice on our way round the outskirts to let the heavy guns close up, and at one of these halts the General was repeatedly cheered by his men and the artillerymen, which made him very happy, and he laughed so when Captain Olpherts (who is a splendid officer) called out to his men, "The sound of your guns is music to the ladies in Lucknow." Soon after we had got on to the road along the Goomty, and little dreaming of the opposition which we had yet to meet, the General several times said: "How very thankful we should feel for having been preserved through the dangers of the day (it was now between two and three in the afternoon), and I for having escaped when my horse was killed under me!" We were riding quietly along the road at the head of the men, admiring the beauty of some of the buildings, and of the country on the other side of the Goomty, when some guns from that very side suddenly opened on us, and at the same time a sharp fire of muskets from the building known as the "Mess House," and from the Kaiser Bagh walls on our left, and two or three guns also kept firing at us from one

of the gates of the Kaiser Bagh. The Mess House was within one hundred yards of us. It is an upper-storied house with a turret at each corner, and shots poured out at every window and opening, and our musketry fire could not keep down theirs, and we had not time to wait and storm the house, for it was most essential that relief should reach the garrison that very night, so we were just obliged to push on. The General had two or three rounds fired into the house from one of the guns, which caused their musketry fire to cease for a short time. We then got into a walled enclosure, and rested for a little, and allowed the troops to close up. The General dismounted and sat down, and we had a cigar, I think, and some tea, or something to drink. We then started again, and had to go along a lane, and then through what had been the compound of an officer's bungalow. All this time we were concealed from the enemy's view, but at the end of the compound we had to come out on to one of the main roads, fully exposed to the Kaiser Bagh, and several large mosques and buildings, and for about two hundred yards we had to go through an incessant storm of bullets, grape, &c., to which what we had been exposed to in the morning was not to be compared in fierceness. Men were cut down on all sides, and how any single one escaped was perfectly miraculous. At the end of the two hundred yards we got behind the shelter of a large house, which was immediately occupied by the Madras Fusiliers, who, by the General's order, tried hard to keep down the musketry fire from the mosque behind; but it wasn't until after repeated discharges from our guns that it was even partially silenced. We then moved into a lane

with a brick wall on either side, and intersected in one or two places by cross-streets, up which the Sepoys poured a most destructive fire as we crossed the openings. We were delayed for some time in this lane, not knowing which was the best route to take to the Residency, from which we were still about three-quarters of a mile distant. All the streets were full of Sepoys, and it was evident that, whichever way we went, we should meet with dreadful opposition. It was now sunset, and it was necessary to make a move; and the route fixed on was one which required those regiments that had gone farthest up the lane to face about, and come back again; so the order to march became somewhat changed, and the 78th Highlanders and Sikh regiment, which had been behind us, and consequently not so far up the lane, turned down at once into the opening through which we were to advance to the Residency, and thus got in front of the 1st Brigade. When they had forced their entrance into the main street, General Havelock sent back for the assistance of the Madras Fusiliers, which accordingly became separated for the time from the 1st Brigade, and dear General Neill regretted much that he could not accompany them, but must remain with the other regiments. A number of guns had to move between the brigades, so that we were some distance apart. When we got out of the lane into the court-yard through which we had to go, we found a great crush of guns and bullocks. And now I approach that most deeply melancholy part of my story which has been the cause of my writing to you. It was now getting dusk, and our infantry were marching through the court-yard, which had flat-roofed houses on

either side and at the far end, with an archway in the middle of the far end, under which we had to go. A heavy musketry fire was opened on us from the tops of the houses on either side, and through loopholes in the parapet that ran along the top of the archway and houses at the far end. This fire knocked down numbers of our poor soldiers; and the fire that we gave in return was useless, as the Sepoys were protected by the parapet that ran along the whole front of the flat-roofed houses; and the houses themselves had all the doorways on the other side, so could not be entered from where we were. The General was sitting on his horse quite coolly, giving his orders, and trying to prevent too hasty a rush through the archway, as one of the guns had not yet been got out of the lane where we had been halting. He sent me back to see what was the delay in getting the gun on; and these were the last words I heard him utter, as I rode off immediately to the lane, and in about three minutes returned with the gun, when, to my great grief and horror, I was told that he was no more. He, sitting there quietly on his horse, had formed too prominent an object for the sure aim of the mutineer Sepoys, who fired at him through a loophole above the archway, and the fatal bullet performed its mission but too truly, and in one instant closed the earthly career of our greatest and most noble soldier and beloved General, our only consolation being that he was at peace, and had died a soldier's death, and passed from a short-lived earthly career of glory into one of glorious immortality. . . . He must have had his head turned towards the lane, watching probably for the gun to make its appearance round the corner,

for the bullet entered the side of his head behind, and a little above the left ear. When the fatal bullet took effect the body fell forward on the horse's neck, and the animal, through fright, galloped off towards the lane, and the body fell off near the corner of the lane. Spurgin had gone to the very place where he had seen the body fall off the horse, and was fortunate enough to have it put on to a gun-waggon, on which it was brought into the Residency. We were out all that night, and I followed the gun on which the dead remains were into the Residency compound at daybreak on Saturday morning, the 26th. It was then taken off the gun and put into a doolie. . . . It was unsafe to enter the churchyard during the day, it was so much exposed to the enemy's fire, although our good clergyman, Mr Harris, offered to go at any hour during the day; but as the garrison custom was to have funerals in the evening, we thought it best not to cause unnecessary exposure to the men by having it during the day. He was left just as he was, with a ruzaie wrapped round him, and was committed to the earth at dusk in the churchyard, the funeral service having been performed by Mr Harris, and many a tear shed and prayer offered up on the occasion. It would have been some little consolation if you could have heard the sorrow expressed by the whole brigade, and more especially by his own Fusiliers. His death was so unexpected by every one. He seemed to move about with a charmed life, and he had been so long looked on as the master mind and stay of our force by those around him, that his being suddenly cut off came upon us with a terrible shock.' *

* The following is Captain Spurgin's account of Neill's death:

Great was the grief, all over India, when it was known that Neill had fallen. From the Governor-General of India, down to the youngest private in the English Army, there was not a man who did not feel that a great soldier had passed away from a scene on which, had God spared him, he might have done even still greater things.* When the despatches of Generals Havelock and Outram were published, some dissatisfaction was expressed by Neill's friends because there had not been more prominent mention of his death and of the services preceding it; but their disappointment was lightened by the language of admiring regret in which Lord Canning wrote of the deceased warrior when he published those despatches to the world. After

'My poor friend, General Neill, fell almost the last shot that was fired on the 25th. I was close to him. A wretched man shot him from the top of a house. He never spoke again, and could not have suffered a moment's pain. There was a gun between us at the time, but I got round and saved his body by carrying it into the entrenched camp on a gun-carriage, and it was buried by his own regiment the next day. . . . What am I to write or say to poor Mrs Neill? and *he* asked me, before we went into action, in case he fell, to do so. A painful duty, and I do it with a sad heart; but it must be done.' From another passage in this letter it may be gathered that the box of little comforts and delicacies which Neill had collected for the use of the Lucknow ladies, reached its destination safely. 'I went to see Mrs ——,' writes Captain Spurgin, 'the morning after I got in. . . . . She was so glad to see me; and good old Neill had brought a box of all kinds of things for the ladies, such as arrowroot, sago, candles, &c., and some wine—all of which I had the pleasure of distributing.'

* A soldier of the 78th Highlanders wrote on September 28 to his brother: 'And here, when success had crowned our efforts, shocking to relate, our brave General Neill fell. He was an honour to the country, and the idol of the British Army.'

speaking of the entrance into Lucknow, and recording his thanks to the victorious Generals, he said, in his official notification: 'The Governor-General in Council forbears to observe further upon information which is necessarily imperfect; but he cannot refrain from expressing the deep regret with which he hears of the death of Brigadier Neill, of the 1st Madras European Fusiliers, of which it is feared that no doubt exists. Brigadier-General Neill, during his short but active career in Bengal, had won the respect and confidence of the Government of India; he had made himself conspicuous as an intelligent, prompt, and self-reliant soldier, ready of resource and stout of heart; and the Governor-General in Council offers to the Government and to the Army of Madras his sincere condolence upon the loss of one who was an honour to the service of their Presidency.' And in England, when the sad news reached our shores, there was scarcely less sorrow. But with this grief for the dead there was mingled a tender and generous regard for the living; and the honours and rewards which would have been bestowed upon the fallen soldier, were transferred to his widow and children. Neill had already been appointed, for his earlier services in the war, an aide-de-camp to the Queen. The Gazette now recorded that he would have been recommended for the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, had he survived; and soon afterwards another Gazette announced that the Queen had been 'pleased to ordain and declare that Isabella Neill, the widow of the late Colonel James George Neill, of the Madras Fusiliers, shall have, hold, and enjoy the same style, title, place, and precedence, to which she would have

been entitled had her husband, who fell in the gallant discharge of his duty, survived and been invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath.' Nor was the great Company, which Neill had served so long and so nobly, forgetful of his claims. They added to these royal rewards a liberal pecuniary endowment.

But more honourable to the memory of the Dead even than these testimonials from admiring Governments, was the eagerness with which the great voice of the Nation sought to express alike the sorrow and the gratitude in its heart. To hold public meetings, and to vote statues of marble or bronze, are, in all such cases, the common, and indeed the fitting, manifestations of the popular applause. So there were great gatherings in Madras and in Bengal, and again in Neill's native county of Ayr, to raise memorials of the heroic Dead. In India, Madras, with an especial pride in her distinguished soldier, took the lead. The Governor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief Justice, and other great representatives of the English communities, took prominent parts on the occasion; and nothing was left unsaid that could illustrate the nobility of his character and the exceeding value of his deeds.* Then Bengal caught the

* It is remarkable that, at this meeting, the highest legal authorities in the Presidency dwelt most emphatically, in language of praise, on General Neill's treatment of the Cawnpore murderers, described by some as a violation of law, justice, and humanity. The Chief Justice said that Neill 'stood there as the avenger of almost unheard-of crimes.' 'I am thankful to think,' he continued, 'that he knew he "should not bear the sword in vain as the minister of God to execute wrath on those who had done evil." This passage, if I remember rightly, refers to the civil magistrate, but in time of

enthusiasm, and all classes of Englishmen in Northern India were eager to join in the demonstration originated by their southern brethren. And no member of that community so eager as Lord Canning, who, above all men with the circumstances of whose lives I have been familiarized through their correspondence, had a great-hearted appreciation of individual merit, especially of individual gallantry, and was ever liberal in its expression. He had then in his Council an honoured friend, a distinguished Madras officer, known to more than one generation as John Low,'* and it appeared to the Governor-General, who had a delicate sense of what was graceful and becoming, that from no man would the proposal to do honour to the memory of General Neill emanate more fittingly than from his veteran fellow-soldier; so he sat down and wrote the following letter: '*Government House*, December 26, 1857. My dear General Low,—I have seen in the Madras *Athenæum* of the 10th of December the report of a public

war the soldier takes the place of civil power. It should not be forgotten that in time of war the maxim, *Cedant arma togæ*, has no place; whilst it should be remembered, *Silent inter arma leges*.' And the Advocate-General said, that when it was known at home how Neill 'at Cawnpore had inflicted righteous retribution on those high-caste murderers, the Bengal Brahmin Sepoys, the fame of his deeds ran trumpet-tongued throughout the land, and in England that retribution was not looked upon as vengeance, but simply as that which the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Duke of Cambridge, had so lately said, amidst the cheers of all who heard him, he hoped and trusted would be rigidly carried out—namely, justice, prompt and stern justice, on every sharer in those atrocities.' —*Vide contemporary Report in Madras Athenæum*.

* Now (1866) Sir John Low, K.C.B.

meeting held for the purpose of doing honour to the late Brigadier-General Neill, at which Lord Harris presided, and which resulted in the formation of a committee, and the passing of certain resolutions to that end. I have been aware for some time that such a step has been in contemplation at Madras, in which Presidency, as claiming General Neill for its own, it was right that the measure should be originated. But in my opinion it will not be right that India at large, and especially Bengal and the North-Western Provinces, should have no share in this work. General Neill's best service has been rendered on this side of India. His highest honours have been won here. It was at Lucknow that he met his death, enshrining his name for ever in the history of a struggle in which the best and bravest men of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part, and in which there was no leader more reliable, no soldier more forward, than himself. If you agree with me, I would ask leave to go one step further, and to suggest that no person is so well qualified to take the case in hand in this Presidency, and to win support to it, as yourself, holding the high position which you do hold in the Madras Army, and in the Government of India. In the event of a committee being organized to receive subscriptions, and for other purposes, you would, I am certain, obtain zealous co-operation from Mr Daniel Elliot.* Probably it will be thought that the

* Mr Daniel Elliot, an officer of the Madras Civil Service, and one of the ablest and best that ever went to India. After a distinguished career in his own Presidency, he went to Calcutta in 1839, as one of the first members of the Law Commission. He was after-

money which may be collected in this Presidency will be most properly disposed of by handing it over unconditionally to the Madras Committee, to form one fund, at the command of those who have the best title to determine the manner in which we shall do honour to their noble soldier. But whatever may be decided upon this point, I beg you, in the event of your acceding to my suggestion, to place my name upon the list of suscribers for one thousand rupees. —Believe me, my dear General Low, very faithfully yours, CANNING.'

No one will doubt the cordiality with which General Low responded to this appeal. A great meeting was held in the Town-hall of Calcutta; and the veteran Councillor proposed the first resolution: 'That this meeting, deeply appreciating the splendid services rendered by the late Brigadier-General Neill, of the Madras Fusiliers, during the late crisis, and recognizing the fact that this active and determined officer, with but small means at command, first and effectually stemmed the torrent of insurrection spreading over the North-Western provinces of Bengal, feels specially bound to record its gratitude for such services, and to express its heartfelt regret that his brilliant career was cut short by so untimely though glorious a death.' 'When Neill arrived in Bengal,' he said, 'he was almost an entire

wards a member of the Madras Council and of the Legislative Council of India. He was one of those men whose noiseless beneficence is seldom adequately recognized, and who are doomed to see their inferiors in intrinsic worth and external service praised and rewarded, whilst they remain in the shade with the solace only of a good conscience.

stranger. Yet you recollect what that stranger effected in the course of a few weeks. You recollect the splendid services which he achieved at Benares, and again at Allahabad and Cawnpore—services all different from each other, but all surrounded with dangers and difficulties—difficulties which vanished before the judgment, energy, skill, and devotion to his duty of this remarkable man; and so completely did he do his duty, that he left nothing to be desired.' Others followed in the same strain; and every note of truthful praise that was sounded awakened a burst of enthusiastic applause. One eloquent speaker—Advocate-General Ritchie, a man whose name is never mentioned without respect, concluded his address with these touching words: 'He fell pressing through a gateway at Lucknow thronged with the dead, the dying, and the advancing hosts of the British avengers of blood, at the head of his own beloved regiment, with everything to urge the warrior onwards, and to make a moment's pause as repugnant to his nature as it was perilous. And yet the hero paused on his onward course, and that pause, exposing him to steady, murderous aim from behind the treacherous loophole, cost his precious life. But he paused for no work of slaughter, but for a work of mercy, not to strike down a foeman, but to moisten from his own flask the lips of a poor private who had sunk wounded or exhausted by his side. We all remember that beautiful story, dear to us from our childhood, of Sir Philip Sydney, when dying on the field of Zutphen, waving from him the cup of cold water that was offered to him, with the words, "Give it to that poor man: his necessity is greater than mine." That deed of the Christian warrior is

and ever will be unsurpassed; but is it not now equalled? Was not the charity as lovely, the self-denial as sublime, which could stay the advancing footsteps of the fiery Neill, eager to avenge his slaughtered countrymen and countrywomen, that he might succour his poor, faithful, simple-hearted follower, as those which animated even the noble Sydney?' *

And Scotland was not less proud of the hero's memory than was India. When news of his death reached his native county, money was promptly subscribed wherewith to raise a statue in his honour. And in October, 1859, there was a great assemblage of people in Ayr to witness the Inauguration of the Monument. Lord Eglinton, Sir James Fergusson, and other distinguished men were present, and among them Neill's old aide-de-camp, Major Gordon, who shared the dangers of his last days, and was beside him in the hour of his death. The Monument, executed by Noble, is erected in Wellington-square, at the end farthest from the County Buildings, and, according to the local chronicler, 'near to the place where the hero was born.'† 'The figure,' it is added, 'is of colossal size, ten feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of Dalbeattie granite

* I cannot refrain from giving this passage, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, of which, however, it may truly be said that it is 'very like Neill.' The reader who has followed the touching narrative of the General's last days, given above, may judge for himself what are the probabilities of the accuracy of the story. Its omission from so detailed and complete a record seems to cast discredit on it.

† This appears to be an error. General Neill was not born in Wellington-square, as generally stated by the Ayrshire biographers.

twelve feet high. The incident seized on by the artist is that which occurred at the railway station at Howrah, when General Neill and the Fusiliers, being about to proceed to quell the mutiny at Benares, a portion of the regiment not having arrived when the train was about to start, and the railway official insisting upon its proceeding without them, General Neill immediately and on the spot had him arrested; and the soldiers coming up shortly afterwards, the Fusiliers started off for the scene of danger, and, under their great commander, speedily restored the disturbed district to tranquillity.' The pedestal bears the following inscription:

JAMES GEORGE SMITH NEILL, C.B.,
AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE MADRAS ARMY,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN INDIA:
A BRAVE, RESOLUTE, SELF-RELIANT SOLDIER, UNIVERSALLY
ACKNOWLEDGED AS THE FIRST WHO STEMMED
THE TORRENT OF REBELLION IN BENGAL.
HE FELL GLORIOUSLY
AT THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW
26TH SEPT., 1857,
AGED 47.

The story is now told; and I hope that in its telling the character of the soldier and of the man has been so indicated, that it is but little necessary to give an elaborate account of the qualities which contributed to its perfection. The lesson to be learnt from his career is a striking one. It teaches us the great duty of 'waiting.' In the course of a few months General Neill made a great reputation. He had waited long and patiently for his opportunity; it came at last, and he suddenly developed into a great military com-

mander. In an unexampled crisis he displayed all the finest soldierly qualities; and there was not among the brave men who were pushing forward to the rescue, one in whom greater confidence was felt from one end of India to the other than in the Colonel of the Madras Fusiliers. All said of him that he was 'the man for the occasion.' Like the two Lawrences, like Outram, and like Nicholson, he had wonderful self-reliance; and there was no responsibility so great as to make him shrink from taking upon himself the burden of it. When Lord Canning said of him that 'in the great struggle in which the best and bravest of men of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part, there was no leader more reliable, no soldier more forward than Neill,' the sentiment was echoed by his countrymen all over the world. All men spoke of his wonderful promptitude and decision, and of the intuitive sagacity which enabled him to do ever 'the right thing at the right time and in the right place.' But only those who knew him well, who had lived in familiar intercourse and taken sweet counsel with him, knew how truly good and great he was. There were times, as we have seen, when the good old Covenanter spirit glowed within him, and he smote with an unsparing sword at the persecutors of our race. But in all the ordinary transactions of life he was tender and gentle as a woman; * he was one of the most unselfish and consider-

* In all of this I am fully borne out by the recorded opinion of one of the very best of men. 'In view of such horrid butcheries,' wrote Dr Duff, after speaking of the Cawnpore tragedy, 'General Neill, though naturally a mild, gentle, quiet, inoffensive man, seems to have irresistibly felt that an exhibition of stern justice was impera-

ate of men, unceasingly watchful for opportunities of serving others, and ever forward in the performance of deeds of charity and love. The delight of a happy home, and the bright example of a devoted family, he was an upright and a God-fearing man, walking ever humbly with that God,

tively demanded. His Scottish Bible-training had taught him that justice was as absolute an attribute of Deity as mercy; that magistracy was "an ordinance of God," and expressly designed to be a terror to evil-doers. His sentiments appeared to harmonize with those of Lord Palmerston, who is reported to have said that "to punish the guilty adequately exceeded the powers of any civilized men, as the atrocities which had been committed were such as to be imagined and perpetrated only by demons sallying forth from the lowest depths of hell;" with those of Lord Shaftesbury, who called aloud for a strict, stern justice on the miscreants who deluged our towns with the blood of women and children, declaring the exaction of such justice essential, not only for the maintenance of our tenure of India, but of the future safety of the natives themselves; and with those of the American Ambassador, who solemnly averred that the crimes were such as to constitute their perpetrators what pirates are, what cannibals in the Fejee Islands, enemies of the human race, and meriting from the whole of the human race summary and peremptory extirpation. Dismissing, therefore, from his mind all thoughts of harmful lenity, all feelings of maudlin, sentimental pity, he sternly grasped the sword of retributive justice, and as the minister of God who ought not to bear the sword in vain, a revenger to execute wrath on them that did evil (Rom. xiii. 4), he resolved to strike terror into the souls of the evil-doers and their miscreant sympathizers. Nor did he regard it as torture or cruelty, in the ordinary sense of these terms, to cause murderers, who were still reeking with the gore of innocent women and children, to wipe up a portion of the blood which they had no scruples of conscience or of caste in so profusely shedding. Neither, may I add, need any enlightened Christian shrink from avowing that he has felt no especial indignation at a procedure so unwonted, in such strange, unwonted circumstances.'

and recognizing in all the vicissitudes of life the hand of an Almighty Providence. His career was short, but it has been truly said, 'not too short for his fame;' for in the great muster-roll of Indian heroes, there is scarcely a name more cherished by the present generation of men than that of James George Neill.

GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON.

[BORN 1821.—DIED 1857.]

AT the close of the year 1830, a physician practising in Dublin died from the effects of a fever caught in the performance of his professional duties. Though only thirty-seven years of age, Dr Alexander Nicholson had attained considerable reputation in the Irish capital as a skilful and experienced practitioner; and he was a man of true Christian piety and spotless integrity of life.

He died, leaving a widow and seven young children; two daughters and five sons. The eldest of the sons, John Nicholson, born in Dublin on the 11th of December, 1821, at the time of his father's death had just completed his eighth year. But, child as he was, even at that time he was old enough to be a solace and a stay to his widowed mother.

He was a precocious boy almost from his cradle; thoughtful, studious, of an inquiring nature; and he had the ineffable benefit of good parental teaching of the best kind. In his young mind the seeds of Christian piety were early sown, and took deep root. It is still remembered of

him that, when he was three years old, his mother happening to go suddenly into a room, found John alone there, with a knotted handkerchief in his hand, striking with all his childish force at some invisible object. When asked what he was doing, he answered with a grave earnestness of manner, 'Oh! mamma, dear; I am trying to get a blow at the devil. He is wanting me to be bad. If I could get him down I'd kill him.'

He was exceedingly quick to learn, and when only four years of age he could read well; and he never shrank from his lessons. On the death of his father, Mrs Nicholson removed her young family to Lisburne, where her mother resided; * but finding it difficult to obtain there good masters for her children, she transferred them to Delgany, where excellent private tuition was secured for them. But as John advanced in years and intelligence, it seemed expedient to fit him to make his way in the great world by training of a more public kind; so his mother sent him to the college at Dungannon, of which Dr Darling was then the principal. In after years he sometimes expressed regret that he had not availed himself more fully of the opportunities then presented to him of increasing his store of learning; but he made very good progress all the same, and at fifteen was probably as good a scholar as the majority of boys at that age. He was, moreover, a fine manly youngster, active and courageous, but withal of a gentle and affectionate nature, and very fond of his mother. I have no

* Mrs Nicholson is sister of Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., formerly M.P. for Beverley and for Honiton, and now a member of the Council of India.

faith in men who do not love their mothers, from the first day of their lives to the last.

I have not been able to recover any anecdotes of John Nicholson's boyhood, excepting one, which shows that, at an early age, an accident had well-nigh rendered a public career impossible to him. During one of his vacations he was playing with gunpowder, when a considerable quantity of it exploded in his face and blinded him. He covered his face with his hands, and made his way to his mother, saying to her, 'Mamma, the gunpowder has blown up in my face.' When he removed his hands, it was seen that his face was a blackened mass; his eyes were completely closed, and the blood was trickling down his cheeks. For ten days, during which he never murmured, or expressed any concern except for his mother, he lay in a state of total darkness; but when at the end of that time the bandages were removed, it was found that God in his mercy had spared the sight of the boy, and preserved him to do great things.

It was plain that there was in such a boy the making of a good soldier; but I do not know that this early promise led in any way to the choice of his profession. I have before observed that the majority of those men who have made for themselves great Indian careers, have gone forth, not because they have had in youth any special liking for the life before them, but because accident or convenience has so directed their ways. Mrs Nicholson had five sons, and a slender income, derived mainly from the rents of some small estates in Ireland, and it was a matter of serious concern to her how to provide for this fine batch of promising

youngsters. It is not strange that ever and anon these grave thoughts expressed themselves in a troubled countenance. When quite a child, John would say sometimes, with a loving kiss to his mother, 'Don't fret, mamma dear, when I'm a big man I'll make plenty of money, and I'll give it all to you.' Words often uttered, before and since, but seldom, as in this instance, so religiously fulfilled! The chance was not very far distant. Mrs Nicholson's brother, Sir James Hogg, had 'large Indian interest.' When John had nearly completed his sixteenth year, his uncle obtained a cadetship for him in the Bengal Infantry. He made all haste to England, and after spending a short time with the same good friend, who helped him with advice and with money to obtain his outfit, embarked on board the *Camden* for Calcutta. He had left home carrying with him the most precious counsel. 'Never forget to read your Bible,' were his mother's last words, given to him with her parting benediction. And he never did forget the pious admonition.

The voyage to India was not an eventful one. He kept very much aloof from the other youngsters on board, whom he described as, for the most part, of a noisy riotous kind. He read much every day, never forgetting the Book of Books morning or evening, and made by his uniform steadiness of conduct a most favourable impression on the mind of the captain of the ship. Having reached Calcutta in the month of July, he spent a short time in the vice-regal capital, and was then appointed to do duty with the 41st Regiment of Native Infantry at Benares. After a while he was permanently posted to the 27th Sepoy Regiment, which

was cantoned at our frontier station of Ferozepore. 'I intend setting out on the 1st of January,' he wrote to his mother, in December, 1839, 'and expect to be rather more than three months on the road. I am afraid it will prove a very unpleasant march to me, as I go alone, and am unacquainted with the language and country.' These difficulties were readily overcome. The young Ensign arrived at the remote station, and joined the regiment, which was to be his home.* But new difficulties beset him there; he found that there were no houses—that he was compelled to build one, and that he must pass the hot weather in a tent. So, in common course, he was subjected to a process of 'seasoning.' In the early part of July he wrote to his mother: 'I have not forgot your parting advice to read my Bible daily. . . I have just recovered from a severe attack of fever, brought on by the want of proper shelter; but my new house will soon be finished, and then I hope I shall enjoy my usual health. You can have no idea how the hot weather enervates the body, and, if you do not take special care, the mind also. I am just finishing a most interesting work, which, if you have not already read, I strongly re-

* Of Ferozepore, John Nicholson wrote to his mother in June: 'This station is a perfect wilderness; there is not a tree or blade of grass within miles of us, and as to the tigers, there are two or three killed in the neighbouring jungle every day. I intend in the cold weather to have a shot at them, but at present it is dangerous work, from the great heat. The Court of Directors will have a sufficiency of work next cold weather, or I am much mistaken. The Russians are advancing towards Balkh. To watch them and the Sikhs, I suppose this station has been made head-quarters of the division; what the Staff are to do for houses on their arrival, I know not.'

commend you to do so; it is Faber's *Fulfilment of the Scriptural Prophecies.*' In the following month he wrote to the same beloved correspondent: 'You ask if the climate agrees with me. I think so far it has, considering how much I have been exposed since I came out. I am nearly six feet high now, and expect, if my health continues good, to be three or four inches taller; but I think I am thinner even than I was at home.'

In the middle of the month of October, 1840, his regiment was warned for service in Afghanistan, which was at that time occupied by British troops, and overrun by British diplomatists. It was a season of delusive calm. Our British regiments were ordered, in ordinary course of relief, into the dominions of Shah Soojah, as if they were going to a British province. But it was not long before the 27th, after having marched into Afghanistan, were excited by the prospect of a brush with the Sikh. 'Our brigade,' wrote young Nicholson, in July, 1841, to Sir James Hogg, 'was sent down to Peshawur, in May, to assist a convoy, on its way up, under Captain Broadfoot, which ten thousand Sikhs of General Avitabile's force, who had mutinied and seized two guns, threatened at the Attock. However, hearing of our approach by forced marches, they made off across the Caubul river, and left the detachment at liberty to proceed. We suffered a good deal from the heat on our return to Jellalabad, and, without halting there, continued our march to Caubul, where the other corps remained; but we proceeded to relieve the 16th at Ghuznee, and are now comfortably settled there.' The 27th, under Colonel Palmer, formed the garrison of Ghuznee, the capture of which a

year or two before had consummated the revolution which placed Shah Soojah 'upon the throne of his ancestors.' And there, when the counter-revolution broke out in 1841, it found young Nicholson with his regiment—a tall, slim stripling of eighteen.*

When the 'insurgents,' as they were then called, arose, and strove mightily to shake off the double burden of an unpopular monarch and a foreign usurpation, it was the especial work of one of the leading Afghan chiefs to obtain repossession of Ghuznee. A British garrison is never likely to surrender to an Oriental enemy; but what could a single regiment do against the multitudinous array of fighting men sent against them? It happened that a second enemy, even more formidable than the first, appeared at the same disastrous point of time. Snow began to fall heavily. The rigours of winter were setting in. The reinforcements sent from Candahar to the relief of Ghuznee retraced their steps. This gave new heart to the Afghans. The British regiment for some time held the city, but the inhabitants undermined the walls and admitted the Barukzye fighting men. Then the English officers were compelled to withdraw with their Hindostanee troops into the citadel. There they were ex-

* He appears at this time to have had some idea of obtaining an appointment in Shah Soojah's service, for he wrote from Ghuznee in August: 'The service which I spoke to you about wishing to enter was not the Nizam's, but that of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolkh, whom we have lately restored to the throne of Caubul, and whose army is officered by Europeans, who receive a much larger salary than they do when serving with their regiments. However, I shall soon pass in the language, and perhaps through my uncle's interest may obtain some appointment in Hindostan better worth having.'

posed to all the merciless severities of the northern winter. But they held their own manfully until their supplies of water were exhausted, and then they were compelled to capitulate. An agreement was signed with the Afghan leaders by which they promised our people safe-conduct over the Punjabee frontier. But as the snow was still lying in the passes, it was necessary that they should remain a little longer in Ghuznee; so quarters were found for the British regiment in a part of the town just below the citadel. Afghan treachery, however, soon displayed itself in its worst colours. The British troops were foully attacked in their new quarters. Then, in the hour of deadly peril, the heroic qualities of John Nicholson, a youth of twenty, manifested themselves in all their nascent strength. The story is told by one who fought beside him. 'I was in the next house with Burnett of the 54th and Nicholson of the 27th,' wrote Lieutenant Crawford, soon after the event, 'there being no decent room for me in my own proper quarters. On hearing the uproar I ran to the roof to see what was the matter; and finding what had taken place among my men, and that balls were flying thick, I called up Burnett. He had scarcely joined me when he was struck down by a rifle-ball which knocked his eye out; and as he was then rendered *hors de combat*, I assumed command of the two companies of the 27th that had been under him; and Nicholson and myself proceeded to defend ourselves as well as circumstances would permit. We were on the left of the heap of houses occupied by our troops, and the first and sharpest attacks were directed at us; the enemy fired our house, and gradually, as room after room caught fire, we were forced

to retreat to the others, till at last, by midnight of the 9th, our house was nearly burnt in halves. We were exhausted with hunger and thirst, having had nothing to eat or drink since the morning of the 7th. Our ammunition was expended; the place was filled with dead and dying men, and our position was no longer tenable; but the only entrance, in front of the house, was surrounded by the enemy, and we scarcely knew how to get out and endeavour to join Colonel Palmer. At last we dug a hole through the wall of the back of the house: we had only bayonets to work with, and it cost us much labour to make a hole sufficiently large to admit of one man dropping into the street below; but we were fortunate enough to get clear out of our ruined quarters in this way, and to join the Colonel unperceived by the savages around us.'

But by this time all hope of successful resistance had passed away; for the Hindostanee Sepoys, worn out by cold and hunger, had lost all heart, and were eager to seek safety in flight. So again Colonel Palmer entered into terms with the enemy, and engaged to surrender the arms of his force on condition of the Afghan leaders pledging themselves to treat their prisoners honourably, and conduct them in safety to Caubul. There was the bitterness of death in this order to all heroic minds; and it is recorded that 'Nicholson, then quite a stripling, drove the enemy thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet, before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment.'

Now began a time of miserable captivity. In a small room, eighteen feet by thirteen, the prisoners were confined. When they lay down to rest at night they covered the whole floor. From this wretched dungeon, after a while, even light and air were excluded by the closing of the door and window. Cleanliness even was a blessing denied to them. The linen rotted on their backs, and they were soon covered by loathsome vermin. In this pitiable state, never breathing the fresh air of heaven, the spring passed over them; and then in the middle of May there was a little change for the better, for once a week they were suffered to emerge from their dark and noxious dungeon and look out into the face of day for an hour, from the terrace of the citadel. A month afterwards they were moved into better quarters, and an open court-yard allowed them for exercise. The delight of this was so great after the stifling and pestilential atmosphere of their first prison, that for months they slept in the open court, wrapped in their rude sheepskin cloaks, with nothing above them but the canopy of heaven. At last, in the third week of August, they were startled by the news that they were to be conveyed to Caubul; and presently they found themselves, slung in camel panniers, jolting on to the Afghan capital.

At Caubul, John Nicholson and his companions were taken before the famous Afghan leader, Akbar Khan, who spoke kindly to them, bade them be of good cheer, gave them a good dinner, and then sent them to join the prisoners under his own care. Of this dinner John Nicholson, after his release, wrote an interesting account to his mother, saying: 'The day we arrived at Caubul, we dined with Ma-

homed Akbar. Many of the principal men of the city were present; and I never was in the company of more gentlemanlike, well-bred men. They were strikingly handsome, as the Afghan Sirdars always are, and made most polite inquiries regarding our health, how we had borne the fatigue of the journey, &c. Immediately opposite to me sat Sultan Jan, the handsomest man I ever saw in my life; and with a great deal of dignity in his manner. He had with his own hand murdered poor Captain Trevor in the preceding winter; but that was nothing. As I looked round the circle I saw both parricides and regicides, whilst the murderer of our Envoy was perhaps the least blood-stained of the party. I look upon our escape as little less than a miracle. I certainly never expected it; and to God alone thanks are due.'* When the Ghuznee party joined

* Of the Afghan character generally, John Nicholson appears to have formed no very favourable opinion. In the letter quoted in the text, he wrote: 'I sent you from Ferozepore a newspaper containing a tolerably correct, though brief, account of us at Ghuznee, from November, 1841, till September, 1842. I must, however, mention some traits in the Afghan character, which I had full leisure to study during my imprisonment. They are, without exception, the most bloodthirsty and treacherous race in existence, more so than any one who had not experience of them could conceive; with all that, they have more natural, innate politeness than any people I have ever seen. Men of our guard used to ask us of our friends at home: "Have you a mother?—have you brothers and sisters?—and how many?" It has often been said to me by a man who (to use an expression of their own) would have cut another's throat for an onion, "Alas! alas! what a state of mind your poor mother must be in about you now; how I pity both you and her!" And although insincere, he did not mean this as a jest.' In another letter he said: 'With regard to the Afghans, I cannot describe their character in

Akbar Khan's prisoners, the worst part of their captivity was over. 'We found,' wrote one of the party afterwards, 'our countrymen living in what appeared to us a small paradise. They had comfortable quarters, servants, money, no little baggage, and a beautiful garden to walk about in. To our great regret, we had only been four or five days in this Elysium, when we were sent off to Bameean.' The armies of General Pollock and General Nott were advancing triumphantly upon Caubul; and the Afghan leader, who knew the value of his prisoners, was eager to keep them in safe custody until he could turn them to proper account. Even in their new prison-house on the Hindoo-Koosh, among the giant-caves of Bameean, it hardly seemed to him that they would be safe; so he sent orders for their conveyance to Kooloom. But deliverance was now close at hand. Afghan cupidity was seldom in those days proof against the temptations of English gold. The prisoners bribed the officer in whose custody they were with large promises, to be redeemed on their release. From this time all danger was at an end. They opened communications with General Pollock, turned their faces again towards Caubul, and on the 17th of September met the party which the General sent out to their rescue, and found themselves free men. 'When I joined the force at Caubul,' wrote

language sufficiently strong; this much, however, respecting their patriotism, which people at home laud them so much for; they have not a particle of it, and from the highest to the lowest, every man of them would *sell* both country and relations. In fact, our politicals found out latterly that the surest mode of apprehending a criminal was to tamper with his nearest friends or relations.'

John Nicholson some months later, 'Richard Olpherts, of the 40th, was very kind to me. Indeed, but for his kindness, I don't know what I should have done. He supplied me with clothes and other necessaries, and I lived with him till I reached Peshawur.'

The victorious army having set its mark upon Caubul, returned to the British provinces. But new trouble was in store for John Nicholson. Whilst he had been suffering captivity in his Afghan prison, his brother Alexander had gone out to India, and had marched with his regiment into Afghanistan. On the way from Caubul, the brothers met; but a few days afterwards the enemy attacked our rear-guard, and Alexander was killed in action. It was John Nicholson's sad duty to communicate this distressing intelligence to his mother: 'It is with a sorrowful heart,' he wrote on the 6th of November, 'that I sit down to write to you now, after a silence of more than a twelvemonth. Indeed, I should scarcely dare to do so now, were I not encouraged by the knowledge that God will enable you to bear your sad loss with Christian resignation, and comfort you with his Holy Spirit. Poor Alexander is no more. He was killed in action, when on rear-guard on the 3rd instant; but I know that you will not sorrow as one without hope, but rather rejoice that it has pleased the Lord to take him from this world of sorrow and temptation. Poor boy, I met him only a few days before his death, and a happy meeting it was. . . . . Now, my dearest mother, let me entreat you not to grieve more than you can help. Alexander died a soldier's death, in the execution of his duty, and a more glorious death he could not have died.'

After a grand ovation on the frontier, the army was dispersed. John Nicholson then, after the perilous excitement of this his first service, subsided for a time into the quietude and monotony of cantonment life. His regiment was stationed at Meerut, but, although it was one of the largest and most bustling of our military cantonments, the uneventful dreariness of his daily life oppressed him after the excitement of the preceding years. 'I dislike India and its inhabitants more every day,' he wrote to his mother, in one of those hours of despondency which are common to the careers of all great men, 'and would rather go home on £200 a year than live like a prince here. At the same time I have so much reason to be thankful, that I do not grumble at my lot being cast in this country.' But the young soldier was not doomed to a lengthened period of inactivity, for he was made Adjutant of his regiment, and he had thus the best opportunity that could have been afforded to him for perfecting himself in the practical knowledge of his professional duties. There was peace, but not of long duration. Soon it was plain that another crisis was approaching; and then commenced that great series of events which tested the qualities and made the reputations of so many men now great in Indian history. The Sikh army, no longer restrained by the strong hand of Runjit Singh, invaded the British frontier, and dared us to the conflict. Then, the work of the English soldier done for a time, the work of the administrator commenced. The Sikh Empire, which the victories of the Sutlej had laid at our feet, was left in the hands of the child-Prince who represented the house of its founder; and whilst we fenced

him round with British bayonets, we at the same time endeavoured to fit him for future government. A Council of Regency was formed, and Colonel Henry Lawrence, as related in a previous Memoir, was placed at its head.

It happened that John Nicholson was then with the army on the frontier. He had been attached to the Commissariat Department, and was present at the battle of Ferozeshuhur; but his position did not afford the means of personal distinction, and he was little more than a looker-on.* The time, however, had come for the young soldier to divest himself for a time of the ordinary accompaniments and restraints of military life. A new career was about to open out before him—a career that had many attractions for one of his ardent, enthusiastic nature, for it was one in which he would no longer be kept down by the dead weight of a seniority service. As a regimental subaltern, there was little that he could do to distinguish himself; still less, perhaps,

* From Lahore, he wrote on the 27th of February, to his mother: 'As you will see by the date, we are encamped at the capital of the Punjab, without having fired a shot since we crossed the Sutlej on the 10th instant—a proof of how completely the Sikh army has been humbled, and its strength and confidence lessened. Our loss since the commencement of the war has—though very heavy—been nothing in comparison with theirs; it is believed that at least half the force they had in the field at Sobraon on the 10th perished, and our trophies are two hundred and thirty guns, besides innumerable standards, arms of every description, and nearly all the camp-equipage they brought across the river with them. . . . You will be glad to hear I have got a Commissariat appointment from Colonel Stuart. It scarcely gives me any increase of pay at present, but will do so after I have served a few years in the department. I passed the interpreter's examination in November last, at Umballah.'

to be done in the subordinate ranks of the Commissariat Department. But he had made the acquaintance of George and Henry Lawrence in Afghanistan. With the former he had been a fellow-captive, in the hands of Saleh Mahomed; and the latter, who accompanied the Sikh Contingent to Caubul, had soon discerned the fine soldierly qualities of the subaltern of the Twenty-seventh. To such a man as Henry Lawrence, the character and disposition of young Nicholson were sure to recommend him, as one to be regarded with great hope and with tender affection. They parted, but Lawrence never forgot the boy, and when they met again on the banks of the Sutlej, the elder man, then in high place, stretched out his hand to the younger, and John Nicholson's fortune was made.

After the campaign on the Sutlej, Cashmere, which had been an outlying province of the Sikh Empire, was ceded to the English, in part payment of the expenses of the war; and it was made over by us, or, in plain language, sold, to the Maharajah Gholab Singh for a million sterling. At the request of the chief, the British Government consented to send two English officers to instruct his troops in our system of discipline; and Captain Broome of the Artillery and John Nicholson were selected by Lord Hardinge for the duty, in the early part of March, 1846. The Governor-General sent for Nicholson, and offered him the appointment in a manner very pleasing to the young soldier. 'I accepted it gladly,' he wrote to his mother, 'on the condition that, if on trial I did not like it I might fall back on

my old Commissariat office.' Early in April he reached Jummoo, from which place he wrote, in the following month: 'My last will have informed you of my arrival here with Maharajah Gholab Singh on the 2nd of April. Since then I have been leading the most monotonous life you can well imagine; I have no duties of any kind to perform, and am quite shut out from the civilized world. I think I mentioned to you in a former letter that I did not believe the Maharajah was really desirous of having our system of discipline introduced into his army; so it has turned out he merely asked for two European officers because he was aware of the moral effect their presence would have at his Durbar in showing the terms of intimacy he was on with the British Government, and made the wish to have his army disciplined a pretence. As it at present stands, the appointment can't prove a permanent one, as the Maharajah will soon become tired of paying mine and Captain Broome's, the Artillery officer's, staff salary. Hitherto we have both received every civility from him, and as long as he considers it his interest to treat us well, he will doubtless do so. The Maharajah talks of going to Cashmere next month and taking me with him. I look forward with great pleasure to a trip to this beautiful valley (albeit in such company), believed by natives to have been the earthly Paradise.' *

* In another letter, written in June, he still complained of the same want of employment. 'I have already,' he said, 'informed you of the nature of my appointment, and that up to the date of my writing my duties had been merely nominal ones. I regret to say they still continue so, and after the busy life I have led for the last three years, and the excitement of the late campaign, my present

So they went to Cashmere, ostensibly to drill the infantry regiments of the Maharajah; but Gholab Singh really wanted them for no such purpose. Their presence in his country was sufficient to show that he had the support of the British Government. This, however, did not avail him much; for a strong party, under the old Sikh governor, resisted the transfer of the territory to its new ruler; and the English officers were in danger of their lives. The story is told by Nicholson himself, in a letter to his mother: 'I left Jummoo for Cashmere,' he wrote on the 26th of September, 1846, 'towards the latter end of July, and arrived there on the 12th of August, much pleased with the beautiful scenery and fine climate of the mountain range which we crossed to get into the valley. You will remember that the province of Cashmere was made over to Gholab Singh by our Government. At the time of our arrival, however, though he had a few thousand men in the valley, he had by no means obtained possession of the place. The son of the late governor, under the Sikhs, having raised a considerable force, showed an evident disinclination to surrender the government—Gholab Singh, moreover, being very unpopular in the valley, on account of his known character. We had not been many days in the city before we learnt that the governor had made up his mind to drive Gholab Singh's small force out of the valley and seize

want of employment renders my exile from the civilized world irksome to a degree; so much so, that, should this state of things last much longer, I shall very likely throw the appointment up and fall back on the Commissariat, though it is not a department I am very partial to.'

us. We had great difficulty in effecting our escape, which we did just in time to avoid capture, and marching by one of the southern passes, joined the Maharajah here a few days ago. As we left the valley, the governor did as we heard he intended to do by the Maharajah's troops, and the task of dispossessing him, and making over the province to Gholab Singh, now devolves upon our Government.' 'The view you have taken of my position here,' he added, 'is perfectly correct, with this addition to the disadvantages you enumerate, that I have no duties to perform. The Maharajah does not want his troops disciplined; and as it was the hope of distinguishing myself by a zealous and successful discharge of the duties nominally attaching to the appointment, that induced me to accept it, now that after six months' experience I find that the duties are entirely nominal, the inducement to seclude myself from the civilized world and undergo many annoyances and inconveniences no longer exists, and I would not hesitate to resign the appointment immediately, were it not that I have good reason for believing that it will be done away with before the end of the year. It will then depend on Lord Hardinge whether I fall back on the Commissariat, or get the "something better" he promised me, on offering me my present appointment.'

The insurrection was overcome, and, in November, Nicholson was again settled at Cashmere. On the 19th he wrote to his mother, saying: 'Colonel Lawrence and the rest of the party left this three days ago, and I am now quite alone, and, as you may suppose, feel very lonely, without an European within scores of miles of me. I am

for the present officiating in the North-West Frontier Agency, which Colonel Lawrence has recommended my being put permanently into. If his recommendation be attended to, I shall probably be stationed either at Lahore or somewhere in the Jullundur Doab; otherwise, I shall have to return to the Commissariat, as it is not intended to continue my present appointment, it being evident that the Maharajah does not wish our system of discipline introduced into his army. Whatever is done with me, I shall not be sorry to get away from Cashmere, which at this season is anything but a terrestrial Paradise. My fingers are so cold that I can scarcely hold the pen, and glazed windows are unknown here.'

A few weeks after this letter was written, Lieutenant John Nicholson was formally appointed an Assistant to the Resident at Lahore, and early in the new year (1847) he started for the Sikh capital. One of his younger brothers, Charles Nicholson, had a short time before arrived in India, and John, to his great joy, had learnt that the youth was now with his regiment in the Punjab: 'I left Cashmere on the 7th of February,' he wrote to his mother in April, 'crossing eight and a half feet of snow in the Poonah Pass. On my arrival at Ramnuggur, within six marches of Lahore, I received instructions to proceed to Mooltan and Dhera Shyee Khan, on the right bank of the Indus. I arrived here, having accomplished my trip, on the 20th of this month, and after eating a hearty breakfast, set out to look for Charles. Fancy neither of us recognizing the other. I actually talked to him half an hour before I could persuade myself of his identity. He is as tall, if not taller than I

am, and will, I hope, be much stouter and stronger in the course of another year or two. Our joy at meeting you will well understand, without my attempting to describe it. . . . You may remember my writing to you, some time ago, that the want of society had rendered me low-spirited. Well, I have within the last few months become so reconciled to living alone, that really, were not Charles here, I should wish myself away again in the Cashmere hills or Jummoo forests.'

He was now fairly launched into the Political Service, and under the very best of masters. He could have had no brighter example before his eyes than that of Henry Lawrence, nor in any part of India could he have found, in the subordinate agency of the British Government, more fitting associates than those who, though often severed by long distances from each other, were doing the same work with one heart and one hope. A few weeks were spent at Lahore; and then, at the beginning of June, John Nicholson was despatched again by his chief on a special mission to Umritsur, for the purpose of inspecting and reporting on Govindghur, and the general management of the Umritsur district. 'In this way,' added Colonel Lawrence, 'by visits of a week or a month to different quarters, we may help the executive as well as protect the people.' At the end of the month, Nicholson was deputed to the Sind Sagur Doab, or country between the Jhelum and the Indus, and told to consider that tract of country as his especial charge. 'You are requested,' wrote Lawrence,

'to cultivate the acquaintance of the two Nazims, Sirdars Chuttur Singh and Lal Singh, as also of their deputies, and indeed of all the respectable Kardars that you meet. Much may be done by cordiality, by supporting their just authority, attending to their moderate wishes, and even whims, and by those small courtesies that all natives look to, even more than they do to more important matters. I need only hint at these points to insure your zealous attention to them. The protection of the people from the oppression of the Kardars will be your first duty. . . . Your next most important care will be the army. . . . Without allowing the troops to be unduly harassed, see that parades and drills are attended to. I insist upon insubordination and plunder being promptly punished; and bring to my notice any particular instances of good conduct. Avoid as far as possible any military movement during the next three months; but should serious disturbance arise, act energetically.'

But it was not permitted to him to remain quiet. At the beginning of the month of August, Captain James Abbott, who then held the office of Boundary Commissioner, having in vain cited to his court the chiefs of Simulkund, 'to answer for the most dastardly and deliberate murder of women and children at Bukkur,' requested Nicholson to move up his force to Huzroo, so that in a single movement he might fall upon Simulkund. 'This,' wrote Captain Abbott, 'being effected, and Lieutenant Nicholson finding it advisable to assume a still more advanced position at Ghazee, I, at ten o'clock on Monday night, the 2nd instant, marched from Koth, at the head of about three hundred and fifty bayonets, over the Gundgurh

mountains, upon Simulkund, whilst Sirdar Jhunda Singh, under my instructions, marched from Hurkishengurh, by the same route, at the same hour, with a wing of Dhara Singh's corps, some cavalry, and fifteen zumboorahs. Lieutenant Nicholson's two columns arrived at Simulkund shortly after sunrise. He found the place entirely abandoned, and took possession.'

The cold weather of 1847-48 passed quietly over. Things seemed to be settling down in the Punjab, and both the Governor-General and the Lahore Resident, encouraged by the general tranquillity, turned their faces towards home. In the part of the country which was the scene of Nicholson's labours, there were no signs of trouble. 'Lieutenant Nicholson,' so ran the official narrative, 'reports that the country around Hassan Abdal and Rawul Pindee, hitherto more or less disturbed, is perfectly quiet, and that the Kardars, for the first time for years, move about without guards.'

But the calm, like many others before and since, was a delusive one. It promised a season of rest, but it was the precursor of a storm. The nationality of the Sikhs had not been destroyed. The British officers who were governing the country for them were wise after their kind, and overflowing with benevolence. But their presence was hateful to the great chiefs whose power they had usurped, and they determined to rid themselves of it. In the spring, Moolraj had rebelled against the Double Government, and had killed the English officers sent to Mooltan to install another governor in his place, and the summer saw the whole country seething with 'rebellion' of the same kind. At

this time John Nicholson was at Peshawur, serving under George Lawrence. A severe attack of fever had prostrated him, and he was lying upon a sick-bed, when news came that Chuttur Singh, one of the most powerful of the Sikh chiefs, and one whom we most trusted, had thrown off the mask, had raised the Hazareh country, and was about to seize the important fortress of Attock. Lawrence and Nicholson were speedily in consultation. 'What do you wish done?' asked Nicholson. 'Had you been fit for the work,' replied Lawrence, 'I should have wished to send you to secure the post; but you are not fit to go on such a service.' 'Certainly I am,' said Nicholson. 'The fever is nothing; it shall not hinder me. I will start to-night.' Consent was given, and it was arranged that he should take with him an escort of sixty Peshawur Horse and a hundred and fifty men of a newly-raised Mahomedan levy, who were believed to be true and staunch to fight against the Sikhs.

'Never shall I forget him,' says a brother-officer who was with him at Peshawur, and who has supplied me with particulars of this epoch of Nicholson's career—'never shall I forget him, as he prepared for his start, full of that noble reliance in the presence and protection of God, which, added to an unusual share of physical courage, rendered him almost invincible. It was during the few hours of his preparation for departure that his conduct and manner led to my first knowledge of his true character, and I stood and watched him, so full of spirit and self-reliance, though only just risen from a sick-bed, with the greatest admiration.'

He made a forced march to Attock, and arrived before

the fort just in time to prevent that portion of the garrison which was hostile to us from closing the gate against him. 'He had travelled,' says my informant, 'so fast that but few of his escort had been able to keep up with him;* but with these few he at once commanded the submission of all but the most desperate, and these he soon quelled by his personal prowess. A company of Sikhs in command of one of the gates were prepared for resistance, but he at once threw himself among them, made them arrest their own leaders, and in a few minutes was master of the position. This I learnt afterwards from eye-witnesses who served under me. Having made the place secure, placing in charge the persons whom he could best trust, he lost no time in taking the field, and by his rapid movements for a long time checked the troops from Hazareh, preventing them from getting into the open country and proceeding to join Shere Singh's army.'

But the history of the eventful days which followed this reinforcement of Attock must be told a little more in detail. From Attock, Nicholson marched with sixty horse and forty foot men to Hassan Abdal. 'On my arrival there,' he wrote to the Lahore Resident, on the 12th of August, 'learning the hundred Goorchurras of Sirdar Mehtab Singh, Majeetia, here, had abused and expelled from camp their Commedan for refusing to join the Hazareh force, I paraded the party,

* Nicholson himself says, in his very modest account of this exploit, 'Of sixty horse which left Peshawur with me, not half the number arrived along with me; and the infantry, which should have been in by noon, did not arrive till midnight: so that I had not more than thirty men with me.'

and dismissed and confined the ringleaders on the spot. The remainder begged forgiveness, and having some reason to believe them sincere, and wishing to show that I was not entirely without confidence in Sikhs, I granted it. I shall, of course, keep a sharp look-out on them in future. . . . I am raising a militia for the protection of this district. A regular soldier of any kind I have not with me, and of the small party I brought with me from Peshawur, there are but three men whom I ever saw till I started. . . . Everything, if I may offer an opinion, depends on promptly sending up troops. A single brigade, with a 9-pounder battery, would be ample, with the aid which Captain Abbott and myself would be able to render. Delay will have a bad effect in every way, and may afford the mutineers opportunities of tampering with the Peshawur force.'

On the following day he wrote again to the Resident, saying: 'After I had despatched my letter yesterday, I learned that Captain Abbott's regiment, stationed at Kurara, had deserted that post, and arrived, with two guns, at Rawul Pindee, intending to proceed thence to join the Hazareh force. I immediately sent orders to the levies *en route* to join me to concentrate at Margulla, with the view of stopping there the further progress of the mutinous regiment. I rode out myself early this morning and surveyed the position; it is not of any great strength, but I know not a more suitable one for my purpose; and I trust I shall be able to hold it, though my levies are not very warlike; were they Afghans or Hazareh men, I should have no doubts. The regiment did not attempt to cross to-day, but, I hear, purposes doing so to-morrow; I shall

be at the position myself; my levies amount to about eight hundred.'

Next morning, at break of day, John Nicholson with his levies found himself face to face with the mutinous regiment. The odds were against him, for the mutineers had two guns; but Nicholson, with the cool courage and resolute bearing which even then overawed all opponents, addressed them, saying that he desired nothing more than that they should return to their allegiance, but that if they held out an hour longer he would inflict upon them the punishment due to mutineers. Stormy then was the debate which followed in the enemy's camp. Some were for peace, some were for war; but the advocates of the former prevailed, and before the hour of grace had expired the colonel of the recusant regiment had tendered his submission, and offered to march anywhere at the English officer's commands.

But there was much work to be done after this in the open country; and Nicholson was compelled to pay repeated visits to Attock to see after the safety of the post. 'It was during the thirty days' fast of Ramzan,' writes the friend and comrade whose words I have already quoted, 'that some of his most arduous work was done, a time during which his followers were debarred by strict religious scruples from taking even a drop of water between sunrise and sunset; but yet, so great was the command his example obtained for him over the minds of these men, that they cheerfully endured the terrible sufferings entailed by the long and rapid marches and counter-marches he was obliged to call upon them to make. He never spared himself; he was always the first in the saddle, and in the front of the fight.

Apparently insensible to the calls of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, and really regardless of danger, his energies never failed, while his life seemed charmed, and the Mahomedan levies whom he commanded seemed to regard him almost as a demi-god. After a time, he found the calls upon him in the field so exacting, that he requested Major Lawrence to send him some trustworthy man to take command of the garrison in Attock; and Nizam-ood-dowlah Mahomed Oosman Khan, the father-in-law and formerly Wuzeer of Shah Soojah, was sent accordingly. Still Nicholson did not feel at his ease regarding the safety of the fort, and at length Sirdar Chuttur Singh, making a forced march in the hope of taking the place by surprise, he obtained early information of the Sirdar's intentions, outmarched him by one of his wonderfully rapid movements, and entered the place before the enemy could reach it.'

From Attock, Nicholson now wrote to Major Lawrence, begging him to send, as governor of the fort, one of the two English officers under him at Peshawur, and the choice fell upon Lieutenant Herbert. At a little before midnight of the 31st of August, Major Lawrence awoke him, and placing in his hands Nicholson's letter, expressing a strong wish to be in the open country so as to operate upon the rear of the enemy, told him it was his wish that he should proceed at once to Attock. In less than an hour Herbert was in the saddle, and about nine o'clock the next morning entered the fort, and received over command from Nicholson, who lost no time in leaving the place and getting into the rear of the enemy, and by this means was enabled to reach the Margulla Pass in time to stop Sirdar Chuttur Singh and

his force, and turn them back once more after the severe struggle which first rendered his name famous. But of this affair I regret to find that the records are disappointingly scanty. Nicholson's great object was to secure the Margulla Pass, which leads from Hazareh to Rawul Pindee. The defile was then commanded by a tower, and it would appear that Nicholson attempted to seize it by something of a *coup de main*. Of course he led the assault, or, as it has been characteristically described to me by a friend, 'he was the assault itself, and failed for want of backing.' His tall, commanding figure was always a sure mark for the enemy, and on this occasion he was knocked over by a stone thrown from the walls of the tower. The attempt would have been renewed, but the Sikh garrison, scared by the boldness of the first assault, evacuated the place under cover of the night. He was not much hurt, and he spoke very slightingly of the accident.* Writing to his mother from Jhung, ten miles south of Hussun Abdal, September 27th, 1848, he says: 'I am leading a very guerilla sort of life, with

* A letter from the Lahore Resident—Sir Frederick Currie, who was then about to resign his charge to Sir Henry Lawrence—dated January 28, 1849, and published among the Parliamentary Papers, gives the best detailed account of these proceedings. It states that the correspondence regarding them had been conducted 'almost, if not entirely, in private letters.' 'Captain Nicholson,' it is added, 'in these operations, performed several very gallant actions (briefly described to me in a couple of lines in private notes), in one of which, in an attempt to dislodge the enemy from the Boorj, which commands the Margulla Pass, he was wounded in the face, in personal conflict with some Regulars of Baba Pendee Ramdial's regiment.' An obelisk to Nicholson's memory has been erected on the site of the tower.

seven hundred horse and foot hastily raised among the people of the country. Sirdar Chuttur Singh and his son, who are in rebellion, have eight regular regiments and sixteen guns, so that I am unable to meet them openly in the field. I received a slight hurt from a stone in a skirmish in the hills a week or two ago. I have often had a worse one, however, when a boy at school, and I only mention this because a friend wrote me from Lahore that it was reported I had been seriously hurt, and I fear lest the rumour should reach and cause you anxiety.' Another proof of the tender thoughtfulness for his mother which was always so strong a feature in his character from the days of his early childhood.

Not long after this, the whole country was in a blaze, and the English and the Sikhs were contending for the mastery of the Punjab. In the crisis which then arose, wheresoever good service was to be done, there was Nicholson at hand to render it. When, on the first two days of December, the force under Sir Joseph Thackwell crossed the Chenab, it was Nicholson who provided the boats which enabled them to effect the passage, who procured intelligence of the enemy's movements, and supplies for our own troops. Ever eager for adventure of the most daring kind, he volunteered, before the first great battle at Chilianwallah, to make a dash with a small party on the hill-fort, beyond the Jhelum river, where Major and Mrs George Lawrence were held captive by the Sikhs, and carry off the prisoners. The plan excited the admiration of Lord Dalhousie, but was deemed too hazardous, and the opportunity was lost. At Chilianwallah, he was with Lord Gough, to

whom he rendered active services, cheerfully acknowledged in the despatch of the Commander-in-Chief. Again, at the crowning victory of Goojrat he earned the thanks of his chief. And when the pursuing force, under Sir Walter Gilbert, gave chase to the fugitive Afghans who had come down to aid the Sikhs, Nicholson, with a party of Irregulars, rode with them, and was ever at the head of the column. In the notes which day by day during the final struggle he wrote to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lahore, we catch glimpses of that consciousness of power, and intuitive genius for war, which afterwards blazed out so brilliantly in the General of 1857. Not less conspicuous in those records is the humanity which inspired him with so strong a hatred of that military licence which our troops in an enemy's country are too prone to surrender themselves. Flogging he pronounced, after three months' trial, to be useless as a check on plunder; and at last, he says, 'I have written to Grant' (the Adjutant-General*) 'to ask the Commander-in-Chief to give me the powers of a provost-marshal, and if I get them, rely on my bringing the army to its senses within two days.' Yet how merciful after victory! 'I have allowed all the prisoners made after the action' (of Goojrat) 'to go quietly to their homes. I hope you approve of this.' Again: 'I think we should hold all guiltless whom the force of circumstances compelled to join the rebels. I mean, all who did not join Chuttur Singh till he became the paramount power in the Sind Sagur Doab. I think the Imams and Jagheers of all such as joined him *the very*

* Afterwards Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief of Madras, and subsequently Governor of Malta.

outset, and before he had the power either to reward or punish, should be confiscated; and I think those who stood well by us even when our cause looked gloomy, are entitled to have their losses made good to them, and receive some reward in addition.' Touches like these reveal more of the real man than aught that biographer can write. Here are some sparks struck out red-hot from the pursuit of the Sikhs, after Goojrat. 'Feb. 24th, 1849, 10 A. M.: I was out all yesterday and the night before after some guns I heard the enemy had abandoned about twenty-five miles off in the Bhimbar direction. I was so fortunate as to secure *nine*, so that the total captured amounts to fifty-two. . . . I hope you will get me sent on with Gilbert.' 'Feb. 26th. The Commander-in-Chief has allowed me to go on as you wish it. I purpose riding in to Gilbert's camp to-morrow. . . . I wrote you yesterday strongly on the subject of the oppression to which the unfortunate people of the country are subjected by our army. Unless I am vested with sufficient power to check this, and protect the people whom it is my special duty to protect, I would rather not be with the army. The present state of affairs is no less injurious to the discipline of the army than to its interests, for the Sikhs were never so bad. Independent of this, there is the moral wrong of plundering like so many bandits.' 'Rhotas, March 2nd, 6 A. M. Lumsden and I came on a march ahead yesterday, and occupied this place. The enemy are at Dhumiak, at the head of the Bukrala Pass, which they talk of defending. . . . I did not hear from you yesterday, and could not write because I was all day in the saddle, and had no writing materials. I believe a detachment of the army is to be

pushed on here to-day. The Bukrala and Goree Gullee Passes (which are the only practicable ones for guns) may both be turned by infantry, and I don't think the enemy, dispirited as they are at present, would attempt a stand, if they heard that any party, however small, had got into their rear.' 'March 3rd, 8 A. M. General Gilbert, with an advanced brigade, arrived here yesterday evening, and the rest of the force comes in to-day. The absence of any commissariat arrangements, however, I am told, will prevent our further advance for some days. . . . Many of the Sikh soldiery are said to be very anxious to be allowed to go quietly to their homes; and I have prevailed on Mackeson to issue a proclamation permitting them to do so, after first laying down their arms here. . . . I regret to say that the prisoners' (Major and Mrs G. Lawrence) 'have, in all probability, been removed from Sookhoo. I prepared to start with one thousand volunteers the day we crossed the river, but my offer was not accepted.'——'Rhotas, March 4th, daybreak. I proposed last night to Mackeson to make a dash at Margulla with fifteen hundred volunteers, and to endeavour to prevent the prisoners being carried farther off. I stipulated, however, that the rest of the force, or at least a portion of it, should advance by the regular marches to our support. Lumsden also agreed to this scheme, but we have not had a decisive answer yet.' 'Eldrona, March 4th. (To Mr Cocks.*) The enemy have all retreated from Dhu-

* Arthur Cocks, of the Civil Service, another of Sir Henry Lawrence's Assistants (of whom mention has already been made), was a dear friend of Nicholson. He was wounded at Goojrat in repelling some Sikh horsemen who dashed through the British line and made a desperate attack on Lord Gough and his escort.

miak towards Rawul Pindee. We go on to Dhumiak to-morrow. It is a thousand pities that the want of supplies and ammunition will prevent our following them up beyond Dhumiak for some days. . . . Show this to Lord Gough and Colonel Grant, and forward to the Resident.' (To Sir Henry Lawrence.) 'I proposed again this evening to make a dash for Margulla, but the General said the want of supplies and ammunition would prevent his supporting me. I have great hopes, however, that Chuttur Singh will, ere long, be glad to make terms for himself and family by the surrender of the captives.' 'Pukka Serai, March 7th, 8 P.M. My dear Cocks: Hurrah! the prisoners are all in; as is Shere Singh, who is now closeted with Mackeson, and I hope the Singhs will have laid down their arms by to-morrow evening. Show this to Lord Gough, and forward it sharp to the Resident.'——'March 8th. (To Sir Henry Lawrence.) Shere Singh and Lal Singh Moraria have this morning agreed that all the guns and arms shall be surrendered, so I hope our war with the Khalsa may now be considered at an end.' 'Camp, Hoomuk, March 11th. The Attaree-wallahs and all the principal officers are in, and the guns are said to be close at hand. . . . The guns have actually arrived.'——'March 13th, daybreak. We are just starting for Rawul Pindee. I believe we have got all the Sikh guns, and upwards of three thousand of their infantry laid down their arms yesterday. I suspect the greater part of the rebel force have gone off quietly to their homes, and that we shall not find many left to disarm to-day.'——'Camp, near Attock, March 17th, 6 P.M. We have the fort and twelve boats, and the Dooranees have fallen back from

the right bank. As we came up this morning they evacuated the fort and broke up the bridge, consisting of sixteen boats, four of which they burned. We shall no doubt commence crossing to-morrow.' So the war is over.—— 'March 29th, Rawul Pindee. I am not surprised to hear that the country is to be annexed.' No fear of any one in this quarter, however, getting up a row about it. All regard it as annexed already.' And here is Nicholson's bill against the Government for the campaign: 'Jhelum, April 24th. I suppose compensation will be allowed me for my property lost at Peshawur, Attock, and Hussun Abdal. I estimate it at one thousand rupees. I also rode a horse worth four hundred rupees to death on Government service —not running away.'

Then the Punjab became a British province; and in the distribution of the administrative agency which was then made, Captain John Nicholson was appointed a Deputy-Commissioner under the Lahore Board, of which Sir Henry Lawrence was President. Some advice given at this period by Sir Henry to Nicholson is so characteristic of the two men, both eminently simple and transparent, both much tried by fiery natures, that I give it here, as honourable alike to master and disciple. 'April 7th, 1849, Lahore. My dear Nicholson . . . Let me advise you, as a friend, to curb your temper, and bear and forbear with natives and Europeans, and you will be as distinguished as a Civilian as you are as a Soldier. Don't think it is necessary to say all you think to every one. The world would be one

mass of tumult if we all gave *candid* opinions of each other. I admire your sincerity as much as any man can do, but say thus much as a general warning. Don't think I allude to any specific act; on the contrary, from what I saw in camp, I think you have done much towards conquering yourself; and I hope to see the conquest completed.' To which Nicholson as frankly replied three days later: 'My dear Colonel,—*Very many* thanks for yours of the 7th, and the friendly advice which it contains. I am not ignorant of the faults of my temper, and you are right in supposing that I do endeavour to overcome them—I hope with increasing success. On one point, however, I still think I am excusable for the plain-speaking which, I am aware, made me very unpopular with a large portion of the officers of the Army of the Punjab. I mean with reference to the plundering of the unfortunate people of the country, which generally prevailed throughout the campaign, and which was, for the most part, winked at, if not absolutely sanctioned, by the great majority of officers. I knew from the first that I was giving great offence by speaking my mind strongly on this subject; but I felt that I should be greatly wanting in my duty, both to the people and the army, if I did not, to the best of my ability, raise my voice against so crying an evil. For the rest, I readily admit that my temper is a very excitable one, and wants a good deal of curbing. A knowledge of the disease is said to be half the cure, and I trust the remaining half will not be long before it is effected.'

By this time, John Nicholson had served for a space of nearly ten years in India; there was peace again over the

land; he had suffered many times from severe illness; but above all, he was anxious to visit and to comfort his widowed mother. Another heavy affliction had fallen upon the family. A younger brother, William Nicholson, had joined the 27th Regiment, which was posted at Sukkur. One night the unfortunate young man rose from his bed, and in a state of somnambulancy went out of the house and fell down a steep declivity in the neighbourhood. From the injuries which he then received he died shortly afterwards—the second son whom Mrs Nicholson had lost in India within the space of a few years. This catastrophe fixed John's resolution to return to England; and he wrote to his mother that, although he would lose his appointment, he could not restrain his inclination to visit England, and that perhaps through the kindness of Sir Henry Lawrence he might on his return to India be nominated to the Punjab Commission.* A kind note from Sir Henry, dated 'October 23rd, 1849, Camp, Mansera,' set his mind at rest upon this point. 'One line to say how sorry I am to have missed you. To-morrow we shall be at Dumtour, the scene of your gallant attempt to help Abbot; but what corner of the Punjab is not witness to your gallantry? Get married, and come out soon; and if I am alive and in office, it shall not be my fault if you do not find employment here.'

* I find the following characteristic passage in one of his letters written at this time: 'What you say about our prosperous days being those of the greatest temptation, is quite true. I have long felt it so, and prayed for grace to resist the temptation. I also fully agree in all you say about earthly distinctions. Believe me, I estimate them at their proper value.'

But November found him still in the Punjab. 'India is like a rat-trap,' he wrote, 'easier to get into than out of. However, I think I am pretty sure of getting away on or before the first of next month. I go down the Sutlej by boat to Kurrachee, and there take the steamer to Bombay. From Bombay I hope to get a passage in the second January steamer to Cosseir, where I purpose disembarking and marching across to the ruins of Thebes, the oldest and greatest of cities. Thence I shall drop down the Nile by boat to Cairo and the Pyramids. From Cairo I have not yet decided on my further route, but I think I shall probably visit Constantinople. . . . Herbert Edwardes will be my companion as far as Cairo; but as he has two of John Lawrence's little girls with him he will be obliged to go direct to England from thence. I trust to reach home before the end of March.'

In this, however, he was disappointed; he was detained both at Constantinople and at Vienna longer than he had anticipated, and did not reach England before the end of April.

His sojourn at Constantinople was not uneventful. One who knew him better than any one in the world, has furnished me with the following striking episode in John Nicholson's adventurous career: 'Perhaps in all his life there is nothing more characteristic of the man than two incidents which occurred during this visit to Constantinople, though few besides his immediate friends have ever heard of them. There was at this time living at Constantinople

General G., an Englishman by birth, who had served with distinction in the Austrian army, had married (I rather think) an Hungarian lady, had thus been led to side with the Hungarians in their struggle for national existence, and was now, in consequence, a political refugee.

'Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, had likewise found an asylum in Turkish territory from the wrath of Austria, who in vain demanded his surrender. The sturdy Turk, true to the traditions of the East, refused to betray the man who had once eaten his salt; but consented, out of courtesy, to keep him in a kind of honourable arrest at a fort in Asia Minor. Meeting Nicholson at Constantinople, General G. confided to him a design for liberating Kossuth, and begged Nicholson to give his aid. The plan was somehow thus: Kossuth was allowed daily to ride out in the country under an escort, the direction of the ride being changed from day to day. He was to arrange to ride on a particular day towards the sea-coast, and was to be met at some suitable point by the bold spirits who had undertaken his liberation. The escort was then to be overpowered, Kossuth was to be hurried off to sea, and ultimately to take refuge on board an American frigate.

'Appealed to as an Englishman to aid in such an enterprise, John Nicholson felt it impossible to refuse; and was just about to start with General G. and his companions, when the plot so carefully matured got wind through the irrepressible delight of an American lady whose husband was in the secret, and who confided it under solemn vows of secresy to her dearest friend, who, with equal joy and sympathy, did the same, and so on, till Austrian vigilance was

just in time to move the Turkish authorities to interfere.

'General G. now besought Nicholson to convey a letter for him to his wife, who was confined in an Austrian fortress without tidings of her husband's fate. There was a true and pure chivalry in Nicholson which would have done or dared anything to help a woman. The Kossuth enterprise he had felt to be in truth little business of his, and he had only joined in it from natural generosity and a kind of professional shame at declining danger in any honourable shape. But to cheer a poor lady in a dungeon with news of her husband's safety was clearly all right in any part of the world. So he took General G.'s letter, and set out for the Austrian fortress. Now, an Austrian fortress is not the most accessible place in this earth, and when Nicholson reached it he saw at a glance that there was no getting in without leave. He therefore walked straight up to the guard at the gate and asked for the officer on duty, to whom he was at once conducted. Putting a bold face on the matter, he simply said that he was an English officer, and would be very much obliged for permission to see Madame G. The Austrian officer was evidently a gentleman and a man of feeling, and after a few moments of hesitation at so irregular a request, he gave orders for Nicholson to be allowed to see the poor lady alone for five minutes. Arrived in the cell of Madame G., and the door closed, John Nicholson, with many apologies, pulled off one of his boots, took out the letter, and presented it, saying, 'You have just five minutes to read it, and give me any message for your husband.' The letter was hastily read, messages were hurriedly given, gratitude was looked rather than told, the door

opened, the sentry reappeared, and John Nicholson departed with a few words of courtesy and thanks to the officer at the gate.

'These two incidents speak for themselves. There is no lack, thank God, of kind men, brave men, or good men among us, but out of them all how many would have done these two things for "his neighbour"? How many respectable men would at this moment condemn them both?'

It is pleasant, however, to learn what John Nicholson's master and great example, Henry Lawrence, and his high-minded wife, thought of the enterprise. In September, 1850, Lady Lawrence wrote from Cashmere: '. . . Perhaps you can hardly believe the interest and anxiety with which we watched the result of your projected deed of chivalry. Kossuth has taken his place in my mind as one of the true heroes. I only dread anything impairing this idea of him; and when I read of your plan my first thought was about your mother, mingled with the feeling that I should not grudge my own son in such a cause.' In the same letter Lady Lawrence tells us John Nicholson's opinion of the Opera in civilized Europe: 'I must not forget to say that we were *delighted* with your verdict on the Opera. In like manner, when we were in town, we went *once*, and, like you, said, "We have nothing so bad in India!" Did not London fill you with the bewildering sight of such luxury and profusion as we in the jungles had forgotten could exist, and of vice and misery which, unless in a year of war or famine, could not be equalled here? I think his Excellency Jung Bahadoor, if he is dazzled at the

splendour he sees, must be equally astonished at the wretchedness. I do not believe that in Nepaul one man out of a thousand lies down at night hungry, or rises without knowing where he will get his day's food.' The Henry Lawrences were not among those who could see nothing good in native Indian institutions and nothing defective in our own.

Nicholson was anxious to turn his furlough to professional account by visiting the chief cities of continental Europe, and studying the military systems of all the great European Powers. He attended some gigantic reviews in the French, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian capitals, and was particularly impressed by the spectacle of the Czar Nicholas (to whom Nicholson himself bore a great personal resemblance) manœuvring twelve thousand men himself on the parade, and saluting the troops, when he first came upon the ground, with a loud 'Good morning!' To which the twelve thousand responded like one man 'Good morning!' to the Czar. He seemed the very ideal of an autocrat, not only ruling in the state but leading in the field. The troops that Nicholson saw were chiefly the Russian Guard, and he thought that in appearance they excelled our own as much as our own Guards excel the British line. His favourable opinion on this point elicited an energetic protest from his friend James Abbott, of the Bengal Artillery, whose chivalrous and romantic journey—already spoken of in this volume—from Herat to Khiva, and thence to St Petersburg, after negotiating the release of a number of Russian subjects whom the Khiva chief held as prisoners, had given him full opportunity of seeing the Russian army at its outposts as well as at the capital.

From this furlough tour in Europe Nicholson carried back with him to India, where he arrived in 1851, a large access of military zeal. He also carried with him a specimen of the Prussian needle-gun, with the merits of which he was greatly struck, but could get few professional soldiers to perceive the value of a weapon which, fifteen years later, changed the balance of power in Europe and the armament of every European army. There seems, indeed, to have been only one good thing which he did *not* take back with him to India. Herbert Edwardes had written to him from Southampton on March 20th, 1851: 'Goodbye. We sail to-day. May you have a séjour in Europe as pleasant as I know you will make it profitable. . . . If you return a bachelor, this may be in your favour' (for getting a frontier district), 'but if your heart meets one worthy of it, *return not alone*. I cannot tell you how good it is for our best purposes to be *helped* by a noble wife who loves you better than all men or women, but God better than you.' But he *did* return alone, and alone he remained to the last.

Soon after his arrival in India, John Nicholson was reappointed a Deputy-Commissioner in the Punjab, and for five years he continued to work as an administrative officer, almost, it might be said, on the very outskirts of civilization. The people whom he was sent to govern were a wild and lawless race; but in process of time, by the irresistible force of his character and the vigour and justice of his rule, he literally cowed them into peace and order. The strange

story of his frontier administration, and how, after the second Sikh war, he was turned into a demi-god like Hercules of old, has been told so well by John Nicholson's best and dearest friend, that I give it in his very words, written, it must be remembered, before the great mutiny of 1857, which too well proved their truth: 'Of what class is John Nicholson?' wrote Sir Herbert Edwardes. 'Of none: for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo forts. John Nicholson has since reduced the *people* (the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not an *attempt* at any of these crimes. The Bunnoochees, reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mahomedans of historic ages must have been just like "Nikkul Seyn!" They emphatically approve him as every inch a Ruler. And so he is. It is difficult to describe him. He must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps summed up his high military and administrative qualities, when he called him "a tower of strength." I can only say that I think him equally fit to be commissioner of a civil division or general of an army. Of the strength of his personal character, I will only tell two anecdotes. 1. If you visit either the battle-field of Goojrat or Chilianwallah, the country people begin the narrative of the battle thus: "Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*." 2. A brotherhood of

Fakeers in Hazareh abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of "Nikkul Seyn;" which they still continue! Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Gooroo (religious or spiritual guide). He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the "Nikkul Seynees" remains as devoted as ever. "Sanguis martyrorum est semen Ecclesiæ." On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them, on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher;—but arrived at their monastery in Hazareh, they once more resumed the worship of the relentless "Nikkul Seyn." ' *

Sir Henry Lawrence at this time, as already narrated, was in political charge of the States of Rajpootana, but he had never lost sight of that band of Assistants whom he had drawn around him in the Punjab, and trained in his own 'school' of duty—duty not more to the Government than to the people. Nor had the scholars ever forgot or ceased to love their master. Between them, to the last, an affectionate correspondence was maintained. Here is a touch-

* 'Raikes' Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India.' I have further ascertained from Sir Herbert Edwardes that this sect of devotees arose when John Nicholson was scouring the country between Attock and the Jhelum, in 1848, making almost incredible marches, and performing prodigies of valour, with a mere handful of followers. It was a simple case of the worship of Force, such as they had seen in no other man. The sect was not numerous, and the last of the original disciples dug his own grave, and was found dead, at Hurripoor, in the district of Hazareh, not long after John Nicholson fell at Delhi. Whether any successors have arisen is not known.

ing page of it—showing how strong were the affection and admiration which Nicholson's fine qualities excited:

'Mount Aboo, September 21, 1853, 7½ A.M.

'MY DEAR NICHOLSON,—Your long and kind letter of May will, I hope, some day be answered; but I write now by my wife's bedside to give you a message she has just sent you. "Tell him I love him dearly as if he were my son. I know that he is noble and pure to his fellow-men; that he thinks not of himself; but tell him he is a sinner; that he will one day be as weak and as near death as I am. Ask him to read but a few verses of the Bible daily, and to say that collect, 'Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn,' &c. &c." (Collect for Second Sunday in Advent.) I have just told her I had written to you as she had bidden me—(she has often, in a general way, done so the last month); she replied, "May God bless what you have said to him! I love him very much. I often think of all those fine young fellows in the Punjab, and what our example ought to have been to them, and how much we have neglected them." My dear Nicholson, these may or may not be dying words; but she is very, very ill, and has been so for six weeks. She rallied for a while, but has again had three bad nights of pain and sleeplessness. At 5 A.M. this morning she had a violent attack in her head, from which she only rallied at 7 A.M., but is still awake now at 8 A.M., though quiet and composed. Daily and nightly she talks of you and others as of her sons and brothers. Her advice and exam-

ple to you all has ever been good. Would that mine had been equally so. We have been cast on a pleasant land here, and are thankful for what God has done in spite of ourselves. Humanly speaking, she could not be alive now had we not left Lahore.*

'Yours ever,

'H. M. L.'

I must soon proceed to speak of the stirring events of the last few months of John Nicholson's life—months during which great promises became great performances, and heroic reputations ripened with unexampled rapidity. But before I pass on to this brightest but saddest chapter of all, I must pause for a little space to give some extracts from Nicholson's correspondence, written during the period of his administration of a frontier district of India's frontier province. They show not merely the nature of his work but the tenor of his thoughts at this time. Writing of the establishment of a Christian mission at Peshawur, he said: 'Bunnoo, Feb. 19th, 1854. I wish your mission at Peshawur every success, but you require skilful and practical men

* Lady Lawrence lingered until the middle of January, 1854. Among a few precious relics of the friendship between Lawrence and Nicholson, there is a New Testament with 'Honoria Lawrence' on the title-page, and these words in her husband's hand-writing on the fly-leaf, 'John Nicholson: in memory of his friend and warm well-wisher, Honoria Lawrence, who was this day laid in her grave.—H. M. LAWRENCE, Mount Aboo, January 17, 1854.' 'Who can wonder,' writes a beloved friend of the great men gone before, 'at the influence exercised by those two noble hearts on all around them, when *she* on her death-bed, and *he* returning from her grave, could thus set themselves aside to seek the good of others?'

as well as good men. . . . I will send you five hundred rupees (£50), and as I don't want to get credit from you for better motives than really actuate me, I will tell you the truth, that I give it because I know it will gratify my mother to see my name in the subscription-list. . . . On second thoughts, I won't have my name in the Mission subscription-list. Write me down "Anonymous." I can tell my mother it is I.' In the same letter, adverting to the war in the Crimea, he says: 'I feel I missed the tide of my fortune when I gave up the idea of learning Turkish at home.' On the treaty of friendship with the Afghans, he wrote to Herbert Edwardes: 'Bunnoo, May 14th, 1854. How progress negotiations with the Dost? In dealing with the Afghans, I hope you will never forget that their *name is faithlessness*, even among themselves; what, then, can strangers expect? I have always hopes of a people, however barbarous in their hospitality, who appreciate and practise good faith among themselves—the Wuzeerees, for instance—but in Afghanistan son betrays father, and brother brother, without remorse. I would not take the trouble to tell you all this, which you no doubt know already, but I cannot help remembering how even the most experienced and astute of our political officers, in Afghanistan, were deceived by that winning and imposing frankness of manner which it has pleased Providence to give the Afghans, as it did to the first serpent, for its own purposes.' To the same correspondent he wrote, June 21st, 1854: 'By-the-by, if there are any humming-tops, Jew's-harps, or other toys, at Peshawur, which would take with Wuzeeree children, I should be much obliged if you would send me a

few. I don't ask for peg-tops, as I suppose I should have to teach how to use them, which would be an undignified proceeding on the part of a district officer. Fancy a wretched little Wuzeeree child, who had been put up to poison food, on my asking him if he knew it was wrong to kill people, saying he knew it was wrong to kill with a knife or a sword. I asked him why, and he said, "*because the blood left marks.*" It ended in my ordering him to be taken away from his own relatives (who ill-used him as much as they ill-taught him), and made over to some respectable man who would engage to treat and bring him up well. The little chap heard the order given, and called out, "Oh, there's *such* a good man in the Meeree Tuppahs, please send me to him." I asked him how he knew the man he named was good? and he said, "He never gives any one bread *without ghee* on it.*" I found out, on inquiry, that the man in question was a good man in other respects, and he agreeing, I made the little fellow over to him, and I have seldom seen anything more touching than their mutual adoption of each other as father and son, the child clasping the man's beard, and the man with his hands on the child's head. Well, this is a long story for me, and all grown out of a humming-top! Before I close this I must tell you of the last Bunnoochee murder, it is so horribly characteristic of the blood-thirstiness and bigotry of their dispositions. The murderer killed his brother near Goreewala, and was brought in to me on a frightfully hot evening, looking dreadfully parched and exhausted. "Why," said I, "is it possible you have walked in, fasting, on a

* Clarified butter.

day like this?" "Thank God," said he, "I am a regular faster." "Why have you killed your brother?" "I saw a fowl killed last night, and the sight of the blood put the devil into me." He had chopped up his brother, stood a long chase, and been marched in here, *but he was keeping the fast!*' To Edwardes, Sept. 1st, 1855. '. . . I have asked Lord Hardinge to give me something in the Crimea; I think, with our reputation, and perhaps destiny as a nation trembling in the balance, every man (without encumbrance) who thinks he can be of the slightest use ought to go there.' To the same. 'Bunnoo, Oct. 23rd, 1855. . . . I have had a kind letter from Lawrence, trying to dissuade me from going to the Crimea, setting before me the prospects I give up here, and the annoyance and opposition which, as a Company's officer, I am sure to encounter there. I had fully considered all this before I acted, and though it is not without a certain regret that I give up my prospects of an early independence, I believe, under the circumstances, I am doing what is right, and I trust to have an opportunity of doing the State some service, the feeling of which will compensate me for the worldly advantages I forego.'

The following letter, which I give in its entire state, shows what were the dangers to which he was exposed in that wild country:

'Bunnoo, January 21, 1856.

'MY DEAR EDWARDES,—I take up my pen to give you an account of a narrow escape I had from assassination the day before yesterday. I was standing at the gate of

my garden at noon, with Sladen and Cadell, and four or five chuprassies,* when a man with a sword rushed suddenly up and called out for me. I had on a long fur pelisse of native make, which I fancy prevented his recognizing me at first. This gave time for the only chuprassie who had a sword to get between us, to whom he called out contemptuously to stand aside, saying he had come to kill me, and did not want to hurt a common soldier. The relief sentry for the one in front of my house happening to pass opportunely behind me at this time, I snatched his musket, and, presenting it at the would-be assassin, told him I would fire if he did not put down his sword and surrender. He replied, that either he or I must die; so I had no alternative, and shot him through the heart, the ball passing through a religious book which he had tied on his chest, apparently as a charm. The poor wretch turns out to be a Marwutee, who has been religiously mad for some time. He disposed of all his property in charity the day before he set out for Bunnoo. I am sorry to say that his spiritual instructor has disappeared mysteriously, and, I am afraid, got into the hills. I believe I owe my safety to the fur chogah, for I should have been helpless had he rushed straight on.

'The chuprassie (an orderly from my police battalion) replied to his cry for my blood, "All our names are Nikkul Seyn here," and, I think, would very likely have got the better of him, had not I interfered, but I should not have been justified in allowing the man to risk his life, when I had such a sure weapon as a loaded musket and bayonet in

* Native official attendants—literally, badge-bearers.

my hand. I am very sorry for this occurrence, but it was quite an exceptional one, and has not at all altered my opinion of the settled peaceful state of this portion of the district. Making out the criminal returns for 1855 the other day, I found that we had not had a single murder or highway robbery, or attempt at either, in Bunnoo throughout the year. The crime has all gone down to the southern end of the district, where I am not allowed to interfere.

'Yours affectionately,

'J. NICHOLSON.'

From Cashmere, which was fast becoming holiday-ground, John Nicholson wrote on July 9, 1856, at some length on the subject of our Central Asian policy, and the letter is worthy of attention at the present time, when the 'masterly inactivity' of our statesmen is so much commended. '. . . . The news of the Shahzadah having been turned out of Herat by his own General, is important if true, as it shows that Herat has not yet fallen to Persia, and that we may be in time to save it. I doubt, however, whether Government is sufficiently alive to the importance of preserving Herat independent of Persia. We were madly anxious on the subject some years ago, but I fear we have now got into the opposite extreme; and that, because we burnt our fingers in our last uncalled-for expedition into Afghanistan, we shall in future remain inactive, even though active interference should become a duty and a political necessity. The Russians talk much about the exercise of their "legitimate influence" in Central Asia. When we cease to exercise any influence in a country so

near our own border (and which has been correctly enough called the Gate of Afghanistan) as Herat, I shall believe that the beginning of the cessation of our power in the East has arrived. And if our rulers only knew it, how easy the thing is. We don't require a large army, which in those countries it is always difficult to feed and protect the baggage of. Five thousand picked men, with picked officers, and armed with the best description of weapon (such as the revolving rifle with which the Yankees overthrew the Mexicans), would roll the Persians like a carpet back from Herat, and do more for the maintenance of our influence and reputation than a year's revenue of India spent in treaties and subsidies. We have a right to infer, from the experience of the past, that a select body of troops, however small, could achieve *anything* in Central Asia. In Afghanistan, even, our Native Infantry—save in the snow—*never* fought unsuccessfully; and many of the regiments were indifferent enough, and with anything but heroes for leaders. I fear, however, that while our people will bear in mind the disasters occasioned by incompetence without a parallel, they will ignore the lessons taught by the successful advances of Pollock and Nott, in the face of the whole Afghan nation, through as difficult a country as any in the world, and with no loss to speak of, though our infantry in those days had neither percussion locks nor rifles. Well, the long and short of all this is, if Persia does not withdraw sharp from Herat, I hope you will be able to prevail on Government *to make her*. Under any competent leader, I should be glad to go in any capacity.'

Here is a glimpse of the precious compensations of

work well done: 'Murdan, March 9, 1857. . . . Old Coke writes me that the Bunnoochees, well tamed as they have been, speak kindly and gratefully of me. I would rather have heard this than got a present of a £1000, for there could be no stronger testimony of my having done my duty among them. I hear that in an assembly the other day it was allowed "that I resembled a good Mahomedan of the kind told of in old books, but not to be met with now-a-days." I wish with all my heart it were more true; but I can't help a feeling of pride, that a savage people whom I was obliged to deal with so sternly, should appreciate and give me credit for good intentions.'

It happened at this time—the early spring of 1857 (as it happens, indeed, at some time or other in the lives of most men)—that there came upon John Nicholson a painful feeling, of which he could not dispossess himself, that his services were not duly appreciated; and he was anxious, therefore, to depart from the Punjab. I need not enter into the causes of his discontent, for the intentions which he had formed were overruled by a higher power. It is enough to afford a glimpse of what was passing in his mind. To Herbert Edwardes he wrote: 'Camp, Topee, March 21st, 1857. I telegraphed to you yesterday, "I wish to leave the Punjab. My reasons hereafter by letter." I feel very sorry indeed to have been obliged to come to the conclusion that it is better for me to leave the Punjab at once while I can do so quietly. . . . If you got my telegraphic message before leaving Calcutta, I think you will probably have spoken to Lord Canning. As I said before, I am not ambitious, and shall be glad to take any equivalent to a first-

class Deputy-Commissionership. I should like to go to Oude if Sir Henry would like to have me. It would be a pleasure to me to try and assist him, but if he would rather not bring in Punjabees, do not press it on him. What I should like best of all would be, if we could get away together, or anywhere out of this. . . .' To the same. 'Peshawur, April 7th, 1857. . . . You have done all you could, and I knew would do, for me with Lord Canning. . . . If the Persian war last, an Irregular brigade there would suit me very well, as would one on this frontier.' .

On receipt of Nicholson's telegram, Herbert Edwardes, who had gone to Calcutta to see his sick wife embark for England, obtained an interview with Lord Canning, and laid his friend's wishes before him. Lord Canning was greatly interested with the recital, and seemed inclined to give Nicholson a command in the still unfinished war with Persia. There were, however, difficulties in the way, as Nicholson was a Bengal officer, and the army in the Persian Gulf was from the Bombay Presidency; but still the Governor-General expressed his willingness to do anything in his power. Desirous of leaving on Lord Canning's mind a last impression of the manner of man whose cause he had been urging, Edwardes ended with these words: 'Well, my Lord, you may rely upon this, that if ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it.' This was at the end of March, 1857, when mutiny was beginning to show itself in the cantonment of Barrackpore. The next interview that Edwardes had with Lord Canning was in February, 1862. The deluge seemed to have come and gone between those dates. 'Do you

remember, my Lord, our last conversation about John Nicholson?' Lord Canning said, with much feeling, 'I remember it well!'

When the news of the outbreak at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi reached the Punjab, in May, 1857, Nicholson was Deputy-Commissioner at Peshawur, the outpost of British India. At the same place, in high position, were two other men, of the true heroic stamp; men equal to any conjuncture, men to look danger of the worst type coolly and steadily in the face. General Sydney Cotton commanded the troops at the station, and Colonel Herbert Edwardes was the Commissioner in political charge of the division. The latter had only returned a week before from Calcutta. A day or two after the outbreak there arrived also at Peshawur, as we have already seen, a fourth, of whom history will take equal account—Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, who commanded the Punjab Irregular force; and on the 13th of May a Council of War was held at the quarters of Major-General Reed, who commanded the Peshawur division of the army, to organize some plan of instant action, not merely for the defence of the Peshawur valley, but to contribute to the defence of the Punjab, and strengthen the hands of Sir John Lawrence in the deadly struggle that was coming.

Upon the first receipt of the sad tidings of the revolt of the Sepoy Army, John Nicholson, ever a man of fertile resources, had recommended as a measure of primal importance, for the general defence of the province, the formation

of a Movable Column, to traverse the country and to operate upon any point where danger might present itself. The proposal was made to his official chief and beloved friend, Herbert Edwardes, who grasped it with all confidence and cordiality, and now laid it before the Council of War, who unanimously adopted it, with a goodly string of other sturdy measures, of which, perhaps, not the least important was that by which General Reed, by virtue of seniority, was declared Commander of all the troops in the Punjab; a stroke by which that General was enabled to establish his head-quarters with those of Sir John Lawrence at Rawul Pindee, and unity was thus given to the civil and military government of the province.

The formation of the Movable Column was heartily approved by Sir John Lawrence, and carried into execution without delay. Nicholson, Edwardes, Sydney Cotton, and Chamberlain, had all volunteered for the honour of commanding it. The choice of the Chief Commissioner fell on Chamberlain, who at once took the field, leaving Cotton, Edwardes, and Nicholson to be the wardens of the frontier.

In that month of May there was no lack of work at Peshawur for the political officers; and it is hard to say how much the safety of the empire depended, under God's good providence, upon the energies of Herbert Edwardes and John Nicholson, at their peril-girt frontier station. Hand in hand, as close friends, dwelling beneath the same roof, and moved by kindred impulses, they strove mightily, day after day, from morn to night, with wonderful success. 'Dark news,' wrote Edwardes, some time afterwards, in his official report of these memorable transactions, 'kept com-

ing up now to Peshawur, and a rapid change was observed in the Native regiments; precautions began; Colonel Nicholson promptly removed the treasure (about twenty-four lakhs) from the centre of cantonments to the fort outside, where the magazine was, and Brigadier Cotton placed a European garrison in it at once. At Colonel Nicholson's request, the Brigadier removed from the outskirts of the cantonment, and established his head-quarters at the old Residency, which was centrical for all military orders, and was close to the civil officers for mutual consultation. The Residency is a strong double-storied building, capable of defence, and it was named as the rendezvous for all ladies and children, on the occurrence of any alarm by day or night. Full often was it crowded during the eventful months that followed. . . . . I think it must have been on the 16th of May that Sir John Lawrence consented to my raising a thousand Mooltanee Horse; for, before leaving Peshawur for Pindee that evening, I left the orders with Colonel Nicholson, to be issued in our joint names (for the Khans in the Derajut were as much his friends as mine). On the 18th of May, however, permission was given to raise two thousand; matters were growing worse each day, and it was now clearly understood by us, in the council assembled at Pindee,* that whatever gave rise to the mutiny, it had settled down into a struggle for empire, under Mahomedan guidance, with the Mogul capital as its centre. From that moment it was felt that, at any cost, Delhi must be regained. . . . . On the 19th of May, Colonel Nichol-

* Colonel Edwardes had gone to Rawul Pindee for a few days to consult with Sir John Lawrence.

son telegraphed to us at Pindee that the detachment of the Tenth Irregular Cavalry, at Murdan, showed signs of disaffection. On the same day, he imprisoned the Mahomedan editor (a native of Persia) of the native newspaper at Peshawur, for publishing a false and incendiary report that the Kelat-i-Ghilzee regiment had murdered its officers at the outposts. It was also on this day that Mr Wakefield arrested a suspicious-looking Fakeer who was lurking about Peshawur, and discovered upon his person a purse containing forty-six rupees, and under his armpits a treasonable letter. The Fakeer declared that the paper was an old one which he had picked up accidentally a long while ago, and kept to wrap up snuff. But there was no sign of either age or snuff in it, and the festival of the "Eed," alluded to, was to fall on the 25th and 26th instant; and already the rumour was abroad, that on that religious occasion the Mahomedans of the city and valley were to rise and help the Sepoys. The Fakeer admitted that he was a frequenter of the Sepoy lines; and though Sepoys do give cowries and rice to beggars freely enough, they do not give forty-six bright new rupees for nothing, neither do Fakeers * conceal to the last, under their armpits, a housewife with nothing in it but antimony and snuff. There was no doubt, therefore, on Nicholson's mind, that this letter was from Mahomedan conspirators in the garrison to Mahomedan conspirators at the outposts, inviting them to come in with a few English officers' heads, and join in a rising on the 26th of May. Warned by these discoveries, and by secret information from both

* This man, on whom the letter was found, was subsequently tried by a commission and hanged.

the city and cantonment, Colonel Nicholson had endeavoured to raise levies through the most promising of the chiefs of the district, to help the European soldiers in the struggle that was coming. But the time had passed, a great danger impended over the cantonment; a profound sensation had been made by the startling fact that we had lost Delhi. Men remembered Caubul. Not one hundred could be found to join such a desperate cause. . . . . Colonel Nicholson was living with me at Peshawur, and we had laid down to sleep in our clothes, in a conviction that the night could not pass over quietly. At midnight the news of what had occurred at Nowshera * reached us; and a most anxious council did we hold on it. It was probable that the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan would already be in open mutiny, and in possession of the fort. But to send a reliable force against them from Peshawur would only have been to give the Native regiments a preponderance in the cantonment. Again, the news from Nowshera must soon reach the Sepoys in Peshawur, and probably be the signal for a rise. The advantage, therefore, must be with whoever took the initiative; and we resolved at once to go to the General, and advise the disarming of the native garrison at daylight.'

The responsibility of the measure rested with Sydney Cotton; but he was not one to shrink from it. There was, doubtless, in the conjuncture which had then arisen, no small hazard in such a course of action as was now proposed to him; for we had external, no less than internal, dangers to face. It was certain that the Afghans were greedy for the

* Outbreak of the 55th and 24th Native Infantry Regiments.

recovery of Peshawur, and it was scarcely less certain that they would take advantage of our domestic troubles to come down in force through the Khybur Pass, and to strike a blow for the much-coveted territory. To dispossess himself at once of a large part of the military strength which had been given to him for the purpose of defending the frontier against these possible inroads, at the very time when it seemed to be most required, was a measure which might well demand hesitation. Moreover, the officers of the Native regiments believed in the fidelity of their men, and protested against an act which would cast discredit upon them, and turn friends into enemies—strength into weakness—in the hour of need. But Cotton believed that the disarming of the Native regiments was the lesser evil of the two, and he determined that it should be done.

How it was done may be best narrated in the words of Colonel Edwardes's narrative: 'The two European regiments (H.M.'s 70th and 87th), and the artillery, were got under arms, and took up positions at the two ends of the cantonment, within sight of the parades, ready to enforce obedience, if necessary, yet not so close as to provoke resistance. Colonel Nicholson joined Brigadier Galloway's staff at one rendezvous, and I General Cotton at the other. These prompt and decided measures took the Native troops completely aback. Not an hour had been given them to consult, and, isolated from each other, no regiment was willing to commit itself; the whole laid down their arms. As the muskets and sabres of once honoured corps were hurried unceremoniously into carts, it was said that here and there the spurs and swords of English officers fell sym-

pathizingly upon the pile. How little worthy were the men of officers who could thus almost mutiny for their sakes; and as weeks and months passed on with their fearful tale of revelations, there were few of those officers who did not learn, and with equal generosity acknowledge, that the disarming had been both wise and just. For the results of the measure we had not long to wait. As we rode down to the disarming, a very few chiefs and yeomen of the country attended us, and I remember, judging from their faces, that they came to see which way the tide would turn. As we rode back, friends were as thick as summer flies, and levies began from that moment to come in.'

But the work was not yet done. General Cotton was now at liberty to detach a column of his reliable troops to put down the rising of the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan. Again the aid of John Nicholson was called for, and see how it was rendered. 'At eleven o'clock at night of the 23rd, a force of 300 European infantry, 250 Irregular cavalry, horse levies and police, and eight guns (six of which were howitzers), left Peshawur under command of Colonel Chute, of H.M.'s 70th, accompanied by Colonel Nicholson as political officer, and neared Murdan about sunrise of the 25th, after effecting a junction with Major Vaughan and 200 Punjab infantry from Nowshera. No sooner did this force appear in the distance, than the 55th Native Infantry, with the exception of about 120 men, broke from the fort and fled, as Colonel Chute well described it, "tumultuously," towards the hills of Swat. Then followed a pursuit, which, to look back on, is to renew all sorrow for the dear-bought victory of Delhi. Chase was given with both Artillery,

Cavalry, and Infantry, but the mutineers had got far ahead, and bad ground so checked the guns that they never got within range. Colonel Nicholson, with a handful of horsemen, hurled himself like a thunderbolt on the route of a thousand mutineers. Even he (in a private note to me, for he seldom reported officially anything he did himself) admitted that the 55th fought determinately, "as men always do who have no chance of escape but by their own exertions." They broke before his charge, and scattered over the country in sections and in companies. They were hunted out of villages, and grappled with in ravines, and driven over the ridges all that day, from Fort Murdan to the border of Swat, and found respite only in the failing light. 120 dead bodies were numbered on their line of flight, and thrice that number must have borne off wounds; 150 were taken prisoners, and the regimental colours and 200 stand of arms recovered. Colonel Nicholson himself was twenty hours in the saddle, and, under a burning sun, could not have traversed less than seventy miles. His own sword brought many a traitor to the dust. . . . . Colonel Nicholson, with Colonel Chute's Movable Column, returned to cantonments in the second week of June. But we were soon to lose him. The death of Colonel Chester, at Delhi, called Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain to the high post of Adjutant-General, and Colonel Nicholson was instinctively selected to take command of the Punjab Movable Column, with the rank of Brigadier-General. How common sense revenges itself upon defective systems when real dangers assail a State. Had there been no struggle for life or death, when would Neville Chamberlain and John Nicholson, in

the prime of their lives, with all their faculties of doing and enduring, have attained the rank of Brigadier-General? Why should we keep down in peace the men who must be put up in war?'*

On the 22nd of June, Colonel Nicholson took command of the column, and on the 24th proceeded to Phillour. His first act on joining the force was to free himself from the danger that seemed to be hovering over him in the shape of two suspected Sepoy regiments, which might at any moment break out into open mutiny. It was sound policy to disarm them; but the operation was a hazardous one; for if they had suspected the intention, they would, in all probability, have broken and fled, after turning upon and massacring their officers. So Nicholson made a show of confiding in them, and ordered the whole column forward, as though it were marching straight upon Delhi. Then there were ominous head-shakings in the camp. What could the General mean by taking those two tainted regiments with him to the imperial city, there to fraternize with the mutineers, and to swell the rebel ranks of the Mogul? He well knew what he meant, and his meaning was soon apparent. On the morning of the 25th he was early on the camping-ground, with all his preparations made. But there was no sign of anything unusual—nothing to excite suspicion. The Europeans and the guns were in advance, and so placed that when the suspected Sepoy regiments came up, one after the other, to the camping-ground, they could completely command them. They had their instructions; but were so disposed, many of the Europeans

* Colonel Herbert Edwardes's Report to Government.

lying on the ground as though for rest, that they never less assumed a threatening aspect than when the first of the Native regiments came up, and the men were told to pile their arms. Leaning over one of the guns, Nicholson gave his orders as coolly as though nothing of an unusual character were about to happen. 'If they bolt,' he said to Captain Bourchier, of the Artillery, 'you follow as hard as you can; the bridge will have been destroyed, and we shall have a Sobraon on a small scale.' But the Sepoy regiments, entrapped by the suddenness of the order, and scarcely knowing what they were doing, piled their arms at the word of command, and suffered them to be taken to the fort. This done, Nicholson addressed them, saying that desertion would be punished with death, and that they could not possibly escape, as the fords were watched. Eight men made the attempt, but they were brought back, tried, and condemned.

On the 27th, Nicholson wrote from Phillour to Sir John Lawrence: 'You will ere this have received a copy of my letter to General Gowan, advocating the withdrawal of the troops from Rawul Pindee to Lahore. If I considered the question of slight or even moderate importance, I should, out of deference for you, have refrained from expressing publicly an opinion at variance with yours. But I think the matter one of the very greatest consequence, and that entertaining the decided opinion upon it that I do, I should be wanting in my duty if I neglected every means in my power to get what I think right done. I consider the retention of the 24th and Horse Artillery at Rawul Pindee as the most faulty move we have made in the game here, and

one which I think you will repent should any check occur at head-quarters. Montgomery writes me that the feeling among the Mahomedans is not good, and I do not think it good here either. I wish I were Commissioner or Deputy-Commissioner for a week.'

On the following day, crossing the Beeas in boats, for the river had risen, the Movable Column quitted Phillour, and returned towards Umritsur. On the march, Nicholson wrote to Sir John Lawrence, saying: 'The Movable Column as at present constituted is no doubt strong enough to put down any rebellion or disaffection which may show itself in any locality at this end of the Punjab. But suppose a rise in two places at once. Suppose, before I had disarmed, the 33rd had broken out at Hooshyapore, the 46th at Sealkote, and the 59th at Umritsur. I should have been awkwardly situated then. My position since I have got the 33rd and 35th off my hands is much better. But I think that there is still great reason why the 24th should come down from Pindee. Suppose the Commander-in-Chief to send an urgent application for more reinforcements. If the 24th were here, either it or the 52nd could move off at once. As it is, a delay of at least ten days would have to elapse.'

They reached Umritsur on the 5th of July, and were greeted by fresh tidings of mutiny in the Native Army. A regiment had risen at Jhelum; and soon it became only too certain that there had been a disastrous revolt at Sealkote, and that the mutineers had murdered many of the Europeans there. It was plain that it would soon be Nicholson's duty to inflict retribution on these offenders. Having

cast off their allegiance to the British Government, they were hastening to join the revolutionary party at Delhi; so Nicholson determined to intercept them. Disencumbering himself, as he had done before, of all the remaining Hindostanee troops with him, he made a rapid march, under a burning July sun, to the station of Goordaspore. On the morning of the 12th, news came that the rebels were about to cross the Ravee river at Trimmoo Ghaut. So Nicholson moved the column forward, and about noon came in sight of the mutineers, who had by this time crossed the river with all their baggage. They were well posted, in a high state of excitement, and many of their horsemen were drugged to a point of fury with bang. They commenced the battle, and fought well; but the British Infantry and Artillery gave them such a reception, that, in less than half an hour, the Sepoys were 'in full retreat towards the river, leaving between three and four hundred killed and wounded on the fields.' Unfortunately, Nicholson had no cavalry, and was unable to give chase to the flying mutineers. He, therefore, withdrew his column to Goordaspore, where he soon heard that the mutineers had re-formed on the other side of the river. So he determined again to give them battle. On the 14th, he marched back to the Ravee, and found that the mutineers had planted themselves on an island in the middle of the stream, and had run up a battery on the water's edge. The river had risen since the first day's conflict, and it was necessary, therefore, to obtain boats to enable our force to strike at the enemy. This occasioned some delay, but on the morning of the 16th everything was ready. So Nicholson advanced his guns to

the river's bank, and drawing off the enemy's attention by a tremendous fire of shot and shell, moved his infantry unobserved to one extremity of the island, and placed himself at their head. Galloping in advance with a few horsemen, he came upon the pickets of the enemy; the order was then given for the advance of the 52nd, which moved forward in admirable order upon the battery, bayoneting the gunners, and putting the whole body of the enemy to panic flight. It was all over with the mutineers. They could only take to the water, where numbers of them were drowned, and numbers shot down on the sand-banks or in the stream. The few who escaped were seized by the villagers on the opposite bank, and given up to condign punishment. Never was victory more complete.

The work having been thus effectually done, the Movable Column returned to Umritsur; and Brigadier Nicholson proceeded to Lahore, to take counsel with the authorities, and 'to learn how matters were going on below.' He arrived there on the 21st; and on the 24th he rejoined the Movable Column, and communicated to his officers that it had been resolved that they should march with all possible speed to Delhi. On the 25th they again crossed the Beeas. On the 27th, he wrote to the Chief Commissioner: 'The troops I have with me here consist of Dawes's Troop, Bourchier's Battery, wing of Umritsur Police Battery, two hundred and forty (about) Mooltanee Horse, her Majesty's 52nd is a march in rear, as its colonel reported it knocked up. I have telegraphed to General Wilson about the artillery. Twelve or even eighteen guns is not a large proportion of artillery for the reinforcements going down.

Moreover, the European troops coming up from below will be very weak in artillery, and it is better we should have it on the spot than be obliged to send for it. Unless General Wilson should say "No," I would recommend either Paton's Troop, or the battery which has come from Peshawur to Rawul Pindee, being sent down when the Punjabee Infantry Corps goes for Peshawur.'

The column pushed on with all possible despatch. But General Wilson, who commanded at Delhi, was eager to take counsel with Nicholson, so the latter determined to go on in advance of his force. 'I am just starting post for Delhi,' he wrote on the 6th of August, 'by General Wilson's desire. The column would be at Kurnaul the day after to-morrow, and I shall, perhaps, rejoin it at Paneeput.' There were those at Delhi who, then seeing John Nicholson for the first time, were struck by the extreme gravity of his demeanour;* but every one in camp felt that a

* See Mr Greathed's Letters: 'General Nicholson was at dinner (on August 7th). He is a fine, imposing-looking man, who never speaks if he can help it, which is a great gift for a public man. But if we had all been as solemn and as taciturn during the last two months, I do not think we should have survived. Our genial, jolly mess-dinners have kept up our spirits.' The author of the 'History of the Siege of Delhi, by an Officer who served there,' says: 'About this time a stranger, of very striking appearance, was remarked visiting all our picquets, examining everything, and making most searching inquiry about their strength and history. His attire gave no clue to his rank; it evidently never cost the owner a thought. It was soon made out that this was General Nicholson, whose person was not yet known in camp; and it was whispered at the same time that he was possessed of the most brilliant military genius. He was a man cast in a giant mould, with massive chest and powerful limbs, and an ex-

strong man had come among them, and that under Providence his coming would give new energy to the besiegers, and hasten the hour of the final assault. Meanwhile there was some pressing work, which it was thought might be intrusted to his column. During this first brief visit to Delhi, he moved from post to post, visited all the batteries, and looked down, with sagacious forecast of the work before him, upon the great city as seen from the Ridge. When he returned to his column there was an eager longing to converse with him. 'Expectation was on tiptoe,' wrote an officer of the brigade, 'to hear his opinion as to the state of affairs. He told me that the tide had turned, but that we should have some tough work; and that General Wilson had promised our column a little job, to try our "prentice hands," to dislodge a body of troops who had taken up their position with some guns in the neighbourhood of the Ludlow Castle.' But the little job could not wait for Nicholson and his comrades. The fire of the enemy became so annoying that it was necessary to carry their position at once; so the work was intrusted to Brigadier Showers, and he did it right gallantly and well.

On the 14th of August, Nicholson, at the head of his

pression ardent and commanding, with a dash of roughness; features of stern beauty; a long black beard and sonorous voice. There was something of immense strength, talent, and resolution in his whole gait and manner, and a power of ruling men on high occasions, that no one could escape noticing at once. His imperial air, which never left him, and which would have been thought arrogance in one of less imposing mien, sometimes gave offence to the more unbending of his countrymen, but made him almost worshipped by the pliant Asiatics.'

column—their flags flying and band playing—marched into the camp at Delhi. 'It was a fine sight,' wrote one who went out to meet it, 'to see the column march in. There were great greetings among both officers and men, and they received a hearty welcome. The column was played in by the band of the 8th. Altogether it was a cheery sight, and would have struck gloom among the Pandees if they could have seen it.' It was believed by many that the appearance of these reinforcements would be the signal for the assault on Delhi. But it was doubtful whether success could be secured without the aid of a powerful siege-train; so it was resolved that the final measures for the capture of the imperial city should not be taken until after the arrival of the heavy guns which were then coming down from Ferozepore.

But, in the mean while, there was other work to be done. It was apprehended that the enemy were about to manœuvre, so as to make their way into our rear. So it was determined to give them battle; and Nicholson was selected to settle their business. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August, when, after a most difficult march through a country of swamps, and fording a sheet of water more than three feet deep, near Nujufgurh, he found the enemy in position on his front and left. Their line extended from the canal to the town of Nujufgurh, a distance of nearly two miles. They had four guns strongly posted near an old serai on the left centre, and nine others between that point and the bridge. It was there, on the left centre, that Nicholson determined to attack them, and having forced their position, to sweep down their line

of guns towards the bridge. Nothing could have been more successful than the operation. A few rounds from our artillery guns prepared the way for the advance of the British infantry, with Nicholson at their head, full upon the serai. The attack was irresistible; the enemy were driven from their position; and then Nicholson changed front to the left, swept along the whole line of guns, captured them, and put the mutinous brigade to flight. 'There was not,' said a distinguished Punjabee officer some time afterwards, 'another man in camp—except, perhaps, Chamberlain—who would have taken that column to Nujufgurh. They went through a perfect morass. An artillery officer told me that at one time the water was over his horses' backs, and he thought they could not possibly get out of their difficulties; but he looked ahead, and saw Nicholson's great form riding steadily on as if nothing was the matter, and so he felt sure all was right.'

Of the results of the action, Nicholson wrote a few days afterwards to Sir John Lawrence: 'I enclose a rough draft of my report. The field was of such extent, that it was not easy to estimate the mutineers' loss. I think, moreover, that they suffered more severely from the fire of our artillery, after they had bolted across the bridge, than they did on the actual battle-field. According to all accounts, the Neemuch brigade (the one I dealt with) only musters 600 men now. Many of those who fled would appear never to have returned to Delhi. Most of the officers with me in the action rated them at 6000, 7000, and 8000. My own idea is that they were between 3000 and 4000. Except when poor Lumsden was killed, they made little

attempt to stand. Most of the killed were Kotah Contingent men. We took the Neemuch troop of artillery complete, three L. F. Battery guns, and four of the King's Own. I wish sincerely they had had as many more, as, after their flank was turned, they could not have used them, and must have lost them all. An old Soubahdar, who stuck in a jheel, begged for mercy, on the ground that he had eaten the Company's salt for forty odd years, and would never do it again! The 13th and 14th Irregulars, who were in the action, are talking of asking pardon. I feel very thankful for my success, for had these two brigades succeeded in getting into our rear, they would undoubtedly have done much mischief.'

Many and warm were the congratulations which poured in upon him on this memorable occasion. General Wilson wrote to him, on the following day, saying: 'My dear Nicholson;—Low, my A.D.C., has just arrived with the gratifying intelligence you have sent me of your success at Nujufgurh, and I thank you, and the gallant troops under you, from my whole heart. The exertions of all, to have reached Nujufgurh at the time you did, with such wet weather, and over such a country, must have been incredible. Low does not well describe the road you took, but I gather you must have left Buhadourgurh to the right. I very much regret to learn you have lost three or four officers, killed and wounded. Lumsden gave promise of being a fine officer, and will be a great loss to Coke's corps and the service. Again I congratulate you, and thank you. I am, &c., A. Wilson.' And at the same time, Sir John Lawrence, to whom news of the victory had been telegraphed, wrote to

him: 'Though sorely pressed with work, I write a line to congratulate you on your success. I wish I had the power of knighting you on the spot; it should be done.' And in proof of his appreciation of the Brigadier's services, the Chief Commissioner wrote to him on the 9th of September, to the effect that he had recommended him for the appointment of Commissioner of Leia; and added, 'I hope General Wilson will give you the command of the pursuing force. I trust you will be in Delhi when this reaches you, that you will escape the dangers of the assault, and gain increased honour.' *

* In an official letter to the Government of India, the Chief Commissioner, through his secretary (August 27, 1857), says: 'On the 25th instant, that energetic and able soldier, Brigadier-General Nicholson, was intrusted with a force of some 2000 infantry and 16 guns, to follow a large body of mutineers who had left Delhi to operate on the communications of our army. General Nicholson brought them to action on the 26th, some twenty miles west of Delhi, near Nujufgurh, and totally defeated them, taking 13 guns and their camp-equipage. On the arrival of the fugitives in the city, the whole insurgent force turned out, thinking to find our position denuded of troops, but, to their surprise, received a warm reception.' In a subsequent letter, dated September 2nd, the same authority stated: 'It appears that while he was engaged with the Neemuch and Kotah mutineers at this place, the Rohilcund Brigade was only five miles off, at Pahun, under Bukhtawur Khan, the rebel general. With better information, General Nicholson would have marched next morning against him, but the intelligence was defective, and the Rohilcund force retreated precipitately into Delhi. From the accounts of the spies from the city, this defeat has caused great sensation, and desertions are becoming more frequent. No more than 600 of the Neemuch and Kotah force appear to have returned. They lost all their guns, ammunition, equipage; and many of the men who escaped, their arms. The firmness and decision displayed by General

Two days after the battle, Nicholson wrote again to Sir John Lawrence, saying: 'We have been trying to get over the Sikhs, but without success. They have been formed into a battalion at their own request, and seem inclined to stand their chance. They may possibly think better of it as the crisis approaches. Some of the Irregular Cavalry regiments have indirectly hinted that they are anxious for forgiveness. Now, though I would not pardon a single Pandy in a regiment which had murdered its officers, or perpetrated any other atrocities, I do think that these are corps which it would be neither just nor politic to refuse pardon to. The Irregular Cavalry have, as a rule, everywhere taken a much less active part in this mutiny than either Regular Cavalry or Infantry. They have no love or fellow-feeling with the Pandies. Several of these corps are still serving with arms. We are in great want of cavalry, and are likely to be in still greater. All accounts from below state that want of cavalry prevents Havelock from completing his victories. My own opinion is, that we ought to forgive all regiments which have not committed murder, or played a prominent part in the mutinies. Some, like the 29th at Moradabad, were positively the "victims of circumstance," and could not have held out longer. We cannot, if we would, annihilate the whole force now in

Nicholson in making the march to Nujufgurh, and bringing the insurgents to action at once, merit high praise. The Chief Commissioner is well acquainted with the ground over which the troops had to move. At this season of the year it is more or less flooded.' Many other high testimonials relating to the battle of Nujufgurh might be cited here.

arms against us in this Presidency, and it is not wise, all things considered, to make *every* man desperate. I would give no quarter to the leading corps in the mutiny, or to them which have murdered their officers; but I would not refuse it to a corps like the 29th, or some of the Irregular Cavalry. I spoke on this subject yesterday to both Wilson and Chamberlain, and they agreed with me; but Wilson thought his hands tied by the Government Proclamation, prohibiting pardon. I do not think we should allow that notification to be actually binding on us. We cannot now communicate with the Supreme Government, and the state of affairs is different now to what it was when the order was issued.'

And now that I have reached this month of September —the last which John Nicholson ever saw—I may pause for a little space before I pass on to speak of the crowning feat and the noble end of that heroic life, to give some passages of a correspondence between Edwardes and Nicholson relating to the death of that great and good man, whom both had so loved and venerated as their some-time master and ever as their example. Authentic intelligence of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, on the 4th of July, had made its way slowly to Delhi and the Punjab. The first reports of this great calamity had been received with incredulity. What ardently men wished they still believed, until the evidence was undeniable. Then there was great grief throughout the camps of the English, and none sorrowed more than Henry Lawrence's old Punjabee assistants. What Edwardes and Nicholson felt may be gathered from these touching letters:

FROM HERBERT EDWARDES TO JOHN NICHOLSON.

'Peshawur, Aug. 20, 1857.

'MY DEAR NICHOLSON,—I was very glad to get your long letter of the 12th, as also yours of the 11th to Sir John, which he kindly sent on for my perusal. Since I last wrote to you, what a loss have we sustained in our ever dear friend Sir Henry (Lawrence). There seem doubts in the Delhi camp about it, but Lord Canning's letter to J. L. mentions that General Neill received the news in a letter from Lucknow, so I conclude it is quite true. It would be too selfish to wish it otherwise, for what a change for him! After his long battle of life, his restless strife for the benefit of others—the State, the Army, the native Princes, the native people, the prisoners in gaol, the children of the English soldiery, and all that were poor, and all that were *down*—to close his flashing eyes for the last time on a scene of honourable struggle for his country, and open them again where there is no more evil to resist—no wrong—all right, and peace, and rest, and patient waiting with all who have gone before, till earth's trial comes to an end, and a perfect heaven begins. It must be the only real happiness he ever has felt, poor fellow; and we could not wish to bring him back to the dust, and noise, and misconstruction of even so great and good a labour as the reorganization of our army and empire in India. Fine, brave old fellow! he has fought his fight and won his victory, and now let him lay his armour down and rest! You cannot think what a comfort I find in the memory of the eight days I spent with him in April last. . . . In the days when you and I first knew H. M. L. he was heart and soul a

philanthropist—he could not be anything else, and I believe truly that he was much more, and had the love of God as a motive for the love of his neighbour. All good and sacred things were precious to him, and he was emphatically a good man; influencing all around him for good also. But how much of the *man* there was left in him; how unsubdued he was; how his great purposes, and fiery will, and generous impulses, and strong passions raged in him, making him the fine genuine character he was, the like of which we never saw, and which gathered such blame from wretched creatures as far below the zero of human nature as he was above it. He had not been tempered yet as it was meant he should be; and just see how it all came about. Cruelly was he removed from the Punjab, which was his public life's stage, and he was equal to the trial. His last act at Lahore was to kneel down with his dear wife and pray for the success of John's administration. We who know all that they felt—the passionate fire and earnestness of both their natures, her intense love and admiration of her husband, whose fame was the breath of her nostrils, and his indignation at all wrong, whether to himself or a dog—must see in that action one of the finest and loveliest pictures that our life has ever known. Nothing but Christian feeling could have given them the victory of that prayer. What a sweet creature she was! In sickness and sorrow she had disciplined herself more than he had, and as they walked along their entirely happy way together, she went before, as it were, and carried the lamp; so she arrived first at the end of the journey, and dear heart-broken L. was left alone. All of trial must have been concentrated to him in

that one stroke, he loved her so thoroughly. But again, and for the last time, he had the necessary strength given him, and his character came slowly out of that fire, refined and sweet to a degree we never saw in him before. I do so wish you had been with me, and dear ——, and indeed all our old circle who loved him so, to see him as I saw him at Lucknow. Grief had made him grey and worn, but it became him like the scars of a battle. He looked like some good old knight in story. But the great change was in his spirit. He had done with the world, except working for it while his strength lasted; and he had come to that calm, peaceful estimate of time and eternity, of himself and the judgment, which could only come of wanting and finding Christ. Every night as we went to bed he would read a chapter in the New Testament (out of the Bible she had under her pillow when she died), and then we knelt down by his bed, and he prayed in the most earnest manner, dwelling chiefly on his reliance on Christ's atonement, to which he wished to bring all that he had done amiss that day, so as to have nothing left against him, and be always ready; and asking always for grace to subdue all uncharitableness, and to forgive others as he hoped to be forgiven himself. The submissive humility and charity of these prayers was quite affecting; and I cannot say how grateful I feel to have been led, as it were by accident, to see our dear chief in these last and brightest days of his bright and good career. For the same reason I tell it you, and have told it to Becher, because it completes that picture and memory of our lost friend which will ever make him our example. Oh no! we had better not wish the news untrue, but try and

follow after him. . . . . The English mail has not yet come, and so I cannot give you any news of ——. I am very anxious for this mail, because it will tell me how she bore the first news of the mutiny. She could not anticipate that Peshawur would remain so safe as it has. Rather a rebuke this fact is to the senators in the House of Lords, who on the 6th of July discussed the impropriety of Lord Canning subscribing to missions. Surely Peshawur is the most likely place in our empire for a manifestation against missionaries, but not a word has been said against them. When the Peshawur mission was first started, there was an officer in this station who put his name down on the subscription-list thus: "One Rupee towards a Deane and Adams' Revolver for the first Missionary." He thought the God of the world could not take care of the first missionary in so dangerous a place as this. Well, this same officer went off with his regiment to a safe place, one of our nicest cantonments in Upper India, and there his poor wife and himself were brutally murdered by Sepoys who were not allowed missionaries. Poor fellow! I wonder if he thought of these things before he died. . . . . You see, I have told you all that is going on here, and said nothing about affairs in Delhi. But not the less am I constantly thinking of you there, and wishing you great usefulness and no wounds. Give my love to Chamberlain. I am glad you are both together there, and wish I were with you.'

JOHN NICHOLSON TO HERBERT EDWARDES.

'Camp before Delhi, September 1, 1857.

'MY DEAR EDWARDES,—I have your kind good letter of

the 20th and 23rd August before me. I do so wish I could have seen dear Sir Henry under the circumstances you mention. If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and be my guide and help in endeavouring to follow his example, for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself. I should like to write you a long letter, but I cannot manage it. . . . . The siege train will probably be here in four or five days, and I trust we shall then go in without delay. I doubt if we shall attempt a breach, or anything more than the demolition of the parapet, and silencing the fire of such guns as bear on this front. We shall then try to blow in the gateway, and escalade at one or two other points. I wish Chamberlain, Coke, Showers, Daly, and many other good men were not *hors de combat* from wounds. . . . . God be with you, dear E.

'Ever yours affectionately,

'J. NICHOLSON.'

He was now becoming very eager for the assault, and ceaseless in his endeavours to promote the necessary preparations. On the 4th of September he wrote: 'I think we have a right to hope for success, and I trust that ere another week passes our flag will be flying from the palace minarets. Wilson has told me that he intends to nominate me Military Governor, for which I am much obliged; but I had rather that he had told me that he intended to give me command of the column of pursuit.' On the 7th he wrote: 'Poor Pandy has been in very low spirits since then (the

battle of Nujufghur), and, please God, he'll be in still lower before the end of this week.' And then, after some military details, he added, with that tender regard and affection for those serving under him which is characteristic of all great soldiers: 'A poor orderly of mine, named Saadut Khan, died here of cholera the other day. He has a mother and a brother, and I think a wife, in the Eusofzye country. Should I not be left to do it, will you kindly provide for the brother, and give the women a couple of hundred rupees out of my estate?' And again on September 11th, chafing sorely under the procrastination that so vexed him: 'There has been yet another day's delay with the batteries; but I do not see how there can possibly be another. The game is completely in our hands.'

The hour so anxiously looked for came at last. The assault was ordered; and Brigadier John Nicholson was selected to command the main storming column. If the choice had been left to the army, he would have been selected by universal acclamation to fill the post of honour and of danger. On the morning of the 14th of September, the columns, eager to assault, and flushed with the thought of the coming victory, streamed out in the grey dawn. They were to move in different directions, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Nicholson himself leading the first column of attack. At first, everything seemed to promise a speedy success. But, after a while, it became apparent that the defence was more vigorous than had been anticipated. The breach had been carried, and the column, headed by Nicholson, had forced its way over the ramparts into the city. This first critical feat of arms

having been successfully accomplished, the Brigadier-General might then have fallen back into the Commander's post, and directed the general movements of the storming party.' And had he done so he might still have been amongst us; but his irrepressible enthusiasm urged him forward. He still pushed on, as personal leader of the column, and was ever in the front, where danger was the thickest. Some of his friends, with a mournful prevision of what might be the result of this characteristic disregard of self, had urged him to restrain his impetuous daring, and he had made them some half promises that he would comply with their entreaties; but when the time came, and he saw what there was to be done, it was not in his nature not to forget for a while the General in the Soldier, and to set an example of personal gallantry before the eyes of his followers at a time when hard, resolute, stubborn fighting was needed to consummate our success. The streets were swarming and the windows and housetops were alive with the enemy, many of them armed with rifles. It was just the kind of fighting that the English soldier least relishes. 'The truth is,' I have been told by one of John Nicholson's friends, 'that the share of that day's work assigned to Nicholson's column in General Wilson's project of attack was too extensive for the column to perform. And Nicholson was not the man to leave unexecuted a fragment of such a duty. The men of the column had — in soldier's language — had their stomach full of fighting already, in the desperate struggle at the walls, and they were not up to carrying out the programme. They reeled doggedly and slowly on. The

Sepoys in vast numbers disputed their advance. Under such circumstances it is of no use talking to soldiers, they won't do any more. But Nicholson tried, and as he stood before them entreating them to follow farther, his single and stately figure became an easy mark. It would, indeed, have been a miracle had he escaped.' A Sepoy from the window of a house took steady aim at him, and he fell shot through the chest.*

He desired to be laid in the shade, and on no account to be carried back to camp till Delhi had fallen. But it was soon apparent that we were still a long way off from that consummation; so he allowed himself to be placed on a litter and carried to a hospital-tent. He was in fearful agony when he was brought in, and the blood was streaming down his side. But it was not at once discernible that

* 'Nicholson,' we are told by Mr Cave Browne, saw the emergency. He pushed on the 1st Fusiliers, who answered to his call right gallantly. One gun was taken and spiked; twice they rushed at the second; the grape ploughed through the lane; bullets poured down like hail from the walls and houses; Major Jacob fell mortally wounded at the head of his men; Captain Speke and Captain Greville were disabled; the men were falling fast; there was hesitation; Nicholson sprang forward, and whilst in the act of waving his sword to urge the men on once more—alas for the column! alas for the army! alas for India!—he fell back mortally wounded, shot through the chest by a rebel from a house window close by, and was carried off by two of the 1st Fusiliers.' Colonel Norman says: 'It was in advancing beyond the Moree bastion towards the Lahore gate that he met the wound which has since caused his death—a death which it is not too much to say has dimmed the lustre of even this victory, as it has deprived the country of one of the ablest men and most gallant soldiers that England anywhere numbers among her ranks.'

the wound must certainly prove mortal, though small hope of his recovery was entertained by the medical officers who attended him.

I need not write much more. I have before me the history of the hero's last days written by another hero, whilst the memory of Nicholson's death-bed was still fresh within him, and the great wound of his sorrow unhealed. It is a letter written by Brigadier Neville Chamberlain to his and Nicholson's dear friend, Herbert Edwardes—a letter the pathetic simplicity of which goes straight to the heart. It is in such records as this that, thinking of him who wrote it, of him to whom it was written, and of the third great soldier of that noble triumvirate of whom it was written, that we see those beautiful examples of affectionate and enduring comradeship which it was ever the tendency of the old Indian service bounteously to develop.

'Delhi, October 25, 1857.

'MY DEAR EDWARDES,—My conscience tells me that I have been guilty of great unkindness in having delayed for so long to give you an account of poor John Nicholson's last days. The truth, however, is, that the intention to discharge this sad duty has never been absent from my mind, but whenever I have attempted to do so, I have felt so unequal to the task that I have given it up, in the hope that I should be better able to do it justice at another time. This is how days have mounted up to weeks, and weeks to a month, for more than a month has now elapsed since our dear friend closed his eyes for ever upon this life.

'Knowing what an affectionate interest you took in all that concerned him, I will commence my letter by giving you an outline of how his time was passed from his joining the camp before Delhi to the day of the storm.

'Of all the superior officers in the force, not one took the pains he did to study our position and provide for its safety. Hardly a day passed but what he visited every battery, breastwork, and post; and frequently at night, though not on duty, would ride round our outer line of sentries to see that the men were on the alert, and to bring to notice any point he considered not duly provided for. When the arrival of a siege-train and reinforcements enabled us to assume the offensive, John Nicholson was the only officer, not being an engineer, who took the trouble to study the ground which was to become of so much importance to us; and had it not been for his going down that night, I believe that we might have had to capture, at considerable loss of life, the positions which he was certainly the main cause of our occupying without resistance. From the day of the trenches being opened to the day of the assault, he was constantly on the move from one battery to another, and when he returned to camp, he was constantly riding backwards and forwards to the chief engineer endeavouring to remove any difficulties.

'This is the character of our dear friend as a soldier, and as he was known to all; but I must now describe him when at leisure, and as a friend. When he first arrived in camp I was on my back, and unable to move, and only commenced to sit up in bed on the siege-train arriving.

Under these circumstances, I was, of course, only able to associate with him when he was at leisure, but out of kindness to my condition he never failed to pass a portion of the day with me, and frequently, though I would beg of him to go and take a canter, he would refuse, and lose the evening air. My recovery, after once being able to sit up, was rapid, and by the time our first battery opened, I was able to go in a doolie on to the ridge and watch the practice. He would frequently insist upon escorting me, and no woman could have shown more consideration—finding out good places from which to obtain the best view, and going ahead to see that I did not incur undue risks, for he used to say no wounded man had any business to go under fire.

'On the 12th of September, or two days before the storm, all the principal officers in camp were summoned to meet at the General's tent at eleven A.M., to hear the plan of the assault read out, and receive their instructions. Nicholson was not present, the cause of his absence being that he had gone down to see the opening salvoes of the great breaching battery within one hundred and sixty yards of the water bastion, and the engineers had been behind their promised time. That evening he accompanied me on my tour along the ridge up to Hindoo Rao's house, and on our return insisted upon my going to his tent and dining with him. After dinner he read out the plan of assault for the morning of the 14th, and some of the notes then made by him I afterwards found among his papers.

'The 13th was, of course, a busy day for everybody, but I saw a good deal of him, as he rode over to my tent two

or three times to get me to exert my influence with General Wilson in favour of certain measures considered expedient. On returning from my evening tour on the ridge, I found him in the head-quarters' camp, whither he had come to urge upon the General the importance of not delaying the assault, if the breach should be reported practicable. We sat talking together for some time, and I begged him to stay and dine with me, but he said he could not, as he must be back in his camp to see his officers and arrange all details. This was about eight P.M., or later, and we did not meet again until the evening of the 14th, when he, poor fellow, was lying stretched on a charpoy, helpless as an infant, breathing with difficulty, and only able to jerk out his words in syllables at long intervals and with pain. Oh, my dear Edwardes, never can I forget this meeting, but painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have been there, for next to his mother his thoughts turned towards you! He asked me to tell him exactly what the surgeons said of his case; and after I had told him, he wished to know how much of the town we had in our possession, and what we proposed doing. Talking was, of course, bad for him, and prohibited, and the morphia, which was given to him in large doses, to annul pain and secure rest, soon produced a state of stupor. That night I had to return to Hindoo Rao's house, as I held the command on the right after Major Reid's column being driven back, and his being wounded. Before returning, I, however, again saw him about eleven P.M.; he was much the same, but feeling his skin to be chilled, I suppose from the loss of blood, and two hand punkahs going, I got him

to consent to my covering him with a light Rampore blanket. The next evening I again returned to camp, and saw him; he breathed more easily, and seemed altogether easier—indeed, his face had changed so much for the better, that I began to make myself believe that it was not God's purpose to cut him off in the prime of manhood, but that he was going to be spared to become a great man, and to be the instrument of great deeds. On this evening, as on the previous, his thoughts centred in the struggle then being fought out inside Delhi; and on my telling him that a certain officer did allude to the possibility of our having to retire, he said, in his indignation, "Thank God I have strength yet to shoot him, if necessary."

'That night I slept in camp, and the next morning, before going to join General Wilson inside Delhi, I had the poor fellow removed into one of the sergeants' bungalows (a portion of which had not been destroyed by the mutineers when the cantonment was fired on the 13th of May), as he complained of the heat; the distance was not great, and the change was effected without putting him to much pain. He was thankful for the change, and said that he was very comfortable. Before quitting him, I wrote down, at his dictation, the following message for you: "Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both." What purer gratification could there be in this world than to receive such words from a dying man? I can imagine no higher

reward; and long, my dear Edwardes, may you and your wife be spared to each other and to the world, to teach others the lesson you imprinted so forcibly on John Nicholson's true and noble heart!

'Up to this time there was still a hope for him, though the two surgeons attending him were anything but sanguine. He himself said he felt better, but the doctors said his pulse indicated no improvement, and notwithstanding the great loss of blood from internal hemorrhage, they again thought it necessary to bleed him. I always felt more inclined to be guided by what he himself felt than by the doctor, and therefore left him full of hope.

'One of the surgeons attending him used to come daily to the town to dress my arm, and from him I always received a trustworthy bulletin. From the 17th to the 22nd, he was sometimes better and sometimes worse, but he gradually became weaker, and on the afternoon of the latter date, Dr Mactier came to tell me that there was little or no hope. On reaching him, I found him much altered for the worse in appearance, and very much weaker—indeed, so weak that, if left to himself, he fell off into a state of drowsiness, out of which nothing aroused him but the application of smelling-salts and stimulants. Once aroused, he became quite himself, and on that afternoon he conversed with me for half an hour or more, on several subjects, as clearly as ever. He, however, knew and felt that he was dying, and said that this world had now no interest to him. His not having made a will, as he had proposed doing the day before the storm, was the source of some regret to him, and it was his wish not to delay doing so any longer, but as

he said he then felt too fatigued from having talked so much, and was too weak to keep his senses collected any longer, he begged me to leave him to himself until the evening, and then arouse him for the purpose. On this afternoon he told me to send you this message: "Say that if at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish, my wish would be to have him here next to my mother." Shortly after writing down the above to his dictation, he said: "Tell my mother that I do not think we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief."

'Late in the evening, when asked if he could dictate his will, he said he felt too weak to do so, and begged that it might be deferred until the following morning, when he hoped to be stronger. But death had now come to claim him; every hour he became weaker and weaker, and the following morning his soul passed away to another and a better world.

'Throughout those nine days of suffering he bore himself nobly; not a lament or a sigh ever passed his lips, and he conversed as calmly and clearly as if he were talking of some other person's condition and not his own. Painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have seen him, poor fellow, as he lay in his coffin. He looked so peaceful, and there was a resignation in the expression of his manly face, that made me feel that he had bowed submissively to God's will, and closed his eyes upon the world full of hope. After he was dead I cut off several locks of hair for his family and friends, and there is one for Mrs Edwardes and one for yourself.

'It is a great consolation to think that he had the most skilful attendance, and was waited upon as carefully as possible. Nothing was left undone that could be done, but God had willed that he was not to live to see the result of a work he had taken so prominent a part in bringing about.

'His remains rest in the new burial-ground in front of the Cashmere Gate, and near Ludlow Castle. It is near the scene of his glory; and within a few yards of his resting-place stands one of the breaching batteries which helped to make the breach by which he led his column into the town. Ludlow Castle was the building used by us on that day as a field hospital; and here the two brothers met—having shaken hands and parted near the same spot, both full of life, and health, and hope, a few short hours previously—the one mortally wounded, the other with his arm dangling by his side by a shred.

'I think you will agree with me that the spot where our dear friend sleeps his last sleep cannot be marked too plainly and unostentatiously; and I am therefore going to erect a monument of the most simple description. I wish you would kindly write a suitable inscription.

'This is the end of my account of our poor friend's last days, and I deeply regret that my duties did not permit of my being more with him. My only solace is that he knew and appreciated the cause; and when, the afternoon before his death, I said to him he must have thought me very neglectful, his reply was: "No; I knew that your duty to the Service required your being at head-quarters, and I was glad to think that you were there to give your counsel."

'Hereafter, if it is ordained that we are to meet, I shall have much to tell and talk to you about that I have not been able to include in a letter, and if it were only on this account, the sooner we meet the better, for I know how dear to you is everything connected with the memory of John Nicholson.

'Our good friend Becher begged me to give him some account of poor Nicholson's last days, and I dare say you will not object to giving him such extracts of this letter as you may think will interest him.*

'I am, yours affectionately,

'NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.'

To this touching narrative may be added from other sources a few more particulars of the great soldier's dying days. From Colonel J. R. Becher, C.B., Hurreepore, October 28th, 1857: '. . . I heard to-day from Buckle at Delhi. He saw poor John Nicholson after his wound. These are his words: "I saw John Nicholson after he was wounded. I had just been assisting in taking off his brother's arm. I spoke to him, telling him that when he was

* In a letter written a few days later to the same correspondent (Palace, Delhi, October 31st, 1857), Chamberlain adds: 'Your letter to poor John Nicholson, giving an account of your days at Lucknow, and of your last impression of Sir Henry, is amongst his papers. He gave me the letter to read (he had not heart to read it *aloud* to me) the day it arrived, and he promised to give me a copy of it. On the 13th of September I reminded him that he had not fulfilled that promise, when he said he would do it *that night*; but I begged of him not to allow anything of the kind to encroach upon his few hours' rest.'

with the Edwardeses, at Abbottabad, we had met, and that I would be at hand if he wanted anything done, or if I could in any way be useful to him. He recognized me, and said, 'Nothing now.' He wanted a little lemonade, which was sent for. He was then quite quiet, and as collected and composed as usual, but very low—almost pulseless. What struck me was his face—it was always one of power—but then; in its calm pale state, it was quite beautiful. His brother, when a little recovered from the operation, was brought in his doolie, and the two stayed thus for some little time, but were then sent on into camp. I never saw Nicholson after that time, nor did he send for me." I think you will like to read this picture of the great, good fellow, mortally wounded, composed, and beautiful in his glorious death.' From the same; December 12th, 1857: 'I have just heard from Chamberlain at Delhi, dated December 5th, and as he tells me that he omitted to give you an account of the visit of the Mooltan Pathans to the last sad remains of dear John Nicholson, I transcribe his account. It is a very grand picture—a death-bed very proudly honoured: "The Sirdars of the Mooltanee Horse, and some other natives, were admitted to see him after death, and their honest praise could hardly find utterance for the tears they shed as they looked on their late master. The servants and orderlies also who were in attendance on him, when the fact flashed across their minds that he had left this world for ever, broke out into lamentations, and much as all natives feared to displease him, there could be no question but that he commanded their respect to an extent almost equal to love." '——From Lieutenant Montgomerie, of the

Guides, October 10th, 1857: 'I helped to lift poor Brigadier Nicholson out of the doolie on to a bed, and afterwards remained bathing his temples with eau-de-Cologne. The poor man was in fearful agony, and the blood was flowing down his side. He was shot through the body. . . . It was terrible seeing the great strong man, who a few hours before was the life and soul of everything brave and daring, struck down in this way. . . . He did not die for some days. Our victory was dimmed by his loss. I could have followed him anywhere—so brave, so cool, and self-possessed, and so energetic, you would have thought that he was made of iron. The shot that killed him was worth more to the Pandy than all the rest put together. He would be invaluable now. I can do but poor justice to merits like his, but I write what I feel.'

The following, from a memorandum by Sir Herbert Edwardes (Peshawur, January 30, 1858), gives some further particulars of Nicholson's last days: 'Daly,* speaking last night of John Nicholson, said that "he had a genius for war. He was a grand fellow. He did not know his own powers. But he was beginning to find them out. His merits were recognized throughout the camp. Between the 6th and 14th of September, he rose higher and higher in the minds of all, and when General Wilson's arrangements for the attack were read out, and the post of honour was given to Nicholson, not a man present thought that *he* was superseded. He was much pleased at getting the Commissionership of Leiah. I said, 'Oh, you will not take it

* Colonel H. Daly, C.B., who commanded the Guide Corps at the siege of Delhi.

now that you are sure to remain a General, and get a division.' He laughed haughtily, and said, 'A General! You don't think I'd like to be a General of Division, do you? Look at them! Look at the Generals!' He was indignant at the injustice done to Alexander Taylor, the Engineer, and said, in Chamberlain's tent, 'Well, if I live through this, I will let the world know who took Delhi;—that Alexander Taylor did it.' . . . How the two brothers loved each other! The great one used to come down to see me when I was wounded; and the little one found out the hour, and used to drop in as if quite by accident, and say, 'Hilloa, John, are *you* there?' And John would say, 'Ah, Charles, come in!' And then they'd look at each other. They were shy of giving way to any expression of it; but you saw it in their behaviour to one another. He was much affected by your letter about Sir Henry. He showed it to me. . . . He did not say much, I believe, about his religious feelings on his death-bed. The fact is, he was in great pain, and could only speak in a whisper."'

How he was laid in his last earthly resting-place in the new burial-ground near the Cashmere Gate of Delhi, has been told by the Chaplain who performed the funeral service over the remains of the departed hero: 'Soon after sunrise,' he has recorded, 'of the morning of the 24th of September, the painful duty of consigning the mortal remains of this great soldier to the tomb devolved upon me. It was a solemn service, and perhaps the simplicity which characterized the arrangements of the funeral added considerably to the solemnity of the occasion; particularly

when you realized and contrasted with this simplicity the acknowledged greatness of the deceased. The funeral cortége was comparatively small; very few beside personal friends composed the mournful train. Most prominent and most distinguished of all those who best loved and best valued Nicholson was Chamberlain. He had soothed the dying moments of the departed hero, and having ministered to his comforts while living, now that he was dead and concealed from his sight, he stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner. The corpse was brought from the General's own tent on a gun-carriage; whether covered with a pall or otherwise I cannot say. But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no volleys of musketry disturbed the silence which prevailed at his grave; no martial music was heard. Thus, without pomp or show, we buried him. He was the second of those commanders who, since the capture of Delhi, was laid beneath the sods of Ludlow Castle graveyard. And over his remains, subsequently to this date, sincere friendship has erected a durable memorial, consisting of a large slab of marble, taken from the King's garden attached to the imperial palace. Few and simple are the words inscribed thereon, but all-sufficient, nevertheless, to perpetuate the indissoluble connection of Nicholson with Delhi.' *

And when it was known that Nicholson was dead, there rose a voice of wail from one end of India to the other. No man was more trusted in life; no man more lamented in death. There was not a tent or a bungalow

* 'A Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi.'

in all the country occupied by an Englishman in which there was not a painful sense of both a national and a personal loss. Nor was the feeling of grief and dismay confined to his own countrymen. In the great province where he had served so long, thousands speaking in another tongue bewailed the death of the young hero. Few men have ever done so much at the early age of thirty-five; few men thus passing away from the scene in the flower of their manhood, have ever left behind them a reputation so perfect and complete.

How men of all kinds wrote about the saddest incident of the great siege—how the public and private correspondence of the day teemed alike with lamentations and eulogies, I have abundant proofs before me. A few may be gathered here to show how great was the admiration of John Nicholson's noble qualities. Sir John Lawrence to Lieutenant Charles Nicholson, November 12th, 1857: 'I have long desired to write you a few lines expressive of my deep regret and sympathy for the death of your noble brother. His loss is a national misfortune. None of his friends have lamented that loss more deeply nor more sincerely than myself. Your own severe wound, which at any other time would have caused no little pain, must have been forgotten, I know, in the bitter grief at your brother's suffering and death. I wish I could say or do anything to give you comfort.'——To the Government of India, September 15th, 1857: 'I am to add that our loss appears to have been very severe. Among many brave and good soldiers, there is not one who in merit, by general consent, can surpass Brigadier-General John Nicholson. He was an officer

equal to any emergency. His loss, more particularly at a time like this, is greatly to be deplored.'——October 3rd, 1857 : 'The Chief Commissioner cannot close this despatch without again adverting to the loss of Brigadier-General Nicholson. That noble soldier was mortally wounded on the 14th, and died on the 23rd of September. He was an officer of the highest merit, and his services since the mutiny broke out have not been surpassed by those of any other officer in this part of India. At a time like this his loss is a public misfortune.'——'The Governor-General in Council has received with much regret the intelligence of the death of Brigadier-General Nicholson. His Lordship in Council desires me to convey to you the expression of his sincere sorrow at the untimely loss the Government has sustained in the death of this very meritorious officer, especially at a time when his recent successes had pointed him out as one of the foremost among the many whose loss the State has lately had to deplore.'——General Sydney Cotton, Peshawur Division Orders, September 25th, 1857 : 'With heartfelt and unaffected sorrow Brigadier-General Cotton announces to the troops under his command the death at Delhi, on the 23rd instant, of Brigadier-General Nicholson. Bold, resolute, and determined, this daring soldier and inestimable man fell mortally wounded when gallantly heading a column of attack at the assault of Delhi on the 14th instant. In him England has lost one of her noblest sons, the Army one of its brightest ornaments, and a large circle of acquaintances a friend warm-hearted, generous, and true. All will now bewail his irreparable loss.'——Sir Robert Montgomery to Sir Herbert Edwardes,

Lahore, October 2nd, 1857: '. . . My dear friend, what has befallen India since we parted, omitting the fearful massacres, and worse than these, *your* two best friends have fallen, the *two great men*, Sir Henry (Lawrence) and Nicholson. They had not, take them all in all, their equals in India. I know how bitterly you must have felt, and still do feel, their loss, and your wife will deeply feel it. Had Nicholson lived, he would, as a commander, have risen to the highest post. He had every quality necessary for a successful commander; energy, forethought, decision, good judgment, and courage of the highest order. No difficulties would have deterred him, and danger would have but calmed him. I saw a good deal of him here, and the more I saw the more I liked him.'——The same to the author: 'He did much towards establishing British rule on our advanced frontier. He left a name which will never be forgotten in the Punjab. He possessed all the characteristics and qualities of a man formed to command, and to make an impression on the bold, warlike, and martial tribes along our extreme frontier. He had a tall and commanding figure, a bold and manly bearing, an eye that seemed to penetrate all that was working in the heart. His discernment of native character was remarkable, and he selected and had around him the most faithful and devoted followers. He was fearless in danger, and was ever to the front, and inspired all with admiration. He was as swift to punish as he was quick to reward. He had truly a hand of iron in a silken glove. His life had been more than once attempted by the fanatics of the border. I once received an official letter from him, written, as well as I can remember, in the

following laconic words: "Sir, I have the honour to inform you that I have just shot a man who came to kill me. Yours obediently, J. N."' *——Sir Herbert Edwardes: 'Doubtless God knows what is best, so His will be done! But the blow is very great to us all—to his poor mother, to his brother Charles, to his friends, to the army at large, to his country. For my own part, I feel as if all happiness had gone out of my public career. Henry Lawrence was as the father, John Nicholson was the brother, of my public life, and both have been swallowed up in this devouring war, this hateful, unnatural, diabolical revolt. How is one ever to work again for the good of natives? And never, never again can I hope for such a friend. How grand, how glorious a piece of handiwork he was! It was a pleasure to behold him even. And then his nature so fully equal to his form! So undaunted, so noble, so tender to good, so stern to evil, so single-minded, so generous, so heroic, yet so modest; I never saw another like him, and never expect to do so. And to have had him for a brother, and now to have lost him in the prime of life—it is an inexpressible, and irreparable grief. Nicholson was the soul of truth. It did not please God to keep so noble a character to be an honour to him on earth through a long life; but let us fondly hope that it has pleased Him to accept his service for all eternity.'

Such was the testimony of those who knew him best—who had worked with him, and served with him, and taken sweet counsel with the departed; but I would fain show

* The story of this attempt on his life is told at page 345. He described Bunnoo as 'a paradise peopled by fiends.'

also what an example he was to those beneath him—how the junior officers of the Army (he was himself young in years, though high in rank, when he died) looked up to him with profoundest admiration. A young officer who had served in his brigade wrote: 'He was a very brave man and a most valuable public officer, very determined, very bold, very clever, and very successful; therefore his loss is most deeply felt, and every one feels that his place will not easily be supplied, nor the empty void filled where before his presence was so much felt and appreciated. He was a man in whom all the troops had the most unbounded confidence, and whom they would have followed anywhere cheerfully; yet he was quite a young man, who advanced himself by his own endeavours and good services. He had a constitution of iron. The day we marched to Murdan he was twenty-six hours in the saddle, following up the mutineers. I never heard so much anxiety expressed for any man's recovery before, and the only term I know that is fully adequate to express the loss we all felt is, that in each of our hearts the victory that day has been turned into mourning. He was a man whom all would have delighted to honour, and was beloved both for his amiability and kindness of disposition, and his more brilliant qualities as a soldier and a ruler of the people. He was Assistant-Commissioner here before, and his name was known and dreaded by all the hill tribes around, and by all the inhabitants of the valley of Peshawur. When it was known that he was dangerously wounded, every one's first inquiry was, "How is Nicholson? Are there any hopes of his recovery?" He is now gone from us, but his memory will be long

cherished, and the example of his daring and bravery will stimulate those who knew him to emulate his deeds. His death has caused as much grief as that of that estimable, brave, and heroic good soldier, Sir Henry Lawrence.'—— Another in like strain wrote: 'There was a fine, brave soldier there (meaning at Delhi), Nicholson. He was an army in himself. He was the man who, I am told, advised the assault, planned, and carried it out. He knew the salvation of India depended on it, and that it must be risked at all odds—that the country could not stand a further delay. That brave man led one of the assaulting columns, and was killed. He was, without an exception, the finest fellow I ever saw in the shape of a soldier; handsome as he was brave, determined, cool, and clever. I knew him well at Peshawur, and I feel his loss to be one which the country cannot replace.'

I will only add to these one more tribute to John Nicholson's memory. When that meeting, of which I have already spoken, was held at Calcutta to do honour to the memory of the three departed heroes, Neill, Havelock, and Nicholson, the Advocate-General, Mr Ritchie, a singularly able and accomplished man, whose career was but too short, thus eloquently spoke of the young General's death: * 'Then turn we,' he said, 'to the death of the heroic Nicholson. He fell a youth in years, a veteran in the wisdom of his counsels, in the multitude of his campaigns, in the splendour of his achievements. He fell as a soldier would wish to fall, at the head of his gallant troops, with the shout of victory in his ear; but long after he fell mor-

* See *ante*, pp. 413—414, in 'Memoir of General Neill.'

tally wounded, he resisted being carried to the rear, and remained heedless of the agony of his wounds, heedless of the shadows of death closing around him, to animate his troops, checked, but only for a while, in their advance, by the loss of such a leader. Was not such a death worthy of such a life; and will not the Caubul gate, where he fell, live in future British history, as live those heights of Abraham, on which there fell, a century ago, another youthful general, the immortal Wolfe?—like him in the number of his years, like him in his noble qualities and aptitude for command, like him in the love and confidence he inspired in all around him, and like him in the wail of sorrow, which told him his death marred the joy of the nation in the hour of victory.'

It remains only to be recorded that those for whom this
l servant of the State lived and died, and who would
honoured and rewarded him in life, were not forgetful
im in death. The Queen commanded it to be officially
unced that Brigadier-General Nicholson would, had
urvived, been created a Knight Commander of the
, and the Company did that, the knowledge of which,
nd all other human things, would have most soothed his
g moments—they voted, in recognition of his services,
pecial grant of £500 a-year to that beloved mother,
ose early influence and instruction had done so much to
ter the germs of his noble character.

*** I cannot suffer this imperfect sketch of the career of John Nicholson to go forth, without publicly acknowledging that it owes any interest it may possess mainly to the large and liberal assistance which Sir Herbert Edwardes has rendered me, in the course of its preparation for the present work. Believing that the best biographies are those in which the autobiographical element is the most prominent, I have endeavoured in all these sketches to make the men of whom I have written tell, as fully as possible, the stories of their own lives; and I have ever sought the aid of those survivors who have known them best. And I believe that, by so doing, I have imparted an amount of vitality to my narratives which, had I trusted more to my own words, would have been absent from them.

THE END.

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